The Outlook

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CONTENTS FOR 3 JULY, 1897

THE WEEK:

The Jubilee 519
Great Britain's Naval Supremacy 519
England and America 519
Germany's Struggle Against Militarism. 520
Russia's Population 520
The Hawaiian Annexation 521
Foreign Protests 521
Brighter Prospects for Bimetallism. .. . 522
The Tariff Schedules 323
Western Political Conventions 523
Direct Legislation 524
Lynch Law Defeated 524
A Notable Boat-Race 525
The Business World 526
Freedom of Criticism Needed 527
Agricultural Colleges in the West. 526
Cheaper Electric Lighting 527

EDITORIALS:

An Unsound Co-operative Scheme 527
The Greater New York 528
The Story of a Great American 531
The Continuous Evidence 531
The Outlook Vacation Fund 532
The Spectator 533

CONTRIBUTED ARTICLES:

The Trinity of the Spirit 535
By Lyman Abbott
The Debs Co-operative Commonwealth... 538
By Ray S. Baker
The Higher Life of Geneva 541
By Louis Wuarin
Some Literary Associations of Geneva... 555
By Elbert Francis Baldwin
The Story of Gladstone's Life.—Chapters XIX.-XX 565
By Justin McCarthy
A Candle in the Plate 581
By Brander Matthews
The Measure of Missionary Spirit 586
By F. W. Hewes
Some American Essayists 593
By Hamilton W. Mabie
My Lady's Celebration: A Fourth of July Story 598
By Everett T. Tomlinson

BOOKS AND AUTHORS:

Human Marriage (Westermarck and McLennan) 603
Obedience (Hale) 604
Books of the Week 605
Literary Notes 607
Books Received 608

THE RELIGIOUS WORLD:

Fellowship at the Queen's Jubilee 609
Dr. Greer Elected Bishop 609
Students for the Ministry at Harvard... 609
General Assembly of Canada 609
A School of Comparative Religion 610
Uganda Transformed 611
Chinese Mission House in San Francisco. 612
CORRESPONDENCE 613
ABOUT PEOPLE 614
FOR THE LITTLE PEOPLE 615
THE HOME CLUB 617

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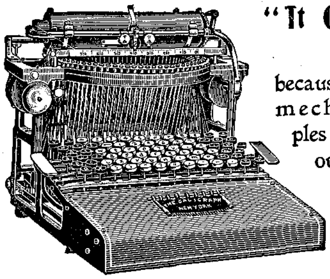

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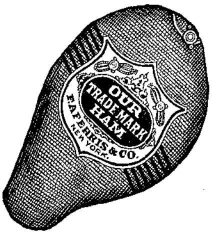

A Little Higher in Price,
But—!

The Outlook

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THE proverbial Queen's weather prevailed in London last week, and gave the final touch to what was probably the most impressive public pageant in the history of the world. There have been other pageants more brilliant; there has never been any which so completely represented the civilization of the globe, expressing itself freely and almost spontaneously through every manifestation of royalty. There can be no doubt about the almost passionate attachment of the English people for their Queen, nor can there be any doubt that this attachment is based not not only on appreciation of private character, but also upon the splendid expansion of the English race during her reign. Vast crowds, probably the vastest ever collected in any single locality; the presence of troops from the four quarters of the globe, and of a great number of nationalities; many princes and premiers; splendid decorations and perfect management, gave the celebrations of the week in London and elsewhere a perfection of order and form which such ceremonials often lack. The Queen seems to have borne the fatigues of the week with astonishing vitality, and is described by the correspondents as showing in every way her intense enjoyment of a world-wide expression of admiration and affection. As an act of homage nothing like it has ever been received by any earthly ruler, and it is eminently satisfactory that this unique act of homage from the world was paid to one so worthy to receive it. The celebration was arranged with the utmost skill so as to present nearly all the phases of English life, but it culminated in a magnificent exposition of the imperial idea. There is no doubt that the key of the celebration has been the presence of the eleven Colonial Premiers, and the use of the occasion to cement still more closely the ties which bind the colonies to the mother country.

* * *

The imperial idea was impressively emphasized by the naval review which took place off Portsmouth last Saturday. To some onlookers it must have seemed the most important demonstration in connection with the Jubilee, and as an exhibition of British war-power it was the most significant. Of the one hundred and eighty war-ships present (our representative being the Brooklyn) one hundred and sixty-five were ships of the British navy. The notable naval work of the past decade is evident when we realize that all of the cruisers and torpedo-boats at Portsmouth were built during that time, and that only four of the battle-ships were in service at the other jubilee celebration in 1887. It is said that during these ten years Great Britain has spent a billion dollars on naval defense. Granted that this exhibition of power is necessary, the enormous cost must weigh heavily on the taxpayers. That which has been attempted, however, has been amply achieved—namely, the world's renewed conviction that "Britannia rules the waves," for the number and power of British vessels form the defense of an empire on which the sun never sets. When Queen Victoria ascended the throne in 1837, the navy list comprised 129 ships, the largest of which had a displacement of four thousand tons. This year's navy list comprises 439 vessels, with a total displacement of nearly one million five hundred thousand tons.

* * *

All the leading Governments of the world were present by representatives at the Jubilee, but it is to be noted that the special representative of the United States, Mr. Whitelaw Reid, was treated with the most conspicuous and special attention and courtesy. Our representative was singled out among all the ambassadors of the great nations as the recipient of royal attention; was given a foremost place on the day of the great celebration, as was also General Miles in the procession; was invited to the most exclusive dinners and parties; was the only foreign representative not a royal prince on the royal yacht at the time of the review; and in every possible way received unusual attention and honor. This was not a matter of accident; it was evidently the intention of the authorities to give to the United States a place of precedence in the great festival, because the United States stands nearer to England in blood, history, and political organization than any other country. The two great nations are kinsmen, and the English people recognized that kinship and honored it in every possible way last week. The hand of friendship which they held out in the day of their rejoicing will not be thrust aside by the people of America. Whatever may be said by some public men, and however the antagonism to England may be used from time to time for political purposes, the American people are, below all divisions of time and national antagonisms, the kinsmen of the English people. Blood is thicker than water, and President McKinley's gracious letter to the Queen, and the gracious response which it has received in every possible form from the English Government and the English people, furnish the best evidence of the essential unity in feeling, tradition, and political ideals of the two great families of the English-speaking race. Standing on a ground of absolute equality with the mother country, unwilling to receive any favor or to overlook any slight, but with measureless possibilities of friendship with a respected equal, this country can count on the friendship of England in any great or sore trial, and England can count on the friendship of America under like circumstances.

❀

In the Prussian Chamber of Deputies the Law of Association Amendment Bill, commented upon in these columns two weeks ago, has met with a severe setback, which must be taken, in view of the Emperor's known determination to push the bill through, as a deliberate notification to the Kaiser that Germany is not yet at his feet. The Deputies have defeated the amendments which would have practically put all political association and expression of opinion through public meetings under the supervision of the police magistrates, and which would, therefore, have paved the way for the almost complete suppression of public opinion in Prussia. In the form in which the bill is now before the Chamber of Deputies it merely excludes minors from political meetings and associations, and there seems to be no likelihood that it will pass in the offensive form in which it was originally submitted. The Prussian Constitution insures to every male Prussian, without regard to age, the right to attend public meetings, and the bill, even as amended, involves, therefore, an amendment of the Constitution. This involves several considerable delays and the operation of a good deal of legislative machinery, and at some point in the process the bill is likely to be killed. The belief is very general among the German Liberals that the bill is even more significant than it seemed at the start; that is to say, that it is the initial move in a well-planned and comprehensive reactionary programme. The Liberals are in arms all over Germany against the possibility of such a policy, and many of the open-minded Conservatives are equally against it. Prussia, as the home of the military spirit, is, very naturally, the home of the reactionaries—the strong, old-fashioned German Toryism; and it is hardly necessary to say that the old German Toryism was absolute in its antagonism to all modern political thought, and to everything like freedom of popular action. That the bill is unpopular even in Prussia, and has been robbed of its most offensive features in the very stronghold of German Toryism, is the best possible evidence that the sentiment of the Empire is against the one-man power which the Emperor is desirous of establishing.

❀

Prince Kropotkin has recently contributed to the "Geographical Journal" a very interesting analysis of the census of the Russian Empire, which was completed early in the present year and which was the first general census ever taken in that country. According to this census it appears that the population of the Russian Empire is about one hundred and thirty millions, very evenly divided between the two sexes, and the enormous extent of the territory of the Empire is suggested by the statement that the density of the population to the square mile is 2.5. Forty years ago an official estimate of the population of Russia placed it at about sixty-seven millions, and if this estimate were to be accepted as accurate it would appear that Russia has almost doubled her population in that period; but it is highly improbable that Russia has had any such growth of population. It is much more probable that the estimate was inaccurate. There are in the Empire nineteen large towns, of which St. Petersburg, with its one million two hundred and sixty-seven thousand inhabitants, stands at the head, Moscow following with one million, and Warsaw with one-half million. The extent of the Empire makes its problems somewhat like our own, for there is always a new section to be settled in Russia, a new country to be opened up and organized. It is not to be expected, however, that under the conditions of Russian society and government anything like the progress will be made which has been made in this country; and in spite of the fact that great energy is being shown and vast enterprises undertaken, such as the Trans-Siberian Railroad, no one anticipates, even in the richest parts of Siberia, any such growth as has been seen in our own West during the last thirty years.

❀

Last week, in the United States Senate, Mr. Morgan introduced an ordinary bill providing for the annexation of Hawaii. It is claimed that this bill is introduced, not to embarrass the Administration, but to provide for certain additional steps, and to attain the desired end by simple majorities in House and Senate. The treaty would require a two-thirds vote in the Senate, and, while the annexation scheme has, apparently, a majority of Senators in its favor, it may not command the necessary two-thirds vote. It may be remembered that the purchase of Florida and the admission of Texas were effected by Congressional bills. It is interesting to note the comment made in other countries on the proposed annexation. The principal comment, of course, has come from Japan, and it is not surprising that it has come in the form of a protest, since annexation would deprive the resident Japanese in the islands of rights to which they are now entitled under the existing Hawaiian-Japanese treaty. There are about twenty-five thousand Japanese in Hawaii, with large property rights, and with the opportunity of becoming citizens, but in the event of annexation they could not become citizens of the United States. The decisions of our Circuit Courts are to the effect that no Asiatic can become a citizen in this country. In case of annexation not only would the Hawaiian Japanese lose the right to vote, but their large interests would in so far become jeopardized. The existing treaty can be terminated only by mutual consent, and Japan justly contends that, so long as she insists upon keeping it in force, it cannot be abrogated. Japan also insists that, in the event of annexation, her present claims must be acknowledged and accepted by our Government. While their tone is generally moderate, the Japanese newspapers accuse us of bad faith with regard to Hawaii. The London "Daily Graphic" says, however, that "Japan is likely to defeat her own ends by addressing a bellicose remonstrance to the United States on the subject of Hawaii. The policy of annexation is not very popular in America, but any attempt at dictation will only be resented, and will strengthen the case for the annexationists by the suggestion of an eventual Japanese annexation."

❀

Of more significance than irresponsible newspaper comment is that of the principal Russian journal, the "Novoe Vremya," for in Russia Government censorship is everywhere present. This paper vigorously protests against the proposed action, which, it adds, may soon be followed by an attempt to annex Cuba. It declares that "Europe has every reason to oppose the strengthening of the United States in the New World, and must be ready to support Spain if she is threatened with the loss of Cuba." Such a semi-official protest comes like a clap of thunder out of a clear sky. Not only has Russian friendship to the United States become almost proverbial, but Russian interests are so far removed from Hawaii as to give no pretense to any claim to be consulted in the matter. It has been thought by some that the opposition to the United States may have been instigated by Japan, Russia to receive compensation in Korea; by others that Russia, as the mortgagee of China, is opposing Japan and the United States too, for Hawaii might be a convenient dumping-ground later. As to the support of Spain, it would be remarkable indeed if some of the European dynasties again formed a "Holy Alliance" to interfere with New World progress. In contrast with the above, it is satisfactory to note the official expression of British diplomacy. There is an additional satisfaction, too, from the fact that (with considerable justice) we have been loudly accusing Great Britain of a settled "land-grabbing" policy, no matter how good the ensuing government. Last week, in the House of Commons, Mr. Beckett asked "whether Great Britain proposes to allow this most important coaling-station to pass into the hands of the United States without protest." Mr. Curzon, the Parliamentary Secretary for the Foreign Office, said in reply that it would be the object of her Majesty's Government to see that whatever rights, according to international law, belonged to Great Britain and to British subjects were fully maintained.

⁂

An interesting letter, apparently containing semi-official information from authoritative sources, is published in the New York "Tribune," which indicates greater reason for hope of some international action looking toward bimetallism than anything we have seen for a long while. The letter indicates that the Bimetallic Commissioners sent over from this country—Messrs. Wolcott, Stevenson, and Paine—have already proceeded far enough in their negotiations to have good reason to believe that France, Germany, and England will unite with the United States in a new International Conference for the purpose of seriously considering the practicability of agreeing upon a basis of parity between gold and silver, with the aim of restoring the latter metal to currency as a standard of value, and that the delegates to this Conference will be men sincerely desirous of coming to an international agreement upon this subject.

⁂

If an international agreement for bimetallism can be reached on any reasonable ratio, the currency question would be taken out of politics for at least a considerable time to come, and the way prepared to realize the dream of some great financial prophets—a world currency union analogous to the postal union which already exists. An agreement between the great commercial nations of the globe upon a common standard of values, and the adoption of a currency in so far common that the coinage of one country would pass at par in all other countries, would do more for universal peace and brotherhood than any other act, save such a federation of nations as would establish equal reciprocal trade relations between them all. Not even an International Court of Arbitration would do more to promote peace and prevent war. It may be added that the New York "Evening Post" takes the letter to the New York "Tribune" in a characteristically jaunty fashion; but we believe, notwithstanding, that it is to be taken quite seriously; and that, although the prospect of an international agreement is still remote, on the other hand it is certain that the Administration is earnestly and effectually moving in the direction of fulfilling its promise to endeavor to secure international bimetallism, and that the hope of accomplishing that result is by no means so wholly chimerical as at one time it seemed to be.

⁂

For there has long been an influential party in Germany, primarily representing agricultural interests, and interpreted by a no less influential leader than Prince Bismarck, which is favorable to international bimetallism. This party is the dominant one in France, which has apparently been reluctantly forced into monometallism, and indeed can hardly be called, in strictness of speech, monometallic. In England the banking interest, which the world over favors the gold standard, has been dominant. But even in England those interested in the East India trade, including a large and influential party among the manufacturers, are bimetallists; the leading teachers of political economy are, with possibly one exception, bimetallists; and a considerable proportion, if not a majority, in both numbers and influence, in the present Government are more or less favorable to bimetallism. There is, therefore, a reasonable prospect that, if an International Conference is held, bimetallists would be appointed to it; in other words, that the delegates would be appointed, not for the purpose of preventing any agreement, as heretofore, but for the purpose of seeing if an agreement cannot be reached. It can scarcely be necessary to add that it is almost impossible that any such ratio as sixteen to one would be agreed upon; but, on the other hand, it is certain that if an agreement upon any rational ratio is reached, there will be no such attempt to establish free silver coinage in this country, regardless of other nations, as would appreciably affect the elections in 1900.

❀

The important tariff schedules disposed of last week were wool and silk. In the discussion of the silk schedules the most interesting incident was the declaration of Senator Jones, of Arkansas, that the specific duties on silk woven fabrics ranged from 75 per cent. on the dearest qualities to 700 per cent. on the cheapest. When Senator Platt, of Connecticut, denied the existence of 700 per cent. duties, Senator Jones exhibited a piece of Japanese pongee silk valued at 8 cents a yard, on which the duty would be 62½ cents. The Democrats proposed a series of amendments restricting the duties to 60 per cent., 75 per cent., 100 per cent., and finally 200 per cent. ad valorem. These were supported by the Populists and by most of the silver Republicans, but were in all cases defeated. The wool schedules finally agreed upon increased the rates upon clothing wools almost to the level named in the Dingley Bill, and kept the rate on carpet wools much higher. The significant incident in the disposal of these schedules was the vote of Senators Quay and Penrose against the higher tariff on carpet wools. That the Senators of Pennsylvania should thus join the Democrats and Populists in declaring that the tariff was a tax created no little amusement. The informal discussions of the week seemed to promise a high tax on hides, but no tax on tea or on bank checks, and no increase in the tax on beer. The distinctively revenue features of the Senate bill may be altogether abandoned.

❀

The Ohio Republican Convention and the Iowa Fusion Conventions held last week opened the most important State campaigns of the present year. In Ohio party tradition prevented a contest over the renomination of Governor Bushnell, and the result of the primaries had assured the indorsement of Senator Hanna to succeed himself. The only point for conflict remaining was the question which of these two men should name the chairman of the Campaign Committee. Governor Bushnell represents the Foraker faction of Ohio Republicans, while Senator Hanna represents his own faction and that with which President McKinley is most closely identified. It is sometimes called the "Administration" faction. Prior to the State Convention Governor Bushnell seemed to take the position that unless his faction could secure the reelection of Chairman Kurtz to take charge of the campaign he would decline renomination. At the Convention, however, it was found that Senator Hanna controlled seventeen out of the twenty-one districts, with two more in doubt, and Governor Bushnell capitulated. Senator Hanna consented to the selection of a new chairman not identified with either faction; but the defeat of the Foraker machine was signal. The platform adopted was less satisfactory. The annexation of Hawaii was indorsed, and a tariff on raw wool which would cause the entire American supply to be produced in this country was demanded. The currency problems were practically ignored, save in a general indorsement of the St. Louis platform. The civil service resolution ran as follows:

> We denounce the violation of the spirit of the Civil Service Act by President Cleveland in those

orders which extended its operation beyond its purpose and intent, and demand such revocation of orders or modification of the law as will accomplish its manifest purpose.

❀

The Iowa Fusion Conventions were especially important because they demonstrated the possibility of making permanent the union of all the elements which supported Mr. Bryan last year. To prevent this the Republicans in Iowa —like those in Ohio and a few other States—carried through the last Legislature a law forbidding any candidate's name to appear in more than one column on the official ballot. This law, instead of destroying fusion in Iowa, bids fair to make it closer. The three elements of the fusion forces in Iowa, indignant at the denial of the right to vote for common candidates under their original party emblems, held their conventions in the same city at the same time, and agreed upon a common ticket to be supported under the Democratic emblem. The silver Republicans were permitted to name the candidates for Lieutenant-Governor and Superintendent of Public Instruction, and the Populists to name the candidate for Railroad Commissioner. The Democrats made the nomination of Governor and Supreme Court Judge, selecting for Governor ex-Congressman White, whose speech as temporary chairman eulogizing Mr. Bryan carried the Convention by storm. The concessions made to the minor parties in the matter of candidates, however, were less important than the concessions made in the platform. Because of the prohibition sentiments of the great majority of the Silver Republicans and Populists, the "liberal" liquor plank urged by ex-Congressman Hayes from the German district was rejected, and the Democratic party practically accepted the leadership of its old prohibition Congressman, General Weaver. On corporation questions the platform was equally satisfactory to the Populists. One important plank demands a return to the old law forbidding contracts between railroads and their employees exempting the roads from liability for accident, and another demands the adoption of the Indiana and Ohio method of taxing inter-State corporations on the proportion of their capital invested in the commonwealth. Although some Populists still protested against accepting the Democratic name, it is believed that the fusion will be practically complete.

❀

The current issue of "The Direct Legislation Record" contains the text of the direct legislation measures passed by the Legislatures of South Dakota and Nebraska at their recent sessions. The South Dakota measure is a constitutional amendment which will come before the voters at the general election in the fall of 1898. If adopted, any five per cent. of the voters of that State may by petition require the submission to the people of any measure whose enactment into law they oppose or advocate. Unfortunately, the amendment is badly drafted, and on that account may not secure the votes of all who believe that purer legislation and more intelligent citizenship will result from the proposed reform. The Nebraska measure is a law relating to the government of counties and municipal subdivisions of every sort. It provides that ordinances passed by the local councils shall not go into effect for thirty days, except where they relate to the preservation of the public peace or health, or provide for appropriations not exceeding those for the same purposes the year preceding. Within the thirty days fifteen per cent. of the voters may by petition require that the ordinance be submitted to the whole people at the next election. Twenty per cent. may require that a special election be held for the consideration of the measure objected to. The same percentages of the voters may require that new measures be considered by the councils and passed upon by the voters, both in the form in which the council redrafts them and that in which the measure was originally proposed. This law is much more conservative than the Swiss measures after which it is modeled, and very likely it will be invoked but rarely. Nevertheless, the general body of the citizens will always have it in their power to force their representatives to carry out the public will.

❀

In reply to a letter of inquiry, we have received from the private secretary of Governor Johnston, of Alabama, an account of the steps taken to prevent the lynching of the negroes arrested near Decatur three weeks ago, charged with the same crime that occasioned the outbreak at Urbana, Ohio. On the morning of June 10 the Governor was informed of the arrest of the two negroes, and that, after a preliminary trial, they had been quietly taken twenty-five miles away to Huntsville for safe-keeping. About eleven o'clock on the same day he received from the sheriff at Huntsville the following telegram:

> I have reason to apprehend mob from Decatur to lynch two negro [criminals]. Two hundred men captured freight train last night, but were side-tracked at Greenbrier, thirteen miles west of here. Please order military to protect prisoners.

The Governor at once wired the company of militia at Huntsville to report to the sheriff for orders, the Adjutant-General to express 2,000 cartridges by noon train, and the company at Birmingham to arm and stand ready to move to Huntsville. At the same time he telegraphed the sheriff: "You must not permit the prisoners to be taken from your custody." At half-past five in the afternoon the sheriff telegraphed that more troops might be needed, and the Governor ordered the Birmingham troops to Huntsville, and directed them to return to Birmingham with the prisoners. These orders were promptly executed, and the prisoners safely conveyed to the jail at Birmingham, far from the scene of the excitement. Against these energetic measures there was not even an arm raised by the mob. Law and order triumphed because the public officials were manifestly determined that they should. Governor Johnston, whose position in this matter deserves the highest commendation, writes us:

> I am persuaded that the most effective way to prevent mob violence is to let it be fully understood that there will be no temporizing with wrong-doing, and that the officers of the law will discharge their duty fully and fearlessly. The great trouble in most instances is temporizing and permitting the lawless to think that no resistance will be made. Very few will undertake to break open a jail and take a prisoner out if they believe that they take their lives in their hands whenever such an attempt is made.

❀

The eight-oared boat-race between the "'varsity crews" of Cornell, Yale and Harvard which was rowed on 25, was perhaps the most spectacular and exciting contest in the history of American intercollegiate athletics. Several causes brought together a great body of spectators, who crowded the banks of the river, the observation train which followed the crews on the West Shore Railway along the river's edge, the fleet of steamboats and yachts, and the lofty bridge which spans the Hudson near the finish line of the race. The course itself is a noble one—broad, accessible, and picturesque; it was the first college boat-race for many years in which the two great champions of aquatic sports, Yale and Harvard, have admitted a third contestant; finally, the race was expected to test the comparative merits of American and English methods of rowing and training. Mr. R. C. Lehmann, a famous English amateur oarsman, educated at Cambridge University and noted for the numerous winning crews he has trained on English waters, had been coaching Harvard for the race since last December. Mr. Robert Cook, better and more affectionately known among Yale men as "Bob" Cook, was supposed to be teaching the Yale crew an Anglo-American stroke, so to speak; while Mr. Charles Courtney, the well-known professional trainer of Cornell, was thought to be carrying out American rowing ideas pure and simple. Cornell won a decisive victory, beating Yale easily and Harvard badly, the inference being that American professional training is superior to that of an English amateur. While Harvard's disappointment, since new hope had sprung up among her supporters after many successive defeats, was bitter, the rowing management, it is said, proposes to invite Mr. Lehmann to try again next year. This, we should say, is wise; a radically new system of rowing can hardly be taught, learned, or tested in one season. Mr. Lehmann is to be thanked for having shown Americans how unselfish the fraternal university spirit and how gentlemanly the true sporting spirit may be, while Cornell deserves all the congratulations showered upon her for a clearly won and modestly accepted victory.

❀

The iron industry continues in a deing the past six weeks the average of the stock market has advanced about four dollars a share, though some active stocks have risen three times that amount. Present railway earnings are about one-fifth below those in 1892. The industry has been already affected by the encouraging agricultural situation. Harvesting in some winter wheat States has been attended with surprisingly good results. According to "Dun's Review," 800,000 tons is now called the minimum from California, and some statisticians reckon on sixty million bushels of winter wheat beyond the Government estimate. Spring wheat is doing well, and a larger cotton crop is expected than at first. Another encouraging feature is the notable demand for commercial loans, much of it from Eastern textile mills. Of nine large banks, the journal above quoted says that one bank has loaned only on such paper, five others from 55 to 80 per cent. of their loans, and the rest at least half. Some banks report the best demand of that character for many years. There has latterly been an increase in demand for all textile goods. Mills are therefore somewhat better employed. Most of the wool purchases are for speculation. The tariff discussions at Washington are affecting this special market, as many another. The holdings of gold in the United States Treasury in excess of outstanding certificates are nearly $143,000,000. The cash balance is about the same as eight months ago, but the Treasury has about $27,000,000 more gold now than then.

* * *

We decline to believe that the newspaper criticism of the volume on "Southern Statesmen of the Old Régime," by Professor Trent, of the University of the South, which was recently reviewed by The Outlook, represents the better sense of the Southern people. Professor Trent's treatment of Southern topics, and especially of Southern statesmen, has been sympathetic and scholarly, and the South ought to rejoice at the presence of a man of such culture and breadth of view. It is the purest and narrowest provincialism which objects to a candid summing up of men or events. Professor Trent has treated

discrimination; he has pointed out their limitations and errors precisely as every Northern historian points out the limitations and errors of Northern statesmen, and as the historian of every cultivated country points out, without hesitation or apology, the shortcomings and errors of its public men. To criticise a scholar for doing this work is not only to give expression to the narrowest kind of local feeling, but it is to invite the scholar to become as uncritical, as unhistoric, and as unscientific as his critics. The Southern people, however, like the Northern people, are distinctly better than their average newspaper. The same comment applies to Professor Houston, of the University of Texas, who has been accused of laying a profane hand upon the "lost cause" because he has criticised the nullification theories of Calhoun. That is precisely what a great body of the most eminent Southerners are doing, and it is precisely the kind of freedom which the South needs to develop for its own freer and more vigorous life.

* * *

The fortieth anniversary of the Michigan Agricultural College, celebrated this year, was of National interest, because this College was the pioneer in America's great work for the higher education of men intending to remain farmers. The College was opened for students May 13, 1857. Originally established by the State, and for a time supported by legislative appropriations, it became in 1862 the recipient of Federal aid under the "Morrill Act" of that year. This act granted to each State certain lands, the receipts from the sale of which were to be held in trust by the State as a perpetual endowment fund for institutions devoted to education in agriculture and in the mechanic arts. In Michigan, with about half the lands sold, the annual interest on this trust fund is now over $35,000. The second "Morrill Act," of 1890, granted to these colleges a direct appropriation of $15,000 per year, to be increased $1,000 each year until the sum of $25,000 is reached, when the latter sum becomes an annual appropriation. In 1887 Congress, by the "Hatch" Act, appropriated $15,000 per year for [illegible] stations for experimentation

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nection with the land-grant college. Thus by the bounty of the Government the States are quite largely relieved from the financial support of these institutions, while the colleges themselves are placed beyond the need of anxiety regarding their finances. During these forty years the cause of agricultural education has made most marked progress. There was much of prejudice to overcome, and these institutions have been the mark for severe criticism, some of it deserved, but most of it undeserved and ignorant. The work, however, has been a pioneer work, and the men engaged in it recognize that the problem of successful agricultural education is still far from solution. The Michigan college, with its 700 graduates, has been a leader and a model, and is perhaps the best equipped of the land-grant colleges.

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Cheap and abundant electric lighting may soon be offered to the public. Competent authorities state that in the best forms of lighting in present use less than one per cent. of the energy is consumed in actual illumination. To save the other 99 per cent. now wasted in heat has long been a favorite problem of Edison, Tesla, and other investigators in the field of electricity. The distinction of attaining this result with a large measure of practical success appears to belong to Mr. D. McFarlan Moore, a New Jersey inventor. Over a year ago, at the electrical exposition held in New York City, Mr. Moore made an exhibit which convinced men of science of the great possibilities of his system. Since that time he has been working night and day to perfect the mechanical details, and with a success made evident by a recent public demonstration at his laboratory. The wand which Mr. Moore uses to accomplish his magic is the vacuum glass tube. A little rotator takes the electric current as it comes from the ordinary incandescent or arc light circuit, and breaks it into pulsations which reach a frequency of 60,000 a minute. When this current is conducted to the vacuum tube, it sets in rapid vibration the inclosed molecules of ether and rarefied air, producing a clear white light which possesses every characteristic of sunlight. In the recent exhibit a room ten feet by twenty-five was illumined by fourteen of these vacuum tubes, each seven and a half feet in length and two and a half inches in diameter. The tubes were arranged about the room at the line usually occupied by the picture-molding. When the current was turned on, the room was flooded with the pure white light, casting no shadow, and strong enough for easy reading at any point of the interior. A consideration of practical importance is that, according to the estimate of the inventor, the whole fourteen lights required little more than half as much electricity as would have been consumed by a single incandescent lamp. Mr. Moore makes the statement that under his system a workingman's four-room cottage can be given almost daylight brilliancy at a cost of not more than a cent a night. If these claims are true—and electricians of standing attach weight to them—the practical solution of the problem of banishing night and its attending evils from the world may have been found.

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An Unsound Co-operative Scheme

A well-informed and judicially-minded correspondent gives on another page an account of "The Debs Co-operative Commonwealth." Mr. Debs's ability as an organizer, and the hold which he has secured on a certain class of restless minds, give to this enterprise, which is as yet only a paper scheme, an interest to the reader of news more real than to the student of movements. That it may grow to a movement is certainly quite possible; but as yet the reported enrollment of 35,000 volunteers eager to become colonists is of more importance as an indication of popular discontent with present industrial conditions than is Mr. Debs's scheme as a contribution toward the creation of a better social order. That the Debs colony is not likely to open up the new world in which the present aspirations of the common people shall find their fulfillment is manifest from a variety of reasons—but chiefly from the character of the colonists. They are to be mainly of the unemployed, and the projector of the colony announces that he does not intend to make conditions too hard for them. Successful colonies were never established by this kind of people assembled in this kind of spirit. During the hard times, it is true, the ranks of the unemployed have been recruited by large numbers of efficient workmen, but it nevertheless remains true that, as a class, the unemployed are the most inefficient in our industrial community. The successful colonists of the past—especially those who were the pioneers of our present democracy—were people of a different type. Those who scorned the old Puritans used to admit that whenever one found a peculiarly capable workman, he was almost certain to belong to the despised sect. The industrially inefficient are the worst possible material out of which to build an industrial democracy.

But even this difficulty might be overcome if the Puritan spirit animated the organization. Unfortunately, the animating spirit is almost the reverse. Mr. Debs announces that he does not propose to make it too hard for the colonists; and the colonists will probably not propose to make it too hard for themselves. In this spirit no pioneer work can be done. The colony will find on its possible arrival in the territory of its choice that the mere presence of a lot of people does not give any appreciable value to the land, but that an indefinite outlay of labor or capital must be made in the clearing of the land, the building of roads, etc., etc., before the "unearned" increment is visible. Thus far, only laborers content to deny themselves in the present for the sake of the future have performed this pioneer work; and if it is to be made easy for the colonists, an indefinite amount of capital must be supplied by the parent organization in the East. Indefinitely more capital must be supplied when the colonists undertake to manufacture their own shoes and coats and implements of every description. All these things are being made in the East on a large scale, and with the aid of costly machinery. The colonists cannot make them successfully without the aid of vast quantities of capital, which the organization is signally incapable of supplying. A colony which has neither self-sacrificing laborers within it nor self-sacrificing capitalists behind it is likely to have a short life and a sad one.

We welcome all earnest efforts to realize those aspirations toward brotherhood which lie at the basis of genuine co-operative enterprises. But the principle of co-operation is not to be judged by a trial which proposes as a fundamental principle to make things easy for the unemployed. If recent history teaches anything, it is that the co-operative commonwealth is not to be reached by emigration from the States in which we live, but by the evolution of those States through the public purchase of industries in which private monopoly is becoming established. The road to the co-operative commonwealth is not across the plains, but through the moral and intellectual education of the children of the common people, so that the commonwealth may be managed for the common weal.

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The Greater New York

Dr. Seth Low, with that moral discrimination so characteristic of him, said the other day in Brooklyn—we do not quote with accuracy—that we had decreed a bigger New York; it remained for us to make of it a greater New York. This distinction between the big and the great is a very simple one, but one often ignored. Persia was a big nation, and little Greece a great one. Daniel Lambert was a big man, and Daniel Webster a great one. Perham's Panorama of the Mississippi River, which was we forget how many thousand feet long, was a big picture, but not so great a one as Mr. G. F. Watts's "Love and Death," or Millet's "Angelus." "Big" expresses size; "great" expresses quality.

There is a passion in America for bigness. We admire big fortunes, big houses, big stores, big churches, big universities, big cities; and a great many of us are ambitious to make our National territory as big as possible. We are willing to annex distant islands, to enter into political partnership with heterogeneous and ignorant populations, and to involve ourselves in war with foreign powers, for the sake of fulfilling our "manifest destiny;" and that destiny is interpreted to be, not the greatest nation, but a nation with the biggest territory. New York is said to be now the second biggest city in the world. That really counts for very little. The real problem laid upon its multitudinous and crowded population is to make it a great city.

How is this to be done? How is it to be done in any city of the first magnitude, or, indeed, in any town of magnitude sufficient to justify giving it the appellation of city?

I. The city should have "home rule." Local self-government is the fundamental principle of American National life. It has been flagrantly violated by most of our States in the case of their great cities, and the results of the violation have not been such as to justify this departure from our type of democratic government. It is not necessary here to trace the steps, which have differed in detail, but not in essence, in different localities. They have been misgovernment by the city; interference by the State; worse misgovernment of both State and city, as the result. Few of our great cities have possessed as large a measure of self-government as the average New England town. The excuse has been the claim that the city was ruled by a foreign population incompetent for the responsibility. The reason has often been the fact that the city had a large number of offices to be distributed and a large amount of money to be spent, and the State politicians wanted their share of the patronage and the plunder. Whatever the excuse, whatever the cause, the effect has been to take the political responsibility off from the men who had an interest in securing and maintaining good government, and transferring it to men who had no such interest, or whose interest was remote and indirect

The excuse is wholly unjustified by the facts. The people of the cities of New York, Boston, and Chicago are far more competent to govern themselves than the Legislatures of New York, Massachusetts, and Illinois are to govern them. If indolence, vice, and crime grow apace in the cities, so do energy and virtue. If tramps are drawn to the city, so are the enterprising and the industrious. Everything, it is true, is on a larger scale in the city than in the country—liquor-saloons and schools, gambling-hells and churches; but vice is no worse in the city than in the country. The three millions of people who constitute the population of the Greater New York are quite as competent to govern themselves as were the three millions of people who constituted the population of the American colonies at the close of the American Revolution. All the cities should make a common cause to demand "home rule." If they did so, the country could not and would not resist the demand. Such a violation of the principle of local self-government as the recent shameless legislation of the State of Illinois, giving to a favored corporation the streets of Chicago, ought to evoke such an outburst of indignation from every city in Illinois that neither Governor nor legislator could stand up against it.

II. In the exercise of this "home rule" the people of the city should always feel the interest of the city first. We do not here discuss the vexed question whether voters should divide in municipal politics along party lines. There are many who earnestly believe that the only way to secure good government in a city is to secure an organized party behind the elected administration. They contend that it is easier to purify the Republican and the Democratic parties respectively, and so secure a good Republican or a good Democratic administration, than to ignore party organizations altogether and elect a non-partisan administration We respect their opinion; in fact, which is the simpler and better way depends, in our judgment, upon the circumstances of the city. In the Greater New York we can see no hope of defeating a corrupt Tammany except by uniting Independents, anti-Tammany Democrats, and Republicans, and which unites with the other is immaterial so long as the union is effected on the fundamental principle that the victory is to be used solely for good government, not partly for good government and partly for party advantage. But whether by party government or without party government, the end and the *sole* end to be kept steadily in view is honest municipal government.

The questions presented before the voters in the Greater New York this fall—and similar questions are presented before the voters in every city in every municipal election—are such as these: Shall the city be honestly governed?

Shall its business be administered on business principles? Shall blackmail be winked at or ended? Shall the police protect vice or prevent it? Shall the city moneys be expended solely for the benefit of the city, or partly for the benefit of the city and partly for that of the party? Shall the city have clean streets or dirty streets? good schools or poor schools? parks for the poor or parks only for the rich? Shall its franchises be administered in the interest of the city or in that of favored corporations? These, and such as these, are the fundamental questions to be settled, for the present, in pretty nearly every municipal election in the United States; and until they are settled, all men who believe in honesty should make a common cause against the public plunderers. The tariff question and the currency question are not and cannot be settled by a municipal election; and to allow them to enter into and affect a municipal election is to allow the city to become a football to be kicked about in the field of National politics. No city will be well governed, whatever party wins, which allows National issues to overshadow municipal issues in a municipal election. It would be just as logical to elect a President, regardless of his views on the tariff, the currency, and our foreign policy, because he favored the ownership of gas and water works by the city in which he happened to live. It should be a truism that in municipal politics municipal interests should have the first place.

III. If the bigger New York is to be a greater New York, its citizens must not only insist upon "home rule," and show themselves worthy of it by giving municipal issues a first place in municipal politics, but they must give to municipal problems their best study. Eternal vigilance is the price, not merely of liberty, but of everything worth having. The Charter Commission has framed for the city of New York a charter which appears the more worthy of admiration the more it is studied. We believe that if a fair chance is given to it by the New York Legislature, and the opportunities it confers are fairly used by the citizens of New York, it will prove itself to be among city charters what the United States Constitution has proved itself among national constitutions. The division of the city into boroughs, the centralized legislative and executive responsibility, the divided administrative responsibility, the increased legislative powers conferred upon the city legislature, the increased executive powers conferred upon the Mayor, the reorganization of the schools, the prohibition of permanent alienation of city franchises, are all admirable provisions. The evils of the bi-partisan police bureau are largely neutralized by the power of removal given to the Mayor; the maintenance of two Municipal Chambers, representing the same constituency, may be cumbrous, but will not be dangerous.

But no charter will or can govern a city. The people of the city have a great opportunity given to them; it remains to be seen whether they will take advantage of it. That such a man as Seth Low has signified his willingness to take up the arduous and thankless work of Mayor is a hopeful sign; but a Mayor alone cannot redeem or recreate a city. Other men of equal worth, and in a no less disinterested spirit, must be willing to serve in other stations. No man whom the office seeks must decline, except under the gravest sense of personal duty. No inconvenience or discomfort must serve as an excuse for declination. The city must call on its best men for municipal legislators and administrators, and the best men, if called upon, must be willing to respond. Private interest must be set aside for public service. If the public spirit which is working to secure the election of Mr. Low works to secure in each Borough and District the election of men of like character, if the same self-abnegation which has led Mr. Low to indicate his willingness to accept a nomination if it comes spontaneously and unitedly from those who desire a good government for the new municipality leads other men of similar earnestness of spirit to join him in the service of the city, the next four years may suffice to put the second biggest city in the world in the way of becoming one of the greatest cities in the world. If, on the other hand, public spirit is lacking in our public men, and the city is left to be regarded as spoils for the spoiler, the bigger the municipal carcass the bigger will be the flock of vultures which will gather to feed upon it.

The Story of a Great American

Mr. Justin McCarthy's "Life of Gladstone," which has been appearing from month to month in the Magazine issues of The Outlook during the current year, has proved as interesting as a piece of fiction, while it has the great value of being an accurate and graphic portraiture of the greatest of contemporary Englishmen by one of the most brilliant of contemporary English writers. This admirable life study of one of the foremost Englishmen of his time will be succeeded early next winter by what The Outlook believes will be an equally brilliant portraiture of one of the foremost Americans of his time. Dr. Edward Everett Hale is preparing for publication in the Magazine issues of The Outlook a sketch of "James Russell Lowell and His Friends." The combination of subject and writer could hardly be more felicitous. Dr. Hale was Mr. Lowell's college-mate and his close friend during the whole of the poet's life. They had in large measure the same associations, knew the same people, were interested in the same causes, and were on such terms of intimacy that the life of each was known to the other. Moreover, as the readers of The Outlook and all American readers have learned long ago, Dr. Hale has a pre-eminently graphic touch. He deals with no subject which he does not freshen and make interesting. His stories read like history, and his records of fact have all the interest of fiction. People who read "The Man Without a Country" for the first time are still asking why the incident has never been told in the serious histories of the country.

Dr. Hale's life has covered the most interesting periods in American history. Age has brought to him richness of memory without any loss of enthusiasm or freshness. He is an old man only in his power of reflecting things which happened long ago; he is a young man in his faculty for investing those events with contemporary interest and life. He knew at first hand the literary and political movements with which Mr. Lowell was associated; he knew the group of illustrious men who were Mr. Lowell's contemporaries and friends; he was in personal touch with the transcendental movement, the literary movement, the religious movement, and the political movement, which were, in a sense, the different aspects of the vital movement in New England thirty years ago. Dr. Hale will not only give a clear sketch of the times in which Mr. Lowell lived and of the movements in which he was engaged, but he will do something far more valuable for the readers of The Outlook: he will endeavor to picture in the most graphic way the man and his friends; to do for Lowell, Emerson, Hawthorne, Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes, and the other men who make up the distinguished literary group, what Mr. McCarthy has done so successfully for Gladstone, Bright, Palmerston, Peel, and other distinguished English public men.

The men of whom Dr. Hale writes constitute a group by themselves, and their work forms the first great chapter in the unfolding of American literature. They were men of the ripest culture, of the highest character, of the most fascinating personality; they touched American life at many points and through many means of communication; they were in the thick of the struggles and turmoil of their time; they were great Americans as well as brilliant men of letters. The portraits of this group from the hand of Dr. Hale will constitute, it is believed, a very important addition to the gallery of portraits of famous Americans.

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The Continuous Evidence

The evidences of Christianity will continue to be written from different points of view, from time to time, as long as men question the historical basis of the Christian religion. Each new generation must have its new demonstration of the reality of the religion of Christ, because with each new generation there comes an accession of knowledge, the appearance on the horizon of new facts which compel a change of point of view. In our own age, for instance, the scientific movement has brought about something very like a reconstruction of the view of the universe. This does not mean that all old views are given up; it means that the old truths stand in new relations to each other; that perspectives and relative positions have changed. In one generation humanity on its ceaseless march sees the mountain summits in a certain order; fifty years later it has reached another point of view, and sees them in a different order. So, from time to time, under the compulsion of new knowledge and new truth, the old positions must be restated, and the old arguments reframed or quietly dropped out of sight while new arguments take their place.

There is, however, one demonstration of Christianity which never changes, and which is the most influential with the world at large, and that is the evidence of Christianity which is furnished by the practical living of men and women who call themselves Christian. One consistent, noble Christian life in a community is a more effective and convincing evidence of the reality of the Christian religion than volumes of discussions of historical evidences. One may talk long and wisely about the probable fruit of a tree, but one actual fruit from the tree is worth all the abstract discussion. A noble Christian life is the demonstration of the reality of the Christian religion, because it is not only a concrete embodiment of the spirit of that religion, but it is also a concrete illustration of the character which that religion produces when it is faithfully accepted and followed. The real evidence of Christianity is the continuous Christian life which has been lived in the world since the Crucifixion. As the sudden change from weakness to strength on the part of the disciples is the most convincing evidence, in its way, that Christ actually and visibly rose from the dead, so the continuous and unbroken Christian life which has flowed on in a great and widening stream from that day is the most convincing, because the most vital and real, evidence of the truth of the religion which Christ came to teach, and in attestation of which he voluntarily offered up his life. To this great volume of evidences, which all men read, the humblest and obscurest make a contribution as important as the most gifted and illustrious. Wherever any man touches his fellows in the ordinary relations of life there is the opportunity of writing one of these chapters; and every man who writes such a chapter with fidelity, devotion, and love, places himself on the level of the most illustrious contributors to this noble memorial of what is finest and best in the life of men.

The Outlook Vacation Fund

Last week the older sister of a sweet girl, the final years of whose life were made tolerable through the Fund, was sent to Santa Clara, the Vacation House in the Adirondacks. The younger sister was timid and retiring, and too feeble to be sent away alone, for when her case was discovered there was no Santa Clara, with doctor and nurses. Places had to be found away from other girls, and in the mountains. The older one must go with the younger—her constant companion night and day. Generously, lovingly, this sister watched over her. When the end came, a line from the doctor said: "Watch the second one. I think the seed is sprouting." Last week an examination confirmed the doctor's fears.

At this writing the girl is at Santa Clara, in time, we believe, to spare the widowed mother another sorrow. The self-restraint that comes from poverty borne with dignity seals the mother's lips, but the look of dumb agony in her eyes tells the story of her heart. She knows why this second daughter has gone to the mountains, but the dreaded word is not used. "The child is out of work, and she is worrying, and she might as well go; it will do her good." And the mother and her friend clasp hands in parting, looking the truth in each other's eyes.

This fight is begun with the possibilities of victory on the girl's side. When the truth was told her, she looked into her friend's eyes, her own swimming with tears, saying, "Don't tell mamma now; she couldn't bear it."

But this is only one. There are hundreds. It is work of this sort that contributors to the Vacation Fund are doing.

THE VACATION FUND

From an Unknown Friend	$5,000 00
FOR VACATION EXPENSES	
Previously acknowledged	$3,026 18
A. S. W., Cambridge, Mass	25 00
S. W. A	10 00
From some Friends, Rockford, Ill	1 15
Anonymous	2 00
J. A. M. B	5 00
M. L. O	5 00
D. L., Philadelphia, Pa	20 00
Friend, Brunswick, Me	5 00
	$8,099 33
Two Memberships	2 00
Total	$8,101 33

The Spectator

Tinkling slowly along through a quiet suburban town the other morning, the Spectator, the only occupant of the car, was trying to recall with something like accuracy what he had heard quoted from Hamerton at a club banquet the night before. A disturbed digestion and befogged brain made his memory so slow in responding that he was reminded of Alice in the Looking-Glass after reading the Jabberwocky: "It's very pretty . . . rather hard to understand . . . it fills my head with ideas—only I don't exactly know what they are." What was it that Pompous turned off so happily about our *intellectual chemistry?* ("He rested by the tum-tum tree, and stood awhile in thought.")

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In other words, the Spectator closed his eyes, rested his chin on his umbrella-handle, and began whispering slowly what he could remember of what Pompous had said. It was something to bring away an idea from a club banquet, even in fragments. "We are profited by ignorance of many things. . . . Character depends upon ignorance quite as much as upon knowledge, and good character too. . . . Everything we learn, every addition to our knowledge, affects the whole character of the mind. There is an intellectual chemistry." ("Callooh! Callay! He chortled in his joy.") "There, I have it now! 'There is an intellectual chemistry as marvelous as material chemistry, and a thousand times more difficult to observe. We are told we ought to learn this and that, as if every new ingredient did not affect the whole mind. Indiscriminate additions of knowledge are to be guarded against, lest high ideals be forever destroyed, and a . . . '"

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Just there, when the Spectator was applying the idea to our educational system, and mapping out what he would write upon the reckless experimenting going on in the mental laboratories of the young, the tranquillizing motion of the car was stopped, and three middle-aged women came bustling in—talking, as they came, in overstrained but cultivated voices, a discussion evidently that had not been at all interrupted by their taking the car. They were very much in earnest, and so absorbed as to be totally unconscious of the meekest of Spectators in the corner, who, fully aware that indiscriminate additions were likely to be precipitated into his intellectual chemistry, and that possibly he might lose a high ideal, opened his newspaper, but all for naught. He noted that they were well-dressed, not over-dressed, women—ladies, in fact, of intelligence and culture. They were not out on a shopping expedition; it was something more than the fashion of a gown that they were comparing notes about from slips drawn from their gloves. When each paid her fare, without making the slightest insistence on paying that of the whole party as well, the Spectator remembered that he had heard Mrs. Spectator say that that was one of the sure marks of a club woman, that they never fussed about car-fares, but each paid her own in a businesslike way. The Spectator, in covert glances at the group, discovered that one of them carried Robert's Rules, and another what looked like a secretary's book. The impatient consultation of watches, and the spirited discussion as to whether they were on time or not, and what would be the consequences if they were late, and what they must not forget to lay before committee—their glib use of parliamentary phrases, their familiarity with methods for fractious maneuvering, the boomerangs for preventing and closing debate—made it exceedingly difficult for the Spectator to concentrate his attention upon the last amendment of the arbitration bill. That those lovely women were out on the war-path was plain as could be—and that their tomahawks were sharp and keen, and would be swung by experts.

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Again the car stopped, and another bright-faced, young, matronly-looking woman came in, bringing with her the fragrance of roses. She carried what was plainly a florist's box. The trio gave her a cordial greeting, and she dropped into a seat beside them; the contents of her box were peeped at and sniffed at ecstatically—they were so glad somebody had remembered to take flowers—and such beauties, and so many. The babel of voice was now supplemented by a clearer, firmer more controlling voice, one that to the Spectator was a unifying note; and yet he could see that she was holding her own against them all; that she belonged to another faction; was a nominee for election that morning, and confident of election, too, as a gleam of her eyes occasionally betrayed. But there was no open antagonism, and the Spectator was comparing the scene with what such a meeting of politicians of the opposite sex might have been, when he received the shock which came as a *finale* to the episode.

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The car had stopped before the large, handsome building known as the Woman's Club-House, second to none of the many buildings of the kind in the country. The crowd of women at its portals that morning indicated that something unusual was going on—"Federation of Clubs" was conspicuous on the vestibule bulletin. At the stopping of the car, the trio permitted Number Four to precede them in alighting, lagging behind until she was out of hearing. Then it was that the Spectator caught what permeated his intellectual chemistry like a hiss—"Scratch her! scratch her! She's wire-pulling, don't you see, with her box of American beauties?" "If she *is* elected," came from the bearer of Robert's Rules, "remember, *we bolt!* Let it be known at the outset that there is danger of a split, and they'll be glad enough to throw her over."

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More than once that day the Spectator vowed to have done with club banquets. He was inclined to believe that, in his case at least, the after effects were detrimental in many ways. Of course, if he should say such a thing to Croaker it would be contradicted outright; so. unless the Spectator was to convert himself into becoming a recluse, the best thing he could do was to spend the evening with Croaker. . . . It was late; the last hickory log was in embers, and the Spectator, having droned on about almost everything but the folly of club banquets, had reached at last what he had in fact been aiming at from the first: the possibility of the total extinction of type, say the American type for instance, now that the suffrage is in the hands of an alien and ignorant majority, outside of our own institutions. If the American type is in danger, why not that type of woman which has ever been accepted as the realization of the highest ideal? Would not the extinction of that type take from civilization the family and the home as it now is? Is the platform woman to supplant the cradle woman entirely?

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"Didn't you know that cradles have gone out?" broke in Croaker, most irrelevantly as the Spectator thought. "Your grandchildren are not permitted to have cradles. The scientific physician and the trained nurse have abolished them. Hammocks may do, but don't speak of cradles."

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The Spectator was by no means disposed to take up the advocacy of the cradle. Nor could he ignore the glance that Croaker gave to the clock, but he ventured to resume. . . . In the persistence of force do we not find a proof of the immortality of the soul? Types are a manifestation of force. May we not rely upon the imperishability of types—upon that one of woman which fulfills the highest ideal of the race? Is that type seriously menaced at present by popular movements—popular at least with that considerable constituency of both sexes professing to believe that the ballot is of more value than the preservation of the type of woman that rejects it, either by apathy, or by stoutly maintaining that she has *a right* to save herself from it if she can? . . . And then the Spectator brought in his story of the morning. "Scratch her! scratch her!" had been ringing in his ears all day.

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It took Croaker a good while to knock the ashes from his pipe after hearing the Spectator's story. Then he planted his feet wide apart, clasped his hands behind him, and, with his back to the dying embers, gazed long at his mother's portrait—a hard-bitted dame, evidently of the old school, but a true woman withal, an untold depth of tenderness in her soft blue eyes. "I have only to look at her," Croaker began in a whisper, "to lose all fears of the passing of the true womanly woman. When the new woman first went scudding by me on a wheel, I was a good deal shaken; but now I am sure the permanency of the highest type has not been shaken at all. Why, Spectator, I have almost reached the point where I can see that dear lady mother of mine on a wheel—for had wheels been known when she was a belle, of course she would have ridden one. And had she lived to this day of woman's clubs she would have been a power in them—President of the Federation, perhaps. But I do know that she never would have been a woman politician." "You mean," said the Spectator, "that she never would have been one of those women who are ready to adopt the methods which scheming tricksters employ in gaining their ends—vernacular and all. She would have had women to be an example to politicians, rather than imitators of their *finesse* and legerdemain. And then woman as a scheming politician is bound to outdo her example —we must remember that."

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"You are so easily scared," blurted out Croaker. "Now, I look upon the new woman, as she is called, as in a stage of convalescence—recovering from inoculation with the vaccine of—of—well, call it politics. Once over this temporary fever, she will be in a better condition than ever before. The high type of woman is immortal—she is a savior of that type of the kingdom of heaven, the home. Ever hear of that would-be astronomer who thought he had made an astounding discovery? You make me think of him, Spectator. Well, his discovery turned out to be nothing but a dead gnat on his lens. I tell you, there is a strong counteracting force steadily emanating from those women in whom is personified the conservative ideal—a force that has ever proved equal for the protection of their type from infusion of principles that would change its nature." "In other words, its intellectual chemistry," added the Spectator. "And does not Hegel throw much light upon the outcome of the antagonism now going on between suffragists and anti-suffragists, when he says that every truth is the unification of the contrary elements of two partial aspects of the idea; that every truth holds its contradiction, and that it is from the antagonism in the opposing forces that the development into final unity must come—that the vitality of the truth depends upon this antagonism that is necessary for its perfect evolution? As the seed of the plant must suffer disintegration before it can appear as the perfect flower, so the seed of a great reform . . ." "I see, I see!" broke in Croaker. "By and by the suffragists and the anti-suffragists will be sitting together in harmony under the palm-tree that has shot upwards from the disintegrated seed of their common IDEA! Good! May we live to see the day!"

The Trinity of the Spirit[1]

By Lyman Abbott

But the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance: against such there is no law.—Galatians v., 22, 23.

THE first remark that I wish to make on this verse is that virtue is a growth, not a manufacture. How can I make myself lovable, peaceful, joyous? You cannot make yourself lovable, peaceful, joyous. Love, joy, peace, are not made; they grow. We can make imitations of love, joy, and peace; we can make wax fruits, but we cannot make real ones. We often try to make something that will answer for these fruits of the Spirit. We do not love; so we surround ourselves with rules of etiquette that require us to do certain things. We have no joy; so we get together and contrive something to make ourselves laugh. We have no peace; so we grit our teeth together and put our feet firmly down on the ground, and try to be stoics. For love, etiquette; for joy, fun; and for peace, stoicism. And so you may go on. For meekness, timidity; for gentleness and long-suffering, inertness; for temperance in all things, total abstinence from wines and cigars. These manufactured products are better than nothing; but they are not fruits: fruits grow. In manufacturing we are imitating nature—that is, God. The great designs of architecture the architects have borrowed from the forests. They found the Doric and the Corinthian column, they found the Gothic arch, first where nature framed it; and nature (that is, God) framed it by growth. The colors on your ladies' dresses are imitated from the clouds. They were not first manufactured.

Growth—this is the condition of virtue and goodness. Love must be within a man before the work of love can show itself outside the man. Peace must be in his soul before it can speak from his lips as a benediction. In other words, we must be peace-ful—that is, full of peace; joy-ful—that is, full of joy. The difference between a healthful joy and an unhealthful one is the difference between that which is natural and spontaneous and that which is artificial and manufactured. The difference between a love that is true and a love that is false is the difference between a love that is natural and a love that is created of set purpose. Have you never, at a reception, met an acquaintance and seen him put on his smile as if he took a mask out of his pocket and put it over his face? Do not you know the difference between the smile that reflects a real cordiality and the smile that is an artificial obedience to the behests of society? Sincerity—what does that mean? It means growth. Nothing is sincere which is not growth. It springs spontaneously out of one. If you have a clerk in your store, or your bank, or your office, who has to hold himself together by resolution to be honest, you had better get quit of him, and you know it. Honesty must be *in* the man. If it is not, he is a risky man to have where money is accessible. We cannot make ourselves peaceful or joyful or lovable. These are the fruits of the Spirit.

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[1] Sermon preached at Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., Sunday morning, June 6, 1897. Reported by Henry Winans and revised by the author.

The next remark is only another way of saying the same thing—they must grow from something that is within the man. There must be a seed or a cutting before there can be a fruit. "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow. . . . I say unto you, that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." Why not? He was certainly larger, and he probably had more colors in his garments—why not arrayed like one of these? Because the lily grew, and all the colors in the lily came from within, while all the glory of Solomon was a glory put on from without. If a man's glory is in his dress, he must at least divide the glory with the tailor. If a woman's glory is in her attire, it is a fair question how much of the taste is hers and how much it is the milliner's or dressmaker's. And the glory is in the taste, not in the garment. The glory of a house is the glory of the man who built it, not primarily of the man who lives in it. The glory that is put on a man is not a man's own glory. The glory that does not grow is spurious.

And it is temporary; it does not last. Last week I drove up to a summer hotel at the foot of the White Mountains. There were some fine evergreens in the yard. My friend said, "Do you see those evergreens?" "Yes," I said. "Well," said he, "they are all stakes at the bottom, stuck down in the ground." They were fine-looking evergreens, but they would all have to be cut up for firewood in the fall. That is the difference between a tree that grows and a tree that is stuck down in the ground. "Fruits of righteousness." If we mean to have enduring glory as well as real glory, we must see that our trees put on their own fruits. We must not be like a Christmas-tree, on which the fruits are hung by other hands, and which, when despoiled, ceases to have beauty. It is not the outward conduct that makes the man, it is the man that makes the outward conduct; and the love, the joy, the peace, the meekness, the gentleness, the long-suffering, the goodness, the temperance, the faith, these must spring out of that which is within. They must be fruits, not manufactured products; fruits of his own spirit. That is, there must be a spirit of love, a spirit of joy, a spirit of peace, a spirit of meekness, a spirit of self-control. They must spring from the spirit within the man, or they are of very little value. Some men seem to have, in part, this spirit by nature. Mr. Beecher's saying, that it is important to be born again, but it is also important to be born right the first time, was something more than a *bon mot*. It is a great thing for parents to transmit to their children qualities that are inherent. You hear it said of a man that his temperament is hopeful. What does it mean? It means the spirit and the temper of the man himself; something within him is full of hope. Of another, that he is of a lovely disposition. What does that mean? It means that love is inherent in the man himself; he is lovely; he does not merely do lovely things. The fruits of our life must be the fruits of our own essential spirit.

Yet another remark is this: Growth requires cultivation. We cannot manufacture, but we can both promote growth and hinder growth. We can direct it either in the one direction or the other. Where there is growth there has been a seed or a cutting. But there has been more than that. If there be anything worth cultivating, it has been cultivated. There have been weeds eradicated; there have been insects coming up to devour and they have been driven away or killed; there has been a soil loosened around the roots; there have been roots fed; there has been something done to make this a fruit worth having. "Behold," says the prophet (speaking for Jehovah), "I looked for grapes, and my vine brought forth sour grapes." Did you ever try to eat a cluster of sour grapes? I doubt whether you got beyond one. What is the difference? It is the difference that cultivation makes. "Grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." We do not expect to grow in knowledge without cultivation. Why should we expect to grow in knowledge? Some persons cultivate more easily than others; as some soils are barren, and some are fruitful, and some easily produce one kind of fruit and some another. But all minds, like all souls, require cultivation. Are you skilled in mathematics? you have done some studying. Are you a linguist? the linguistic knowledge did not come of itself. You have done something to cultivate your love of literature, your knowledge of mathematics, your understanding of French or German or Latin or Greek. What have you done to cultivate love? Do you expect that will grow of itself? What have you done to cultivate peace? Do you expect that will grow of itself? If the mosquitoes are about, we put up our mosquito nets and keep them out as well as we can, and when one and another gets in we kill him if we can get at him; but when cares are buzzing around our ears, we let them all come in and sting, and then wonder we are not peaceful. We must learn how to cultivate the fruits of the Spirit. That is to say, we must see what are the things that retard growth and avoid them. Are you selfish, you must study the question how love can be cultivated. Let the grace be what it may, you cannot say, Go to, I will make it; neither can you say, It is no matter, it will come of itself.

Fruits grow. Fruits grow from within. But fruits do not grow from within without cultivation. Therefore, whatever will hinder this fruit-culture must be avoided; whatever will help it must be accepted, taken, utilized. "Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honorable, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think, THINK on these things." Disposition—what is that? The general has made a certain disposition of his forces. He has placed here the artillery, here the infantry, here the cavalry, ready for an attack. We fight our battles too much as those that fight a battle with a mob, without disposition; we let our thoughts wander whither they will, or direct them only to intellectual culture, or only to social culture, or only to business success. In this, says Paul, you are mistaken; whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honorable, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, any praise, think on these things. Take the things that will make you bear fruit. You are easily irritated. Put yourself into companionship that promotes peace. If you are cynical, you like to read Dean Swift; but Dean Swift is just the writer you are not to read if you are cynical; if you are cynical, read the writer who will feed your hope. If you are combative, read the writer who will teach you self-restraint. Look for the literature which will develop the spirit, and out of the spirit the fruit of life will grow. In your companionship avoid those men and women who stimulate you in the wrong direction. Read over, when you go home, this text of ours; then take this catalogue of virtues and think of them—love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, meekness, faith, temperance. What companionship feeds your spirit in these things? what books cultivate these qualities? what sort of life helps you, and what hinders and embarrasses you? Choose the one; eschew the other.

But there is something yet more. These fruits of the spirit—fruits, that is, of man's own spirit, living and life-giving—are fruits of the Spirit of God dwelling in man. For this is the teaching of the Bible, preeminently of the New Testament, emphatically of Paul—that life comes, not by a series of volitions, but by a process of divine growth, from an indwelling divine life. We graft ourselves on God; then God comes into us; and his life flows spontaneously, like sap in the grafted branch. "Walk in the spirit," says Paul to the Galatians, "and ye shall not fulfill the desires of the flesh." That is the secret, then. Walk with God, and then God's life will fill our life with his Spirit. Do not say, "I have a temper, I will keep it down;" "I have an appetite, I will keep it down;" "I have a pride, I will keep it down;" "I am vain, I will keep it down." That is better than nothing. That is being a Jew, and being a Jew is a great deal better than being a pagan. But that is not Paul's way; it is this: "Walk in the spirit, and you will no longer fulfill the lusts of the flesh." You will get a new life, and the new life will sweep away the old life, and you will live spontaneously the divine life because God is living in you.

The commentators discuss the question: When Paul speaks of the spirit, does he mean spirit in man, or does he mean the Holy Spirit—the Spirit of God? Sometimes they say he means one, and sometimes they say he means the other; but I am inclined to think, in a great many cases, he means both, and he hardly knows which he means. A little child is sulky and cross, and the mother takes the child up into her lap, and talks with it, and reasons with it, and pours something of her own life into it. By and by the pouting lips begin to draw into a pleasanter expression, and the child brushes the tears from its eyes, and the frown is smoothed from the brow, and the little child jumps down and runs away, playing. Whose spirit is in the child—mother's or child's? Both. The mother's spirit in the child's. The soldiers are fleeing away in panic, and Sheridan meets them, and halts them, and bids them turn the other way, and they gather up their thrown-down muskets and follow after him, and pluck victory out of defeat. Whose spirit makes this possible? Sheridan's? Yes. But Sheridan cou'd not do it unless Sheridan's spirit was in the spirit of the soldiers. They got his spirit, and it is his spirit in their spirit that wins victory.

This is the influence of a newspaper. One reading of a newspaper makes very little difference; but if a man has been taking a newspaper for ten years, he begins to think a good deal as the newspaper thinks and feel a good deal as the newspaper feels. Is it bilious and dyspeptic, you will see him growing bilious and dyspeptic. Is it optimistic and hopeful, you will see his difficulties clearing away and he himself growing brighter and more cheerful. This is the value of preaching. I sometimes wonder whether a single sermon does any good. Then I draw courage from the fact that the preacher does not stop with a single sermon—he goes on preaching Sunday after Sunday; and the congregation go away, forgetting the sermon, week-day after week-day. But let the preacher have time enough, and by and by a little of his spirit will come into their spirit, to make it better or to make it worse, according to the quality of his spirit. So God takes the pouting child up into his arms, and the child climbs up there and grumbles his grumble into the ear of God, and presently comes down and goes away with a new spirit. Whose, God's or his? God's spirit in him. The panic-stricken Christian, fleeing from his duty, takes at night his New Testament and reads some few words from Christ's life, and kneels down to pray to Christ and talk with him a few minutes. He starts into his duties the next day with a new courage. Whose spirit is it, Christ's spirit or his spirit? Christ's spirit in his spirit. And so this is the last remark. If you want to live a joyful, peaceful, loving, gentle, good life, walk with God; and walk with the men who walk with God, and read the books that have God s life in them, and think the thoughts of God after him; and, little by little, the seeds that will be planted will be watered and vivified and fed, and on your life will hang, like the fruits on the tree, love, joy, peace, gentleness, goodness, meekness, temperance, faith; and you will never know how they came there.

The Debs Co-operative Commonwealth

From a Special Correspondent

ON June 17 the American Railway Union, perhaps the most powerful organization of labor ever formed, went quietly out of existence. Its chief claim to public notice rested on the great railroad strike of 1894, in which a million dollars' worth of property was destroyed, scores of lives were lost, and thousands of men were kept idle for months.

The American Railway Union was dissolved because Eugene V. Debs, who was its vital spark, came to the conclusion that strikes could not succeed.

"Labor unions cannot be maintained," he declared in a recent speech, "without strikes. Strikes involve a resort to force. Corporate power has learned to meet force with force, and, with the leverage of unlimited means and the ability to invoke the aid of the law, the workmen can never win."

For this reason Mr. Debs, since the disastrous close of the great strike, with its train of legal processes and imprisonments, has been formulating other plans for industrial regeneration. The result is the "Social Democracy of America"—a co-operative commonwealth.

Mr. Debs laid his plans before the final session of the American Railway Union, and they were adopted almost without opposition, the officers and many of the members of the old organization furnishing the foundation for the new. The Social Democracy starts out, therefore, with a directory closely in sympathy with industrial advancement and thoroughly skilled in the organization of laboring men. Its President is Mr. Debs, its Vice-President is James Hogan, and its Secretary and Treasurer is Sylvester Keliher, all of whom were officers in the American Railway Union.

The Social Democracy is distinctly socialistic. Its objects and purposes are set forth briefly in the following "demands for immediate relief" adopted at an early meeting of the organization:

1. The public ownership of all industries controlled by monopolies, trusts, and combines.
2. The public ownership of all railroads, telegraphs, telephones, all means of transportation, communication, water-works, gas, electric plants, and all other utilities.
3. The public ownership of all gold, silver, copper, lead, coal, iron, and all other mines; also all oil and gas wells.
4. Reduction of the hours of labor in proportion to the progress of production.
5. The undertaking of public works and improvements for the employment of the unemployed, the public credit to be utilized for that purpose.
6. All useful inventions to be free to all, the inventor to be remunerated by the public.
7. The establishment of postal savings-banks.
8. The adoption of the initiative and the referendum, the imperative mandate, and proportional representation.

The platform of the Commonwealth declares that the "producer is separated from his product," that the fruits of his labor are "appropriated by the owners of the means of production," and that this system is "gradually extinguishing the middle class" and leaving only the "great class of workers and the small class of great employers and capitalists." To this fact the declaration traces the existence of a class "that corrupts the Government, alienates public property, public franchises, and public functions, and holds the mightiest of nations in abject dependence."

"We therefore call upon all citizens," says the declaration, "to unite under the banner of the Social Democracy of America, so that we may be able to conquer capitalism by making use of our political liberty, and by taking possession of the public power so that we may put an end to the present barbarous struggle by the abolition of capitalism, by the restoration of land, and of all the means of production, transportation, and distribution, to the people of the collective body, and the substitution of the co-operative commonwealth for the present state of planless production, industrial war, and social disorder; a commonwealth which, although it will not make all men equal physically or mentally, will give to every worker the free exercise and full benefit of his faculties, multiplied by all the modern factors of civilization, and ultimately inaugurate the universal brotherhood of man."

Mr. Debs's plan for accomplishing these objects is, in brief, to found a co-operative colony in one of the newer States of the Union, and to obtain, as soon as possible, full political control of the government machinery. This accomplished in one State, Mr. Debs is sanguine that the commonwealth idea will rapidly spread. A committee of three members of the organization will soon visit Washington State, Utah, and Texas in the hope of finding a suitable location for the colony. It is understood that the Governor of Washington has invited the Commonwealth to make its home in that State. As soon as the means are in hand—and Mr. Debs feels confident of having plenty of money before fall—a small colony of picked men will be sent out to begin the farming operations for the colony. A few carpenters will accompany them to build temporary shelters. With the growth of the colony and the erection of comfortable homes, other artisans will be sent out: shoemakers to provide the colony shoes, tailors to dress the workers, and merchants to keep the colony stores. Whether or not the first colony will march to its new home after the manner of Coxey's army Mr. Debs has not yet decided, but he rather inclines to this mode of emigration.

"It will weed out all the lazy and worthless ones," he says.

At present the Commonwealth is busy perfecting its organization. Central headquarters will be located in Chicago; and local branches, limited to a membership of 500 men each, will be established throughout the country. These branches will be united in State unions, each of which will be entitled to send delegates to the National body. A board of directors will have power to enact all laws governing the Commonwealth, and to provide for their enforcement.

As yet the support of the Commonwealth is mostly on paper. Mr. Debs is receiving daily four or five hundred letters expressing sympathy in the work, and offering either to join the colony or to help it financially. Some of these letters contain inclosures of small amounts of money. Outside of these inconsequential subscriptions, Mr. Debs has had no assurances of financial help. He will rely, in any event, on the dues and assessments collected from branch organizations, from which he expects to get at least $25,000 a month. This would seem a gross overestimate if Mr. Debs's genius as an organizer had not been tested in the past. Indeed, Secretary Keliher announced 249 applications for charters from towns outside of Chicago before the central body was three days old. A paper to be known as the "Social Democrat" will be published monthly, beginning July 1. It will be devoted entirely to the advancement of the Commonwealth idea. More than twenty socialistic societies and labor organizations of Chicago already have expressed sympathy with the new Commonwealth, and recently sent delegates to its meetings.

Recent assertions have been made that Edward Bellamy, Henry D. Lloyd, the Rev. Myron Reed, of Denver, and other well-known men are personally interested in the scheme, but I was unable to find that they had even given Mr. Debs the benefit of their sympathy. Ex-Governor Waite, of Colorado, is lending his counsel and assistance, and Mr. Debs asserts that other prominent men, whose names he is not yet at liberty to make known, have espoused the cause.

The Social Democracy is Mr. Debs, and Mr. Debs is the Social Democracy. He has launched his Commonwealth, and there is no doubt that he could secure from Chicago alone an army of hundreds of men who would willingly follow him three thousand miles across the continent, if he was ready to start to-morrow. This power of leadership is Mr. Debs's genius, the element in the Commonwealth idea that gains for it serious consideration where Coxey and his army found only ridicule. And yet Mr. Debs and Mr. Coxey have much in common, although their plans for ameliorating the condition of the worker are different. They are both men of small training in the foundations of education, although of naturally vigorous and inventive minds. They have both read deeply, albeit one-sidedly, and, having elaborated a system of reform, they both have the genius for setting it in motion.

As a young man Mr. Debs was a fireman. He took a prominent part in the organization of labor unions, and became Grand Secretary and Treasurer of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, a position which he filled for thirteen years. During his administration his organization went through the prolonged struggle of the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy strike. Mr. Debs served one term in the Indiana Legislature and two terms as city clerk of his native town of Terre Haute. On June 20, 1893, the American Railway Union was organized.

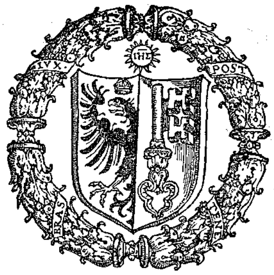
Mr. Debs, who has reached the age of forty-one years, is a tall, spare man, with a doming forehead and blue eyes. He wears always an air of gentleness, almost embarrassment, but everything he says is intensely earnest. After speaking to an audience of workingmen he goes away with their complete confidence, a confidence which can be inspired only by a born leader of men. Besides being highly imaginative and enthusiastic, Mr. Debs has the more practical quality of being able to do an enormous amount of hard work. These are some of the things which must be taken into consideration when discussing his plans. The firm and unshakable belief of the members of the new Commonwealth that the proposed colony will be a success is only an echo of their absolute confidence in Mr. Debs and in his power as a leader and organizer.

RAY S. BAKER.

The Higher Life of Geneva

By Louis Wuarin

Professor of Sociology in the University of Geneva



THE ARMS OF GENEVA

It is known that habit blunts impressions. Yet the writer has always thought that the enjoyment of his city's beauty makes that city only the more precious to him. Willingly he believes what Dumas *père* has somewhere said, that "Geneva is, after Naples, one of the most happily situated towns in the world." Ruskin, too, has written:

> I am more thankful through every year of my life that I was born in London, near enough to Geneva to reach it easily. The Genevans are pious, learned, and busy to a man, to a woman, to a boy, to a girl, progressing to and fro, mostly on their fee and only where they have business. And this bird's-nest of a place to be the center of religious and social thought and physical beauty to all living Europe!

Here, however, I feel embarrassed because the compliment is no longer paid to nature, but to man—and man is deficient. The first emotion which comes to a citizen anywhere must be much like the confession of the publican in the parable.

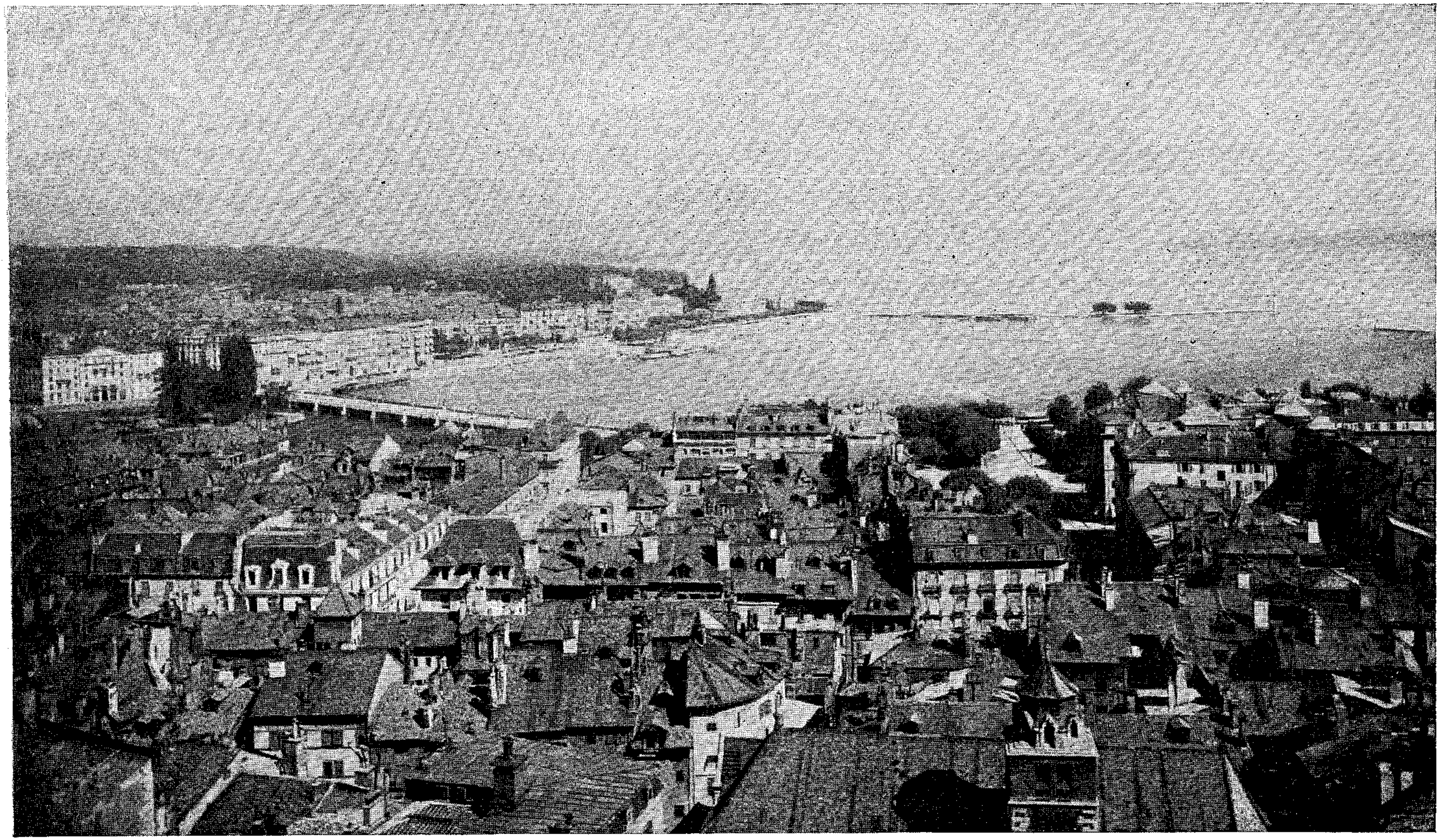
Geneva is the capital of one of the twenty-two cantons, the union of which makes the Swiss Confederation, and is in a little territory of about twelve square miles. The urban agglomeration consists of about 80,000 souls; that of the entire little canton, 110,000.

An especially interesting fact is that Geneva occupies an intermediate place between two extremes. It is the smallest of the large cities and the largest of the small cities. There is an advantage in this, and an equal advantage in the fact that, despite over two hundred millionaires—in francs—the extremes of wealth and poverty are equalized as in few other places. These and other attractions explain the large proportion of foreigners settled here, among whom the French naturally predominate. No wonder, for the Canton of Geneva makes an indentation into France. About a hundred foreigners are yearly admitted to citizenship. Geneva is a kind of crucible, where the French, German, and Italian elements are constantly mingled.

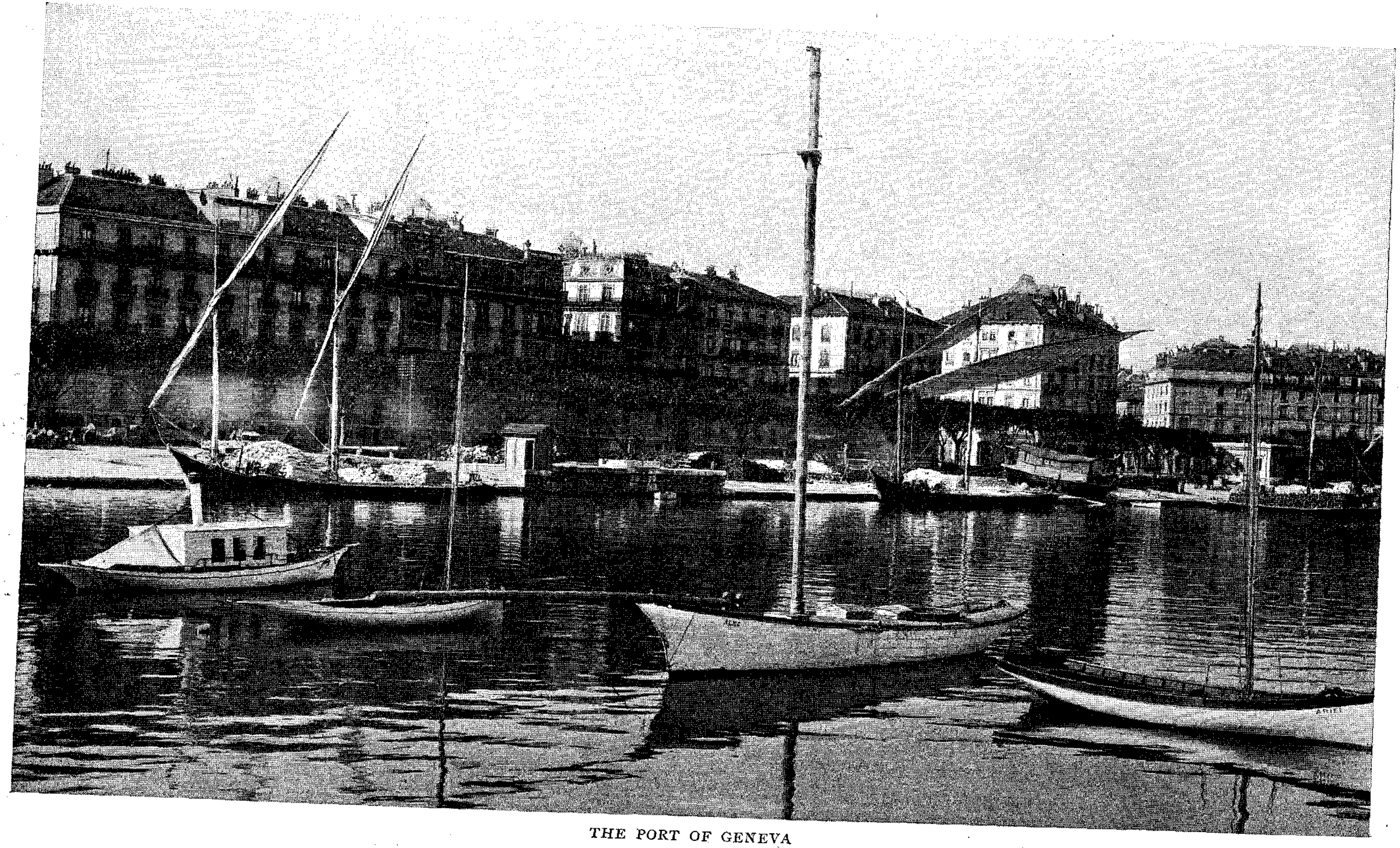
The city is picturesquely framed. On one side are the last Alpine chains, with Mont Blanc, a sky profile of the Napoleon head; on the other, the Jura range, a long unbroken wall. Geneva presides over the exit of the Rhone, whose waters have become a deep blue-green from their long sojourn in Lake Leman; but the river has not run a mile in its course towards Lyons before it becomes enlarged by the waters of the Arve, a muddy stream often stronger than the Rhone, and born in Savoy under Mont Blanc. The well-known Geneva professor and philosopher, Henri Frédéric Amiel, at times a poet, has sung of that

Hymen étrange:
Où l'un apporte son flot bleu;
L'autre, sa fange.

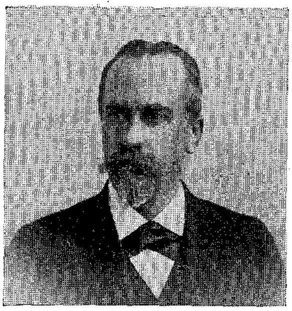
OLD COSTUME OF THE CANTON OF GENEVA



GENERAL VIEW OF THE WEST PART OF GENEVA

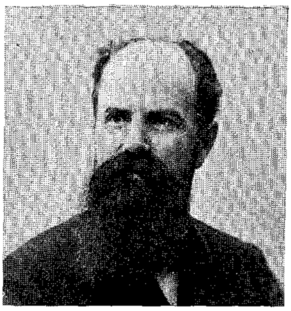


THE PORT OF GENEVA



M. GUSTAVE ADOR

President of the Council of State (Cantonal Government of Geneva).



M. J. J. GOURD

Rector of the University of Geneva.

M. THÉOPHILE DUFOUR

Director of the Public Library of the City of Geneva.

To gain the country there are abundant opportunities by means of the ubiquitous tramways. Numerous public promenades give air and light. The many shaded quays; the island of Rousseau (at the place where the Rhone leaves the lake), with its statue of Jean Jacques in the midst of old poplars; the Bastions, on the edge of which is the University; the plain of Plainpalais, and, beyond, the Bois de la Bâtie, a beautiful park overlooking the junction of the Rhone and the Arve; then, near the lake, the Ariana, a superb inclosure with a fine museum (the gift to the town of a generous Genevan), from which one enjoys an incomparable view of Mont Blanc—all these places belong even to the poorest.

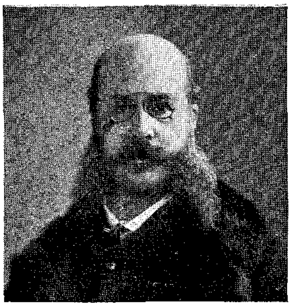
The old city has a just claim to age. Julius Cæsar speaks of it in his Commentaries "De Bello Gallico." The Helvetians wanted to make use of a bridge across the Rhone with a view of emigrating into Gaul, but the Roman general prevented them. The tower, called Cæsar's tower (also called the Tour de l'Ile), on an island in the Rhone, marks the place where the bridge doubtless stood. If Cæsar had not stopped the Helvetians, the barbarian invasion would have occurred a few centuries earlier than it actually did.

There are not many towns existing at that epoch which have preserved their original names, but there are two, at least, in western Europe. One is Rome; the other, Geneva; both standing after nearly two thousand years of changes which have not inconsiderably altered the face of the world. But this is not the only resemblance between the two cities. We have to do here with two religious capitals: the first, the capital of Catholicism; the second, the capital of Reformed Christianity, consequently Rome's rival—a Protestant Rome, as it has been called.

In reality, that which made the higher life of Geneva was the Reformation. The French Protestants, Farel, Calvin, Bèze, came here to accomplish the great work to which their country (unified by the Latin genius, and, besides, delivered to princes who were satisfied with a church indulgent to their vices and always ready to grant them absolution) showed itself inimical. Soon others, proscribed, came in great numbers from France, Italy, even from England, to seek a refuge in the old town. This first made Geneva a confluent where was mingled much noble *débris* of time's misfortunes; for it may be observed that the refugees were not vulgar folk; the selection made by the Roman persecutors represented, on the contrary, the better classes, mentally and morally.

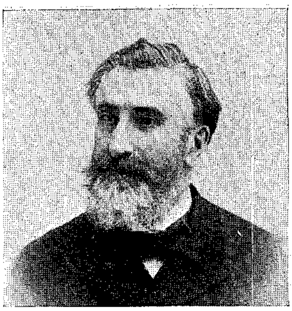
The Reformers educated in the Roman Church were by no means in the modern sense apostles of the liberty of conscience. Like their one-time co-religionists, they thought that it was a part of the civil power to impose respect for religious rule. Hence the explanation of the burning of Servetus, the distinguished and unfortunate Spanish doctor, regarded by the Protestants of that time as a blasphemer. The Reformation, however, advanced to a recognition of the right to individual interpretation of the Holy Scriptures, and this opened the way to a new conception of liberty. The ashes of Servetus were hardly cold before eloquent voices raised themselves in Geneva itself against the conduct of the Protestant bigots. We had here in Sébastien Castellion the Roger Williams of our country.

If anything can make one indulgent



M. MARC DEBRIT

Editor of the "Journal de Genève," one of the best newspapers in Europe.



M. GUSTAVE MOYNIER

Founder of the Geneva Red Cross.

M. THÉODORE TURRETTINI

Mayor of Geneva, Director of the "Forces Motrices."

towards the fathers of Protestantism in their errors, it is their preoccupation to exalt God's name and to diminish man's. They did not want to be other than servants of the Most High. They cried, "We all have one King, the Lord!" Hence they were the enemies of pomp, of hierarchy, of privilege. They founded in the Church a democracy, which, from that ecclesiastical fortress, must needs invade secular life in general. Being democrats in religion, they had to become democrats—*égalitarians*—in politics. Geneva remained an independent republic until the beginning of this century (Rousseau proudly signed his works "Citizen of Geneva"), when she joined her fortunes to the rest of the Swiss cantons; but it was not until the radical revolution of 1846 that the town's walls were razed. The victors of 1846, headed by James Fazy, kept themselves long and somewhat despotically in power, but they had finally to give way before the continued progress of the higher life—namely, of democracy. The radicalism of the past is often the conservatism of to-day. The cantonal and municipal application of the referendum, the right of popular initiative, and, above all, the introduction of proportional representation, are eloquent elements of political righteousness at Geneva. The last element has here, in the venerable philosopher, Professor Ernest Naville, its most distinguished advocate, and it is from Geneva that the idea has gone forth into all Switzerland, where it has taken an invincible hold, ready now to make its tour of the world.

In 1559 Calvin gave to Geneva a college, and later added to it an academy (the terms are usually reversed with you in America), now the University of Geneva. Its first rector or president was Théodore de Bèze. Its students exceed in number those at any other Swiss university. There are twice as many foreigners and Swiss as Genevans proper studying here. The number of Americans is increasing. A capital *résumé* of the University's history has just been prepared by a writer well known in America, Dr. Charles Borgeaud,[1] the author of "The Rise of Modern Democracy in Old and New England" and "Adoption and Amendment of Constitutions in Europe and America." The University believes in co-education, and there is a constantly larger contingent of young women students. This very year, for the first time, a woman lectured as *privat docent*, and to your honor be it said that she is an American.

The old Huguenots were wont to say, "The Republic is at college," and so, with time, Calvin's college (your academy) has had to transform itself. It now includes four departments: the classics, business studies (*réale*), technical studies, and pedagogics.

The public schools of Geneva deserve special mention, since no less than a quarter of the cantonal budget is devoted to them. Public instruction, with its three degrees, primary, secondary, superior, was formerly under the control of the Protestant "Compagnie de Pasteurs," but is now controlled by the Government, the department having as its head one of the seven members of the Executive Power. A restrained degree of autonomy

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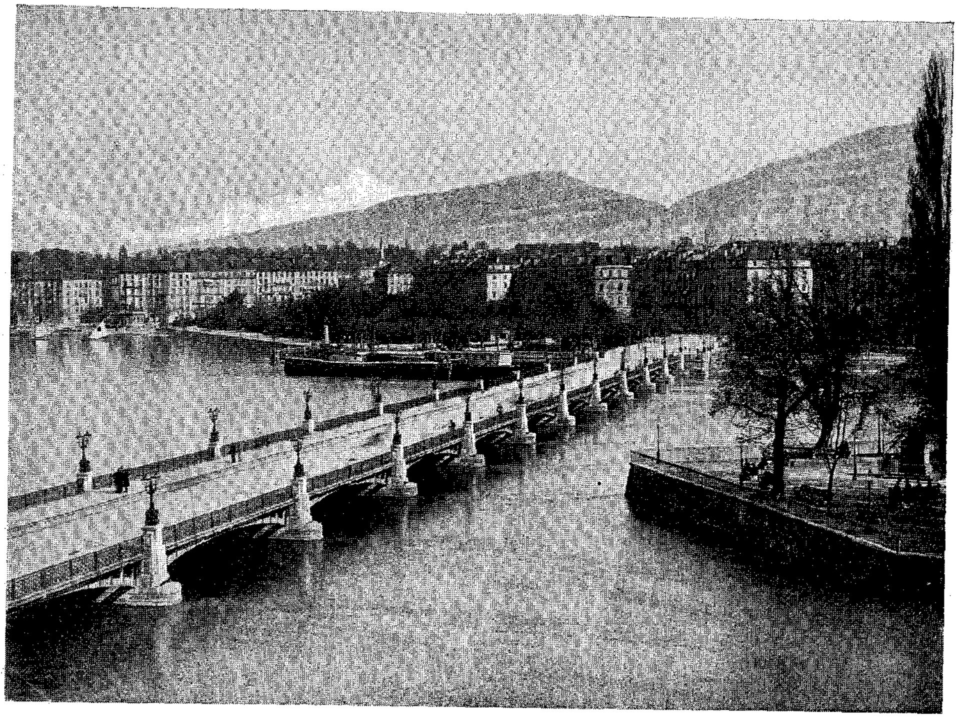
[1] Dr. Borgeaud is the lecturer on Swiss Constitutional History in the University. He speaks from a broad, comparative point of view, not only to Swiss but also to Anglo-Saxon students, who are in the same trend of developing popular government, and whose political history has also been the subject of his researches.



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE BRIDGE OF MONT BLANC, SHOWING THE FAMOUS MOUNTAIN IN THE DISTANCE

is accorded to the University, but the direction of the inferior departments is, unfortunately, almost exclusively administrative.

The various municipal schools of design have long enjoyed a merited reputation even beyond our frontiers; to them has now been added a School of Industrial Arts. Then come the Schools of Watchmaking, of Commerce, of Chemistry, and of Horticulture. Geneva's Botanical Garden was founded by the great Candolle. There is also the Alpine Garden, which protects from eradication alpine flowers and plants by replacing them with products obtained by seed.

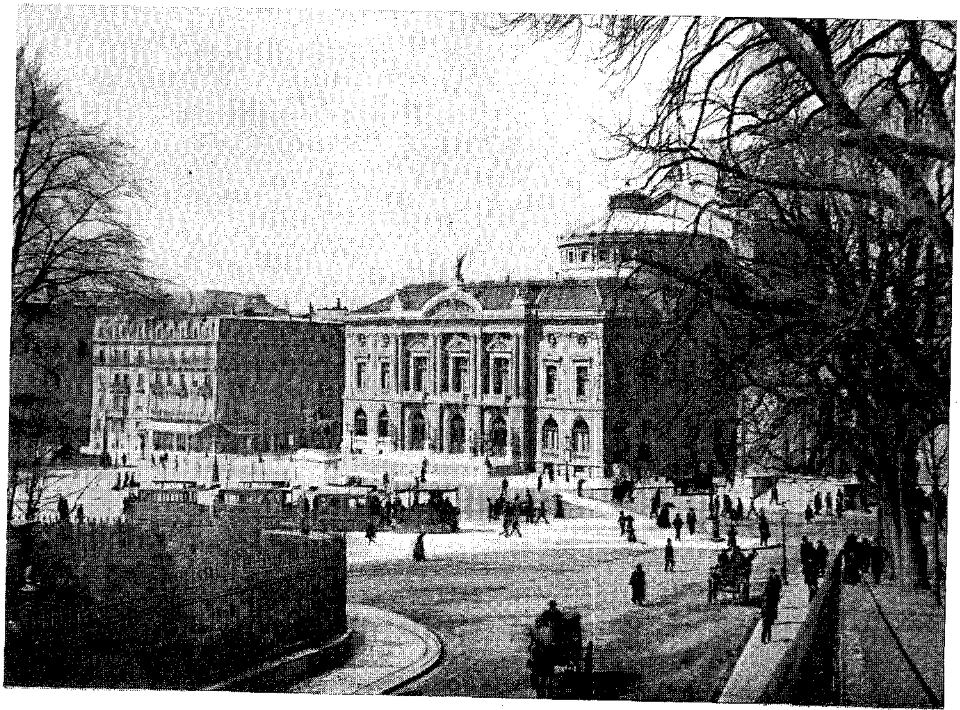
After 1846 the cantonal government instituted evening free lectures on various topics, and these lectures have continued every winter without interruption. They constituted an interesting endeavor in "university extension" long before the movement became popular elsewhere. In the rural part of the canton the system is represented by various series of lessons for adults, the programme being prepared with reference to their special needs. Again, the Swiss Society of Public Welfare has in Geneva one of its cantonal sections, and has sometimes launched important political movements by means of its free lectures.

In addition to official establishments of education, there is the Society of Arts, which has its home at the Athénée, a fine building, due to the munificence of the Eynard family. The Society's different departments include public talks and conferences on science, art, agriculture, and industries, notably watchmaking. The Institut National Genevois, with the help of a Government appropriation, pursues analogous ends, adding to the rest departments of literature, political economy, and moral science. The Eynard family, just mentioned, once possessed a fine palace, now municipal property, in which occur official receptions, and where various schools of art and museums find a home.

Geneva is justly proud of her great Conservatory of Music, the more so as its handsome building was the gift of a public-spirited Genevan, Francis Bartholoni, who had made his fortune in building the first railways in France. There are also several excellent private conservatories. Special mention should be made of the superb Opera-House, erected with the money left to Geneva by the Duke of Brunswick (whose mausoleum in the Place des Alpes is so conspicuous). This theater costs the municipal taxpayers 200,000 francs ($40,000) a year.

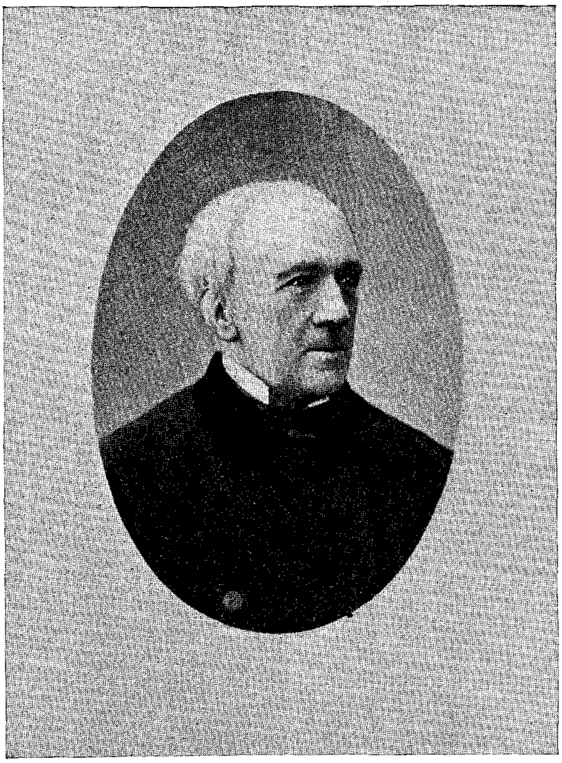
Genevan journalism has been of no slight help to her higher life. The widely known "Journal de Genève," under the editorship of the late Jacques Adert (formerly Professor of Greek in the University), conquered a deserved rank among the first organs of European public opinion, and its present editor, M. Marc Debrit, lends it the prestige of a remarkable political pen. Other dailies are the justly popular "Tribune," the property of an American, Mr. Bates, settled at Geneva; the "Genevois" (ultra radical), and the "Courrier" (Catholic). Of weeklies there are the "Patrie Suisse" and the "Papillon," the latter edited by an American, Mr. Brooke. The "Semaine Religieuse" is in the able charge of M. Francis Chaponnière.

The illustrious Bonivard, the "prisoner of Chillon," bequeathed his books to found what has become the Public Library of Geneva. At the entrance stands a colossal Egyptian statue, one of the "finds" of the Genevan orientalist, Professor Édouard Naville. The now vast library also comprises several thousand manuscripts, illuminated missals, maps, and medals, besides a remarkable gallery of 250 portraits of distinguished Genevese, among them being Calvin, Rousseau, Necker (the Finance Minister of Louis XVI.), the two Aubignés—one the companion of Henri IV., the other the recent historian of the Reformation; Saussure, who first opened the way to Mont Blanc; the publicist Mallet-Dupan, the liberal antagonist of the French Revolution; General Dufour, the Commander of the Swiss troops in 1847, and—George Eliot! The last named, returning from Italy after the death of her father, spent several months in the family of a painter, M. d'Albert Durade, and he it was who portrayed her sympathetic features. Her blue eyes have a great sweetness. No one then had any suspicion that Miss Evans was a writer. It is mortifying to state that all these treasures are still kept in a non-fireproof building. Geneva was last year the seat of the "Second National Swiss Exhibition," the first one having taken place at Zurich in 1883. It was a splendid manifestation of the practical and artistic activity of a small people, very quaint and original, too. The visitor of a scientific turn of



THE OPERA-HOUSE OF GENEVA

mind observed what was called "The Pavillon Raoul Pictet." M. Pictet is one of the great names of this hour; he is about fifty, and made himself known through his studies for the production of artificial cold and ice, applied to industry and therapeutics. Born and brought up at Geneva, and for a time Professor at the Geneva University, he has spent the last ten years or so at Berlin.

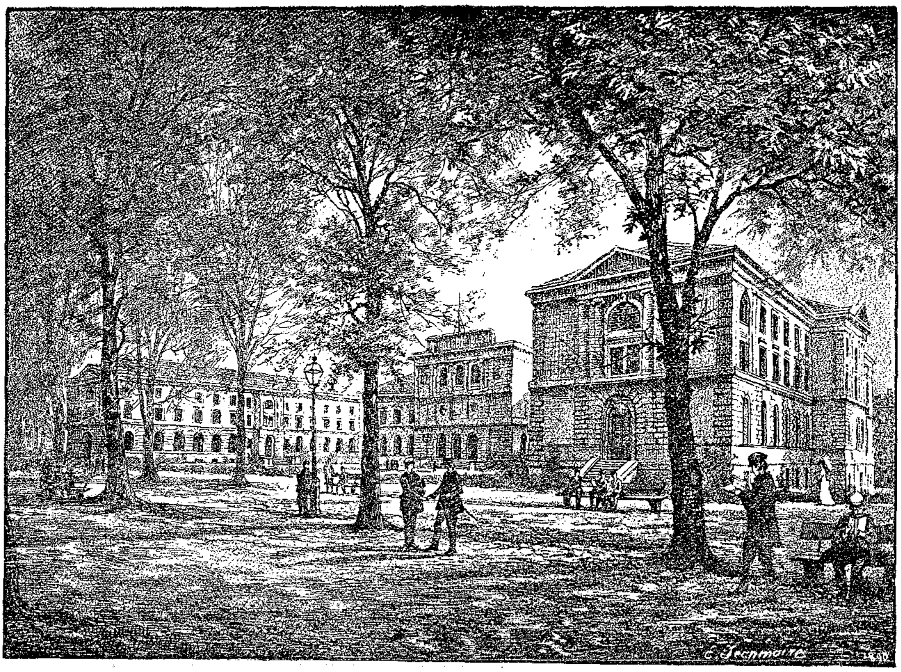


Ernest Naville

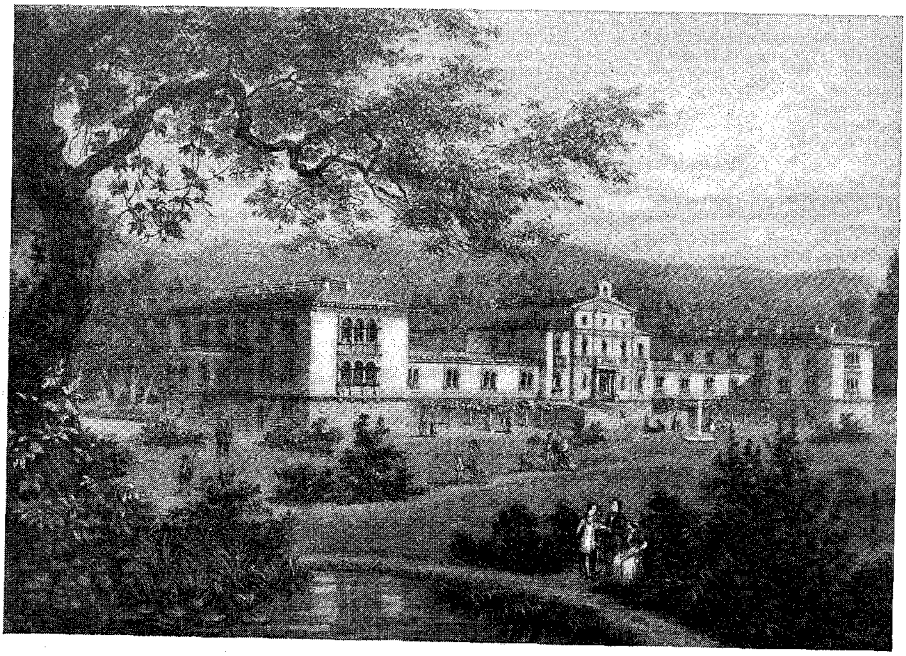
The autograph of a man nearly ninety years old. M. Naville has been not only a distinguished Professor in the Theological Department of the University of Geneva, but has long been the acknowledged leader in Electoral Reform, especially in the system of Proportional Representation, now in successful use in Geneva and in most of Switzerland. For an article by him on that subject see The Outlook, Vol. LV., page 342.

In regard to Geneva's commerce, it is well known that watchmaking, introduced by the Protestant refugees, has long had its chief home in this city. Much jewelry is also manufactured—also a traditional trade—and admirable music-boxes. For some years the municipality has utilized the motive forces of the Rhone waters, captured in two places. With this the city government furnishes power to the whole town and to a part of the country. The last turbine-mill built has some 12,000 horse-power. This resource must contribute greatly to the development of domestic industries, since the power to run a sewing or a printing machine will cost but a trifle. The director of the "*Forces Motrices*" is M. Théodore Turrettini, Mayor of Geneva and Consulting Engineer of the Niagara Falls Water-Power Works.

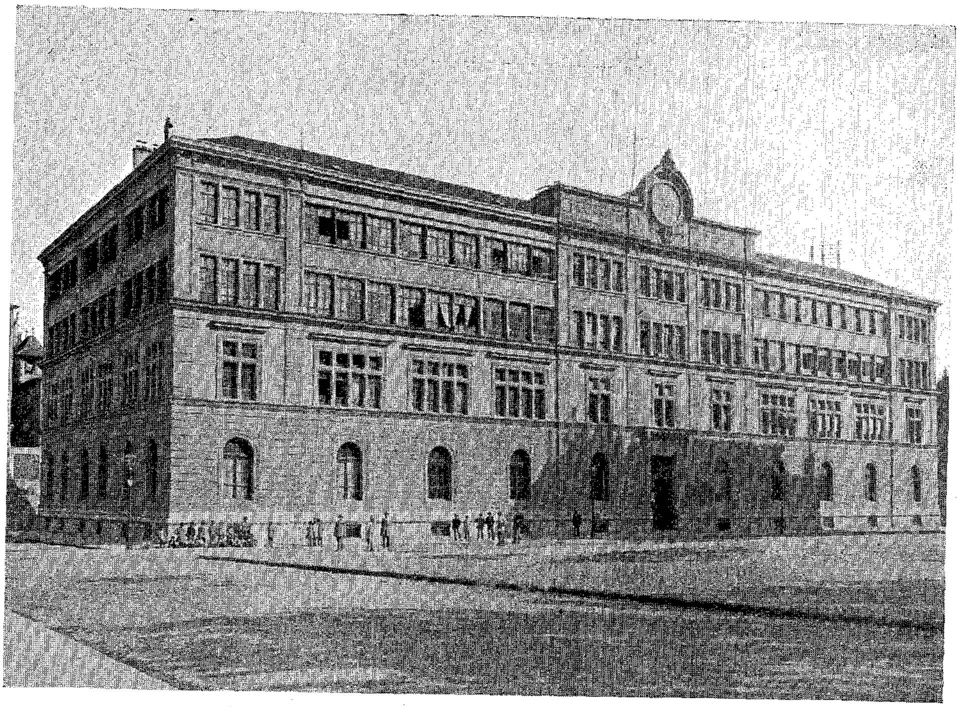
The exercise of philanthropy is assuredly a marked Genevan feature. What services have been rendered by our institutions of social amelioration, such as savings-banks, popular banks, banks for loans on securities (official pawnshops), assurance and co-operative societies! Co-operative shops have been organized with an admirable knowledge of the subject by M. Edmond Pictet, a devoted citizen, who gives the best part of his time to superintend these enterprises. There must also be mentioned the *Cuisines Populaires* (People's Restaurants) which supply excellent food at lowest prices. Various societies occupy themselves with the question of lodgings — though the need for any such work is less in Geneva than in most places. Among the successes is the *Asile de Nuit* for the homeless poor. The *Auberge de Famille* is intended for people who can afford to pay a little. Some labor institutions not only furnish situations to workers, but often a temporary employment, thus preventing begging. The canton supports a special bureau for governesses. Protection to girls is a feature of Genevan philanthropy which has several manifestations; one is the posting of signs at railway stations directing young women to trust no one offering lodging, work, or information, but to apply to the woman agent of a protective society waiting for each train at


E. Jeanmaire
1890

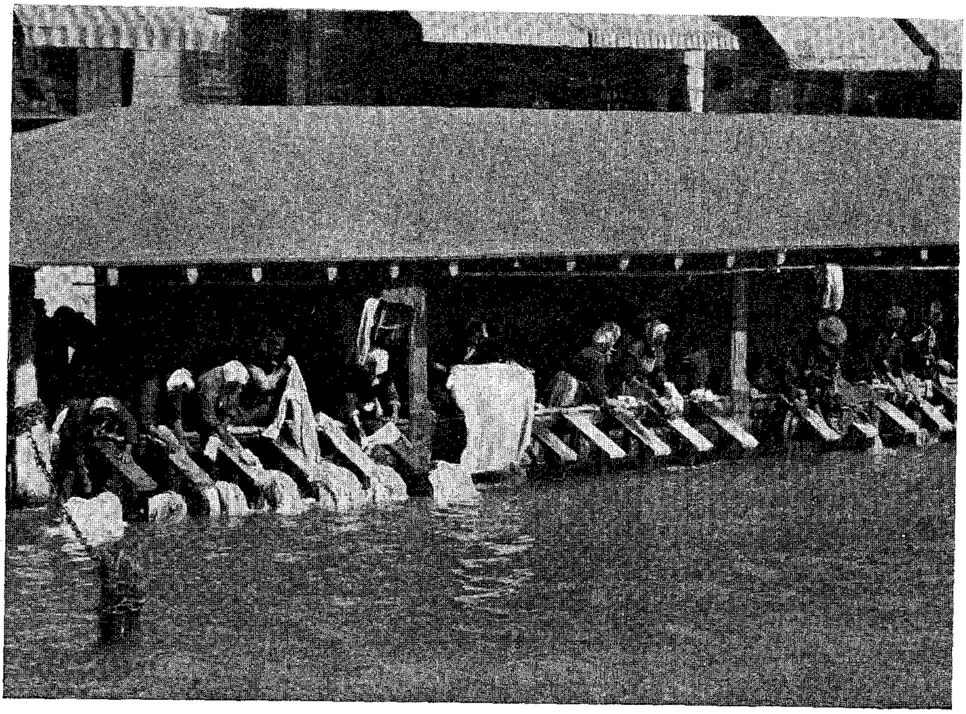
THE UNIVERSITY OF GENEVA



OLD MEN'S HOME



THE SCHOOL FOR INSTRUCTION IN WATCHMAKING



THE PUBLIC LAUNDRIES IN THE RIVER RHONE

the station. There are many institutions, such as *Le Secours*, an asylum for girls requiring vigilant care; such as *Le Refuge*, a refuge indeed to the sinning. The British and Continental Federation, a society organized for the suppression of social impurity, has its headquarters at Geneva. Here is also the central bureau of the International Committee of the Blue Cross Temperance Society, and that of the World's Committee of the Y. M. C. A.

Under the rather equivocal name of *Hospice Général*, Geneva possesses a fund of nearly five million francs ($1,000,000), the interest of which is devoted to necessitous families, orphans, and old people. The official Cantonal Hospital is supplemented by other hospitals for children, for women, for convalescents, the Butini Hospitals, and by the usual asylums for incurables, for orphans, for the deaf and dumb, and for the insane. Noble work has been done by societies which send children to the country for a change of air and consumptives to the mountain cures. A free clinic has been established and a hospital for the blind built and endowed by Baron and Baroness de Rothschild, whose superb country-seat is close to Geneva on the hill of Pregny. From this height one perceives near by Voltaire's château at Ferney, and, further off, Madame de Staël's at Coppet. Across the lake from Pregny is Cologny, where is the Villa Diodati. The Diodati were illustrious Italian refugees, of whom one was the celebrated translator of the Bible into Italian. They had intimate relations with John Milton, who, after visiting Galileo in Italy, visited them here, and is reported to have declared that in Geneva he had discovered his ideal theocratic commonwealth. Later, Lord Byron rented the Diodati place, whither his friend Shelley used to come from his own villa. It was on a yacht excursion which the two poets made to Villeneuve that Byron wrote his "Prisoner of Chillon."

WAITRESSES READY FOR THE NOON TRADE AT THE "CUISINES POPULAIRES" OR LOW-PRICED RESTAURANTS

It would be useless to enumerate all of the many endeavors which belong to Genevan philanthropy, but there is one which must not be passed by. It is the *Bureau Central de Bienfaisance*, which seeks to aid the poor, and therefore enjoins on its members the renouncing of

DR. CHARLES BORGEAUD

Professor in the University of Geneva and the author of well-known books

M. FRANCIS CHAPONNIÈRE

Editor of "La Semaine Religieuse"

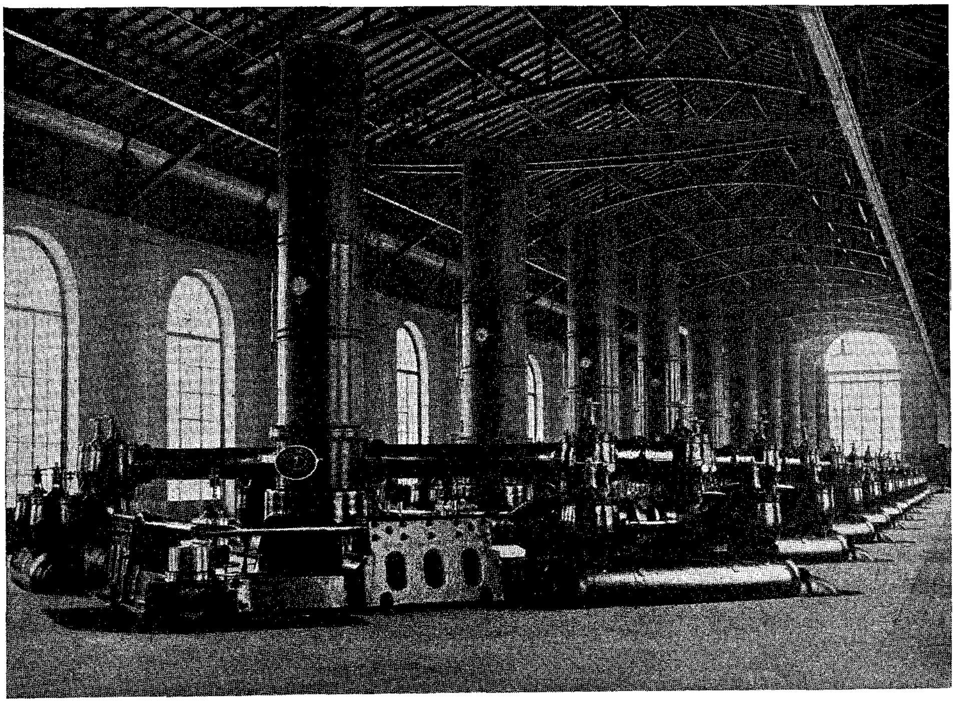
M. L. L. ROCHAT

Founder of the Blue Cross Temperance Society in Switzerland

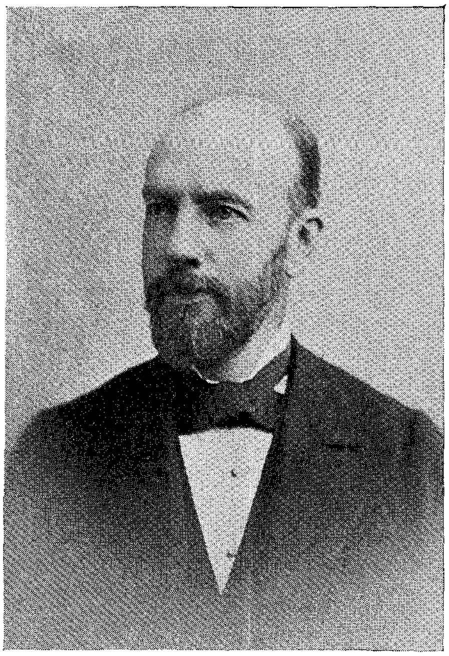
individual alms given without inquiry. The directors obtain speedy information about the persons appealing to public generosity, deceptions are discovered, and the deserving poor thus more efficaciously aided.

Among the initiatives with which Geneva honors herself in the domain of humanitarianism the Red Cross must find prominent place—a work which owes much to its long-time President, M. Gustave Moynier. It has realized an idea put forth for the first time in a book of the Genevan Henri Dunant, "Un Souvenir de Solférino." Nor does one forget the memorable solution of the Alabama controversy obtained at Geneva by a first notable example of international arbitration. At the City Hall there is the now historic Alabama Chamber.

This mention of the City Hall brings to mind the Cathedral of St. Peter near by, a venerable edifice, which incarnates the political as well as the religious past of the old Republic. There it was where the people voted the acceptance of the Reformation, instituted by the ministry of Farel; there it was where, shortly after, the voice of Calvin thundered; there it was where, up to the beginning



THE MUNICIPAL "FORCES MOTRICES," GATHERING WATER-POWER FROM THE RIVER RHONE AND DISTRIBUTING IT TO ALL PARTS OF GENEVA



PROFESSOR LOUIS WUARIN

of this century, the united citizens elected their magistrates and voted their laws. The readers of Rousseau's "Contrat Social" know that it was the remembrance of this spectacle which he had witnessed that inspired the gifted Genevan with the theory of direct democracy. It has been reserved for Switzerland to realize this dream.

The simple reading of the names of streets during a walk in Geneva would bring to our minds some other men who have contributed to her higher life of to-day. Among such names are those of Charles Bonnet, the philosopher and scientist; Sismondi, the historian and economist; Marc Monnier, the essayist; the painters Calame and Diday; the pastelist Liotard; the sculptors Pradier and Chaponnière; the engineers Colladon and Favre; the novelists Töpffer and Cherbuliez. Albert Gallatin, who became one of your statesmen, ought not to wait long before having a street called by his name in his native city.

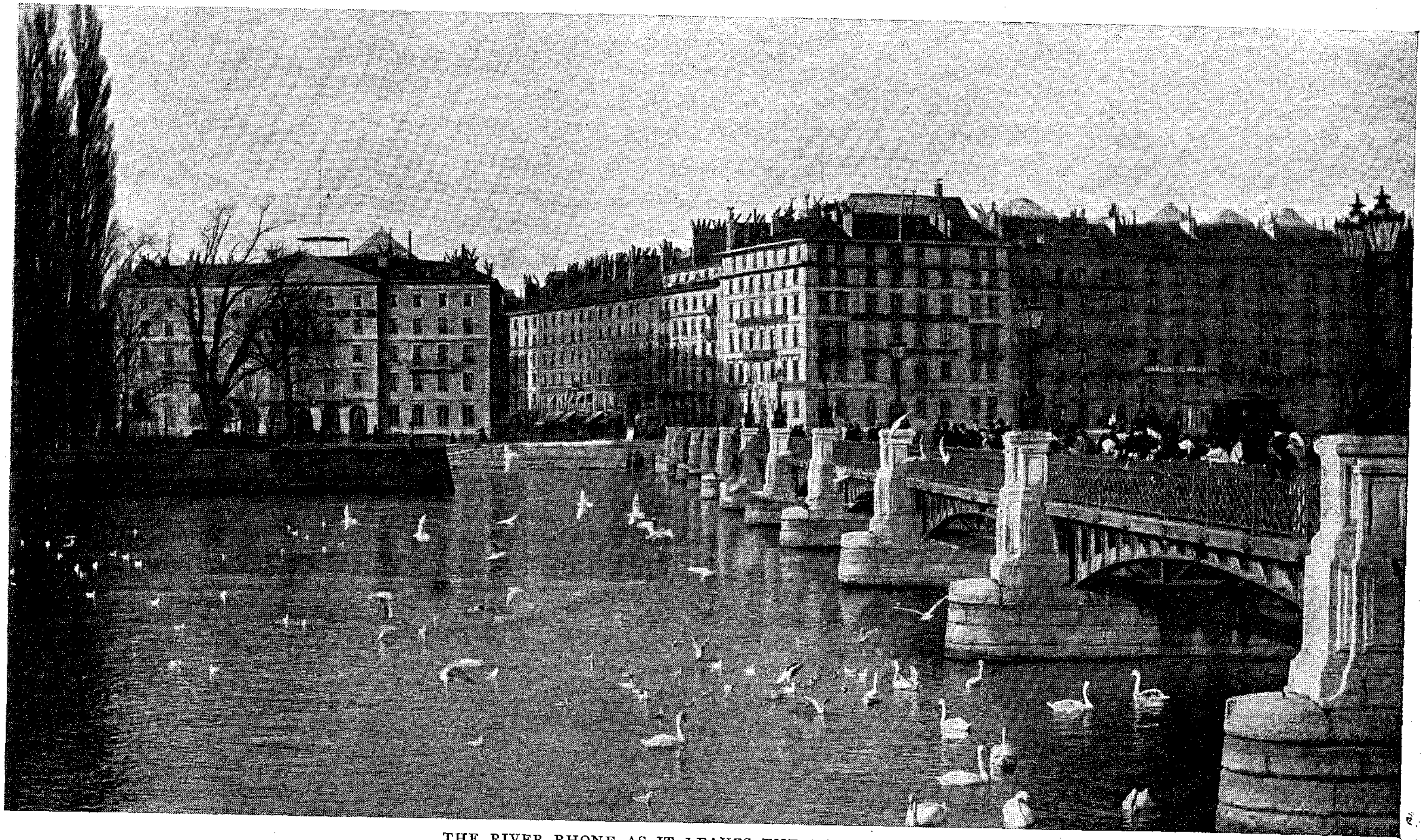
Despite the circumstances which have modified its character, the Protestant and democratic spirit—the higher life—in the town of Calvin and Rousseau breathes ever. Yet there have been obstacles encountered in its progress, and to-day they present themselves under a double aspect.

In the first place, there is a certain vulgar conservatism which always invokes the *status quo* as a principle. To such believers the denouncing of abuses is an insult to their country. Do not remind them of the progress accomplished elsewhere; the reply is that they do not mind strangers copying them, but that they do not need lessons from others.

The second obstacle to progress is the hate which certain politicians often manifest towards moral reforms. At Geneva, as in the towns of the United States—and to them Geneva has a peculiar resemblance—the need of the time is to bring decent people to will and to dare that which is just and good, to rid themselves of their prejudices, and to continue the war against unprincipled politicians. The introduction into the municipality of proportional representation, doubling the benefits there of the referendum and the popular initiative, has already inflicted a severe blow on such men. Over the key and eagle which symbolize her independence, Geneva has on her armorial bearings this motto:

POST TENEBRAS LUX

Here is a programme to pursue, and with redoubled faith. So think some citizens of Geneva, among whom the author of these lines is happy to count himself.



THE RIVER RHONE AS IT LEAVES THE LAKE OF GENEVA

The bridge to the right is the Pont du Mont Blanc; the island to the left is called Rousseau's Isle

Some Literary Associations of Geneva

By Elbert Francis Baldwin

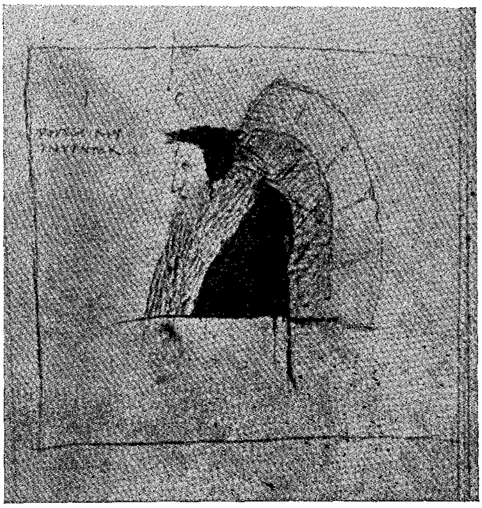
THE CALVIN MEDAL

No student of history or of literature can visit Geneva without being reminded of Calvin. Three hundred years ago and more Geneva realized the theologian's second and permanent thought of a theocratic government; to-day it realizes rather his first notion of a wide humanism and ours of as wide a Christian humanity. At one time he thought to follow after Reuchlin and Erasmus; his ambition, as M. Borgeaud, the Genevan historian, says, was to rank himself with the humanists, and to march with them in that luminous path which the Renaissance was then opening across a continent. In that age European thought, "rejuvenated by one and the same breath, served by one and the same language, was ignoring the frontiers of nations." That phrase describes the Geneva of to-day. It is the most international, and perhaps the most intelligent, city of Europe; political, ecclesiastical, and even social boundaries, limits, dividing walls, rigidities, seem ignored there more than elsewhere. Perhaps it is just as well, then, that we find no statue of Calvin in Geneva to remind us of Geneva's narrower epoch—for the place was not always the synonym of light and liberty. However, be it said that the truth, as opposed to the error, in Calvinism still remains, and forms the sturdy backbone to a genuinely cosmopolitan town. This combination is an attractive one, and the title which Mr. Howells has given to Geneva, "a small moralized Bostonian Paris," fits it as well as any.

Genevan literature has had its ups and downs, of course. Under Calvin, poetry had to be mostly of one kind, but prose fared better. The Reformer himself "found time to write masterpieces of theological discussion which practically determined the serious prose style of the French language." His seal thus rested, not only upon politics and theology, but upon literature itself. His style influenced the greatest manifestation of literature at Geneva during the two succeeding centuries—namely, in the pulpit.

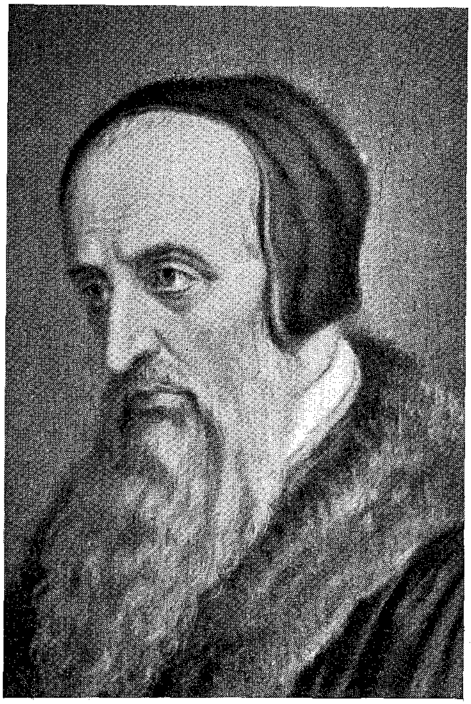
Calvin was the first Moderator of the famous "Compagnie des Pasteurs," that tyranny under the name of "good government." Its members were not only parsons and preachers in their professional capacity of to-day; the members far outran any such capacity. They would not allow and did not allow the imprint or the introduction of anything contrary to Calvinistic doctrines. Under the name of the Consistory they formed themselves into a court before which all who were summoned, whether "suspects" or actual offenders, must appear. They had charge of all charitable institutions. They had entire control of public instruction.

Théodore de Bèze was the first rector of the "Académie" (now the University), and for such a position was better than



CARICATURE OF CALVIN

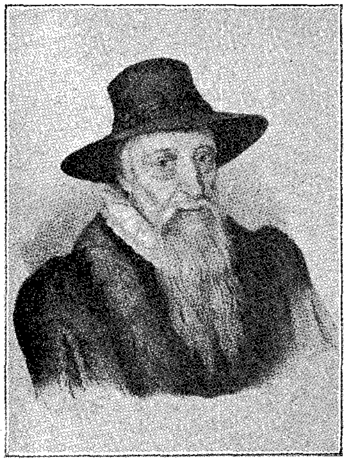
Drawn in 1564 by Jacques Bourgoing de Nevers, one of his students at the "Académie."



JOHN CALVIN
1509–1564
The great Genevan theologian, commentator, reformer, educationist, and political dictator.

Calvin, the founder, would have been. Bèze was more conciliatory, more courtly, and especially as a theological professor he had a desirable distinction and discrimination. Calvin's censoriousness had long since won for him the sobriquet of "the Accusative Case." Even in that day his rigidity and intolerance, as well as his power and magistracy, were appreciated by those whom he taught. These qualities appear in an old caricature of the Reformer, seated in his professorial chair. The caricature was made in 1564 by an irreverent student, Jacques Bourgoing de Nevers. Calvin's lectures had attracted many hearers; so did Bèze's. The latter continued the former's influence in literature. We have from Bèze excellent histories, biographies, and verses; his most important work was an edition of the Greek Testament with a capital Latin translation; it affected the King James's version, and had great popularity.

To the supposition that all students were required to give assent to articles of religion, M. Borgeaud says: "It is averred that there were not a few students at the University who did not sign the very narrow confession of faith. One was Sir Thomas Bodley, the celebrated founder of the Bodleian Library at Oxford. His name is nowhere to be discovered in the Rector's book. Yet in his autobiography Sir Thomas declares that he attended the lectures of Chevalier, Bérauld, Bèze, and Calvin." Another early student was John Knox. We learn, too, that Calvin was keen-sighted enough to establish a school preparatory to the Académie. Students received methodical instruction and were promoted from class to class, often under the control of their future professors.



THÉODORE DE BÈZE
1519–1605
First Rector of the Genevan "Académie," now the University.

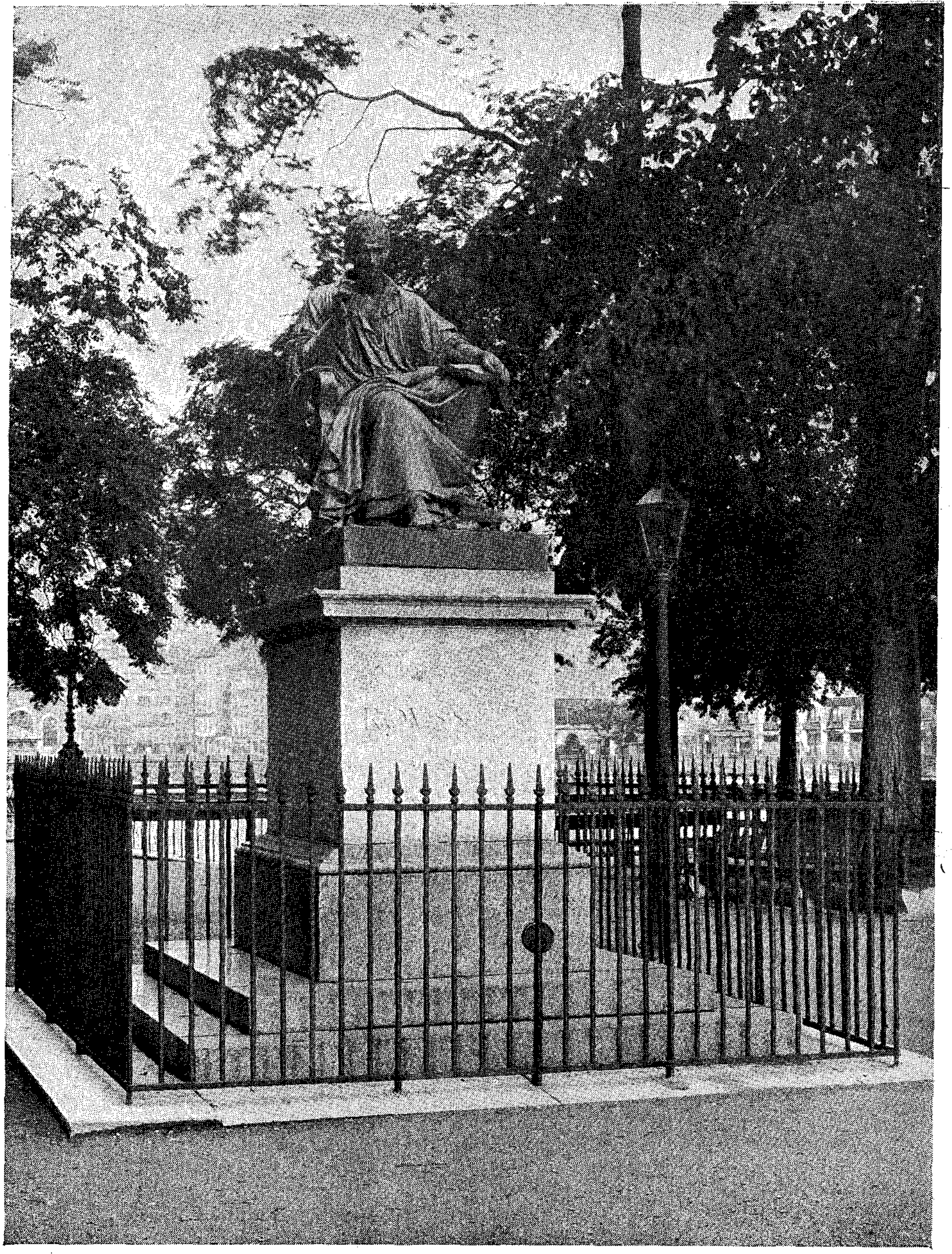
When Calvin had finished his composite task, he had not only impressed his individual personality apparently for all time upon a "Protestant Rome," but had established Geneva as a rallying-point for the intellectual Protestant world. He had assured the city's future by making it at once "a church, a school, and a fortress." During his life and afterwards it was a church, a school, and a fortress of tyranny, but the kernel of democratic good finally broke through the hard shell of bigotry and made of Geneva the first stronghold of liberty. It took Rousseau as well as Calvin to do this. Her citizens may thus say more truly than ever that now, as then, Geneva stands "a watch-tower in the center of Europe."

This growth was in the literary services of the University quite as much as in the services of Church or State. So eminent were the men connected with the Genevan institution that when, in 1795, the existence of the Académie was in peril by reason of the French Revolution, Thomas Jefferson proposed to the professors that they should come across to Richmond, in Virginia, and there found an educational institution, which would become later a national American university. Teachers and professors remained true to Geneva, however, and as a result of such energy and fidelity no State in Europe makes such proportional sacrifices for the education of its children. From a narrow foundation the University of Geneva has now become the broadest and the most cosmopolitan institution in all Europe. Like the rest of this Swiss city, it is a combination of French cleverness, adaptability, and practical common sense with a Teutonic breadth, painstakingness, and earnestness.

The tourist visits the University, it may be, without realizing this distinction; perhaps he visits the cathedral and other old churches without realizing that their pulpits were a school for the formation of the style and eloquence of Geneva's greatest son, Rousseau. Though the pupil surpassed his masters in both style and eloquence, it was to them that he owed all of the religious affirmations which he retained "in face of a negative and incredulous age." In his turn Rousseau influenced Genevan preaching by the cultivation of a more natural sentiment. M. Guillot calls the result "a mitigated and sweetened Rousseauism, with the addition of a few Christian dogmas." But Rousseau's destruction of the partition walls between the old families (*citoyens*) and the poorer and less privileged people (*bourgeois*) was hardly due to the rather aristocratically inclined Compagnie des Pasteurs. Despite contrary tendencies, Calvin had done a good deal in democratizing Christianity; with this example before him, two centuries later, Rousseau did as much and more with regard to politics. His spirit is seen as well as anywhere else in the Swiss government itself, and in the large realization already achieved of its noble motto: "One for all; all for one."

We climb up the Grand' Rue to the house where Jean Jacques first saw the day, and recall his whole unfortunate history, from the time when his refined mother died in giving him birth, to the time when he himself died so suddenly as to suggest a suspicion of suicide. He had a poor father indeed in the watchmaker-dancing-master. The child was "protected" by his unhuman aunts; they disapproved of his association with other boys. No wonder he became a recluse and a *rusé*. Then

THE SCHOOL FOUNDED BY CALVIN, KNOWN AS THE COLLÈGE DE CALVIN



THE STATUE OF ROUSSEAU BY PRADIER
Situated on "Rousseau's Isle" in the River Rhone

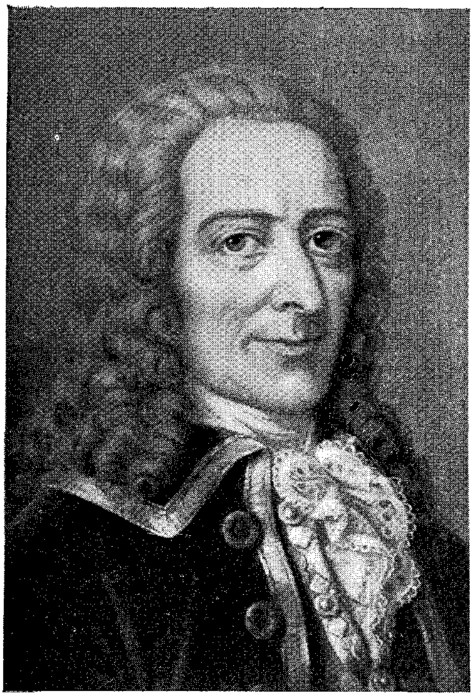
an uncle apprenticed the shy and now sly Rousseau to a brutish engraver. Beatings became unendurable by and by, and the youth wandered away into Savoy. Here he was succored by a benevolent priest. In the "Confessions" we read: "He received me kindly, warned me of Genevan heresy and of the authority of Holy Mother Church, and gave me some dinner. I could not find any answer to arguments which ended in this manner. I thought that priests, at whose houses one might dine so pleasantly, were at least worth as much as our ministers." Yet the priest's innocent suggestion led Rousseau straight into the first of his *liaisons* with women. Then came the stormy middle life.

In 1754 we see the rather repentant Rousseau coming back; he had been away many years. We see him coming back, too, into the Protestant Church. We see him claiming citizenship. But, with all the love of country which he expressed in many ways, as does every true Swiss, the savage insubordination would not down, even though his ideas had now become enlarged. He gave vent to them with a sort of primeval power and passion. Prim Genevan society was stirred as never since Calvin's day by "The New Héloïse." Political Geneva was stirred even more by "The Social Contract;" and, lastly, educational Geneva found indignation and repulsion, but also a certain amount of heart-searching, in "Émile." It was true that Rousseau's sense of injustice and oppression had broken all rein, and that liberty had become partly license. Nevertheless, some of the "common people" protested against the proposed public destruction of his works; the aristocratic Voltaireans of the hill, however, would not listen to them. All this comes to mind as we saunter past those patrician old houses on top of the hill, with their delightful gardens overlooking the Promenade de la Treille and the Corraterie. In 1763 Rousseau's "Social Contract" and his "Émile" were burnt by the hangman as being "bold, scandalous, impious, and tending to destroy Christian religion and every government."

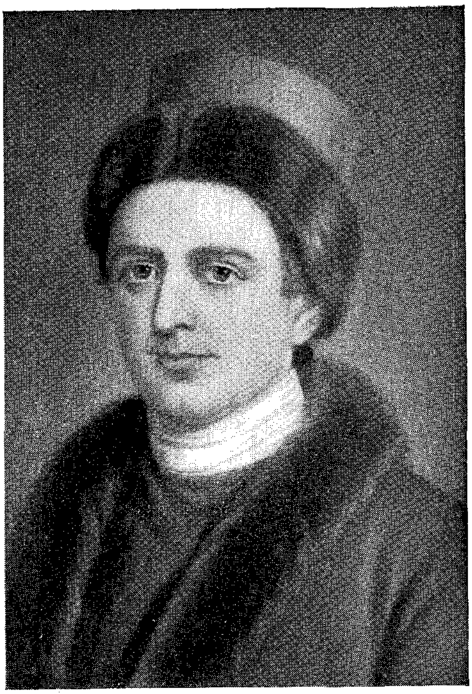
It was too late, however, for intolerance. Many of Rousseau's notions might be repellent enough, in all conscience; they might justly call forth such a reply as Voltaire sent to Rousseau on receiving the latter's "Discourse on Inequality:" "Sir, I have received your book against the whole human race. Never before was so much talent used in making us into brutes. After reading your book, one is seized with a wish to walk on all fours." No matter how repulsive some of the ideas of the "humanitarian misanthrope" might be, there were others that were noble and epoch-making. Geneva could not destroy liberalism by burning Rousseau's books. It only advertised them the more. The publication of those books changed the whole literary, philosophical, educational, political world. They were like great gushing streams in wild overflow, devastating as well as life-giving. They roughly compelled a return to Nature, let little men put up their little dikes as they would. Those books founded the Romantic school in literature. They made Lamartine and Byron, Hugo and Goethe, possible. They taught men that children might no longer be politically or educationally compressed into a Chinese bondage. Men did not learn this right away, and there was a French Revolution. Unconsciously it may be, Rousseau had become the apostle of the Natural, and the true ancestor of this democratizing century. That is his mighty title to fame; but, as Amiel asserts, he seemed an ancestor in all things. "He founded traveling on foot before Töpffer, revery before René, literary botany before George Sand, the worship of Nature before Bernardin de St. Pierre, the democratic theory before the Revolution of 1789, political and theological discussion before Mirabeau and Renan, the science of teaching before Pestalozzi, and Alpine description before Saussure. . . . He formed a new French style, the close, chastened, passionate, interwoven style which we know well."

It was due to Voltaire, however, quite as much as to Rousseau, that Geneva became for a long time the intellectual center of Europe.

Few tourists omit going to the suburb of Ferney, where the solidity and old-fashionedness of a famous house and grounds quickly transport one back into the stiffer modes of the last century. The house was Voltaire's, and he wrote his greatest historical works there. It once attracted many sojourners, and now attracts many sightseers. Among these visitors



FRANÇOIS MARIE AROUET DE VOLTAIRE
1694–1778
The French poet, dramatist, historian, and philosopher, who lived for a long time at Ferney, close to Geneva.



JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU
1712–1778
The Genevan philosopher and founder of democracy in politics and naturalness in education.

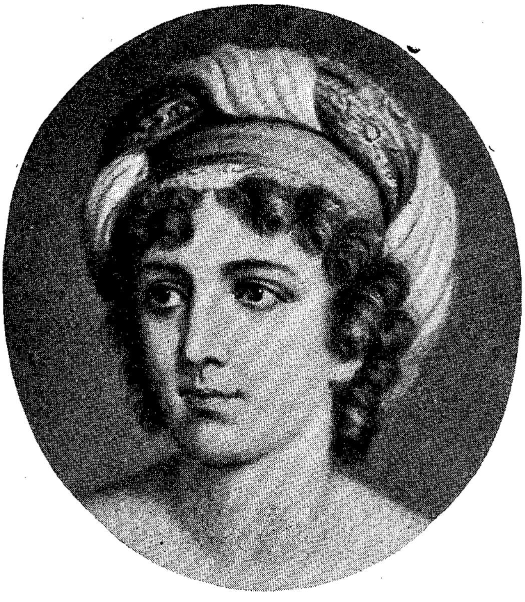
was that acute observer, the elder Dumas—when will men take up his capital books of travel again?—they read as if written yesterday. On seeing the inscription, "Deo erexit Voltaire" in the chapel, Dumas declared that at last here was a proof to the world that Voltaire and God had finally become reconciled; the world had received this intelligence with satisfaction, but it always suspected that Voltaire made the first advances.

Of course the "patriarch of Ferney" quickly came into collision with the Genevan pastors. When the celebrated "Encyclopédie" was published, it was known that the one-sided article on Geneva was the cynic's work. The article had informed the world that the Genevan pastors were nothing but deists, and that they were indifferent to the forms of religion. Of course there was an indignant protest from the pastors, to which Voltaire, nothing loth, made reply by publishing some irreverent and irreligious pamphlets, by building a theater at the very doors of Puritan Geneva and producing some of his own plays. In spite of ecclesiastical thunders, the theater was a great popular success. Nor was Voltaire long in realizing his hope of making Ferney a resort for literary folk from many lands. He himself was universally acknowledged as the foremost man of letters. His characteristic persiflage to the contrary, we are told that Voltaire really esteemed the Genevan pastors highly because of their knowledge and character. He once wrote to the Bishop of Annecy as follows: "It is humiliating for us, it must be avowed, to see in Geneva heretical pastors who rank among the most erudite men of Europe. . . . Far from running after their parishioners for an acre of rye or of vines, they are their parishioners' consolers and fathers."

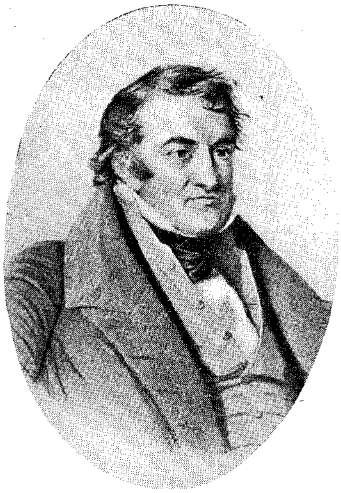
By a curious coincidence, in the same year, 1754, in which Voltaire came to Geneva to pass the remainder of his career, the restless Rousseau returned there too. Another more striking coincidence is found in their deaths in 1778. For much more than these reasons it is natural that their names should be associated. The two men stand together, not really so much as scoffers of religion as in forcing the Calvinists to make reluctant concessions to a broader interpretation of life. Again, the spirit and style of Voltaire and Rousseau, though so individually contrasted, exercised a united influence upon men of letters, even upon those who combated their doctrines. This was seen first of all in a betterment of literary manner, and afterwards also of matter. As to the individual characteristics of Voltaire and Rousseau, however, we can hardly overcontrast them. Many a fervent Christian thinks of the two men as being precisely alike, because they represent to him a quintessence of eighteenth-century infidelity. In truth, hardly another two men were more unlike. Voltaire loved drawing-rooms; Rousseau, forests. Voltaire was a thorough aristocrat; Rousseau was the founder of modern democracy. Voltaire believed in monarchies and royal rule; Rousseau's proudest title was "Citizen of Geneva." Voltaire was a cynic, but he continually craved polite society; Rousseau was a dreamer, and knew that his dreams could come true only through the *bourgeoisie*. Voltaire's philosophy was pessimistic; Rousseau's, optimistic. Voltaire's religion was materialistic; Rousseau's, spiritual. Voltaire was a mind only; Rousseau, a mind, heart, and soul.

When the tourist has gone as far as Ferney, he will wish to go a little further and visit Coppet, another Genevan suburb. Here, even more than at Voltaire's home, one is transported into the past—transported so truly that it would hardly be surprising to see the old owner of the château at Coppet, Jacques Necker, in the becoming dress of his time, pacing along the quiet walks. Necker was a Genevese by birth, and became the Finance Minister of Louis XVI. Nor would it be surprising if Madame Necker should appear at the door—Madame Necker, who had once engaged to marry the great Gibbon. After having been expelled from Magdalen College, Oxford, for having abjured the national faith (a truer reason might have been because he disliked the University and the University disliked him), the young Gibbon came to the shores of the Lake of Geneva. Here he quickly fell so completely under Voltaire's influence as to prepare himself for the issuance of an important book in French. The memory of those formative years in Switzerland must have come back more than once to the matured man who had returned to the shores of that exquisite lake to finish his monumental work, "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire."

But we are at Coppet. If Necker's irrepressible daughter Germaine should suddenly emerge from the bushes, it would be a surprise. The old-fashioned furnishings in house and grounds are too appropriately stiff to form anything but a background for stiff, old-fashioned people. The unbending forms of the Compagnie des Pasteurs themselves would be more in harmony than the hoydenish daughter of the house and her free-and-easy Parisian friends who followed her to this Swiss home. We do not learn, however, that among those followers was an Englishman, the young Pitt, whom Madame Necker wanted to secure as a son-in-law. The Baron de Staël-Holstein attained that position. An unideal existence followed—a succession of oscillations between Coppet and Paris, between liberty and license everywhere. The French Republic, the Directory, the Consulate, and the



ANNE LOUISE GERMAINE NECKER, BARONESS DE STAËL
1766-1817
Historian, essayist, novelist, and politician. Her home was at Coppet, a Genevan suburb.



JEAN CHARLES LÉONARD DE SISMONDI
1773–1842
The Genevan historian, essayist, and political economist. The author of standard and widely read books.

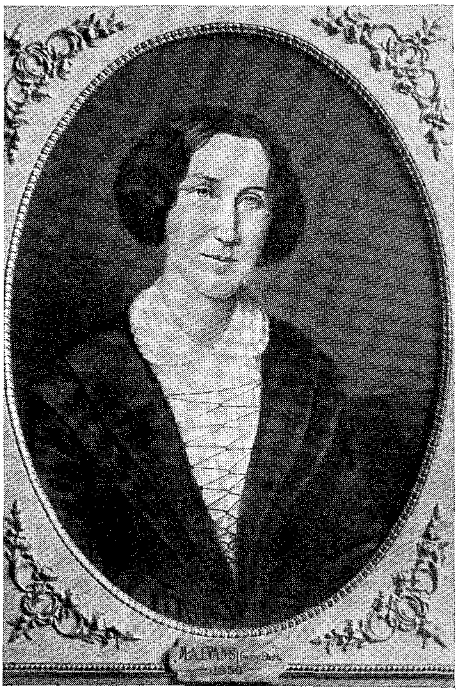
JEAN HENRI MERLE D'AUBIGNÉ
1794–1872
The Genevan professor and preacher. The author of a monumental "History of the Reformation."

Empire were all alarmed at the fervid, voluble, often unwomanly Madame de Staël, who would not be put down. Sensational as she might have been in politics, her real talent was in literature. Despite their sentimentality and "falsetto passion," her romances are imbued with a certain artlessness; despite their prolixity, her more thoughtful works show an appreciative cosmopolitanism needed in that day. Through her Goethe and Schiller and Schlegel were introduced to France, the young Guizot and Sismondi to Germany. It is a pity that her social principles and those of the time were not purer; her really sincere nature would have had more lasting influence.

Sismondi is the name which comes naturally to mind after that of his hostess, Madame de Staël. The works of Sismondi rise like a green island out of a sea of social and literary unrest. We like to look back on that genuine representative of Geneva. His literary achievements mean literary health; normal, not abnormal, conditions. His "Literature of Southern Europe" is a standard book still; quotations are frequently made from his excellent "History of the Italian Republics," and less frequently from his "Histoire des Français." State Socialists found an early support in his "Studies of Social Science."

Fifty years ago there died a Genevan whose books deserve wider reading than they have had. From babyhood Rodolphe Töpffer drew pictures, and, when his eyes forbade his laboring longer at his art, he became a schoolmaster for the time, and then his schoolmastership developed into a professorship, but he left no very brilliant record as a pedagogue. He has left a somewhat brilliant record as an author. European teachers and scholars have the comfortable fashion of taking walking tours together—a fashion which might be imitated here more than it is. Master and pupils thus form a comradeship impossible in any other way. So, little by little, other pictures were drawn by Töpffer with the pen, slowly and painfully and interruptedly at first we must believe. The "Voyages en Zigzag" were written, and the "Nouvelles Genevoises;" they were the introducers of novel, picturesque, and acceptable features into literature.

The realization that Amiel's death occurred only a decade and a half ago comes with something of surprise to one who has ventured to put the "Journal Intime" alongside Thoreau and Emerson, not to say Seneca and Epictetus. Amiel has, indeed, left us some exquisite self-revelations, but it seems as if M. Scherer and Mrs. Humphry Ward, in their introductions to the French and English editions of the "Journal," had pitched the receptive tone of our minds on too high a key. When we go to Geneva we may chance upon a criticism from one who knew Amiel—a criticism which may let us down just a bit. For, as a citizen of Geneva, as a professor at the University, as a social force, Amiel was a distinct failure; as a recluse, a self-conscious, a sensitive, a melancholy man, and as a literary artist, he was a conspicuous success. Genevans, however, do not seem to take so much stock in his seventeen thousand folio pages of literary legacy as do outside folk. When one wants a bit of well-turned individuality, these pages will supply it; but when one seeks for some well-tuned altruism, hardly. Amiel was un-Genevese; his ideals were lofty, many of them, but he seems to have been born with only thought and feeling; will was absent. His introspection became morbid, of course. We see every day on the streets of Geneva men who look as Sismondi must have looked; but we seek in vain for the delicate child, the dreamy youth, the shrinking man, Amiel. He was all along what children call a "'fraid cat." Hence he left no substance of personality, as every real man does; he is but a shadow. He owed his professorial position to the Radicals. Consequently the old Conservatives were hard on him. He complained. He himself turned on the Radicals, much to their disgust. He complained again. Then he turned on man in general; only God could satisfy him, and he spent his life in trying to find God. At the end he came back somewhat to the appreciation of his humankind, and, lo, there was God in the midst! Minute self-revelations such as this truly *intime* and now almost classic journal affords are needed; it is a pity that they are not always revelations of an unselfish self.

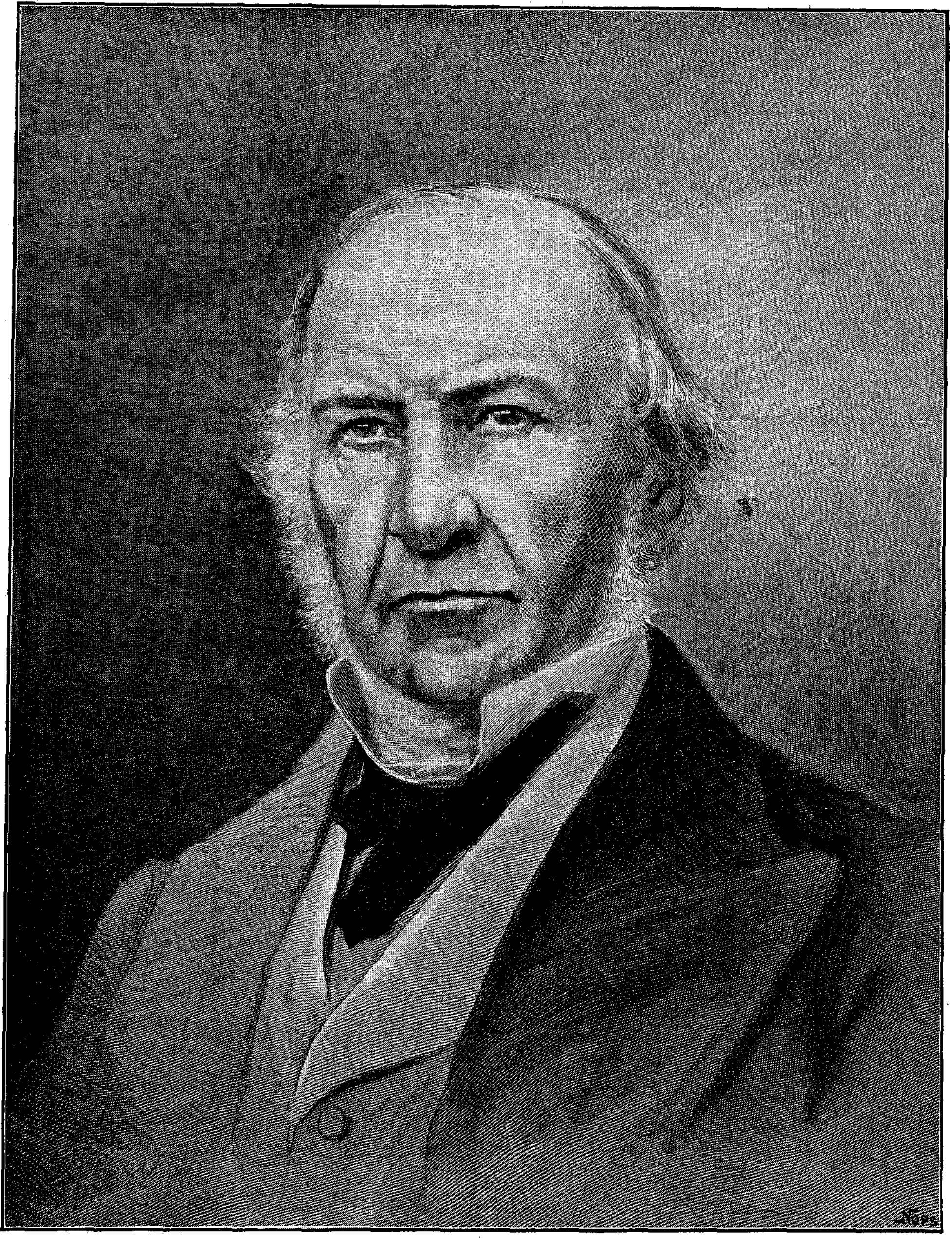


MARY ANN EVANS ("GEORGE ELIOT")
1819–1880
The great novelist. From the portrait painted during her residence of a year (1850) in Geneva.

Jean Henri Merle d'Aubigné died in 1872. He was the Professor of Historical Theology at the Divinity School, and is universally known through his great work, the "History of the Reformation." Men have outgrown this book in scientific accuracy, but it is of much literary value as reflecting better than most works a genuine Genevan spirit: on its rather austerely Teutonic framework is spread out the clear expression of a Gallic vivacity, the whole permeated with a spiritual fervency which no country bounds.

Töpffer and Amiel were failures as professors. Marc Monnier was a success; his hearers came from all over Europe. He was as much of a success, too, in literature. He was an entirely natural being, either in his fascinating converstional powers or in his essays and verses. He was such a vital, virile æsthete that the aroma of a living force breathes in every page of his writings. Is he describing Italy, or the Genevan poets, or his favorite marionette theater? We shall not find an easier speaker, a kindlier voice, a more discriminating mind, a more picturesque manner.

Geneva has been called a gray city. Yes, most of its houses are gray, it is true, and on a gray day the sober hue seems emphasized. For the nonce, the waters of the lake may be somber, too, when the wind changes. The very faces on the streets seem stern. At such times a shudder steals over one as that past is recalled which would take joyousness out of this present life, and make even of the glad Beyond only an impenetrable arch of doom. But let the clouds break away, and we notice that not all the houses are gray. The wind changes back, and the waters become beautifully blue between the umbrageous shores. Though there is somberness in the faces of the people, there is vivacity, too. They are intelligent faces; every other person seems to be carrying a book or paper. The Genevan book-shops are justly famous, and Genevan literature has helped to make them so.



WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE

From a drawing made not far from the period of the following installment of "The Story of Gladstone's Life."

The Story of Gladstone's Life

By Justin McCarthy

Author of "A History of Our Own Times," "The Four Georges," etc.

CHAPTER XIX.—THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR

I have already mentioned the fact that the great Civil War in America had broken out. The war created a curious difference of opinion in this country. What is commonly called "society" was almost altogether in favor of the South. The English democracy and working classes generally were entirely in favor of the North. Some of our educated men were divided in opinion. Carlyle, who perhaps could hardly be called, on that question, an educated man, was rabidly in favor of the South, or, rather, was rabidly opposed to the North. He knew nothing whatever about the matter, and used to boast that he never read American newspapers. On the other hand, John Stuart Mill, probably the most purely intellectual Englishman of his time, was heart and soul with the cause of the North. Cobden and Bright were, of course, leaders of public opinion on the side of the North. Harriet Martineau, probably the cleverest woman who ever wrote for an English newspaper, advocated the cause of the North day after day. Lord Palmerston, in his heedless, unthinking way, had talked some jocularities after the battle of Bull Run which were offensive to the minds of all Americans who supported the cause of the North. Lord Palmerston, however, although Prime Minister, was always regarded as an irresponsible sort of person, who could not be expected to refrain from his joke, no matter whom the joke might offend. But a profound sensation was created in the Northern States when Mr. Gladstone unluckily committed himself to a sort of declaration in favor of the South. Speaking at a public meeting at Newcastle-on-Tyne on the 7th of October, 1862, he gave it as his conviction that Jefferson Davis "had made an army, had

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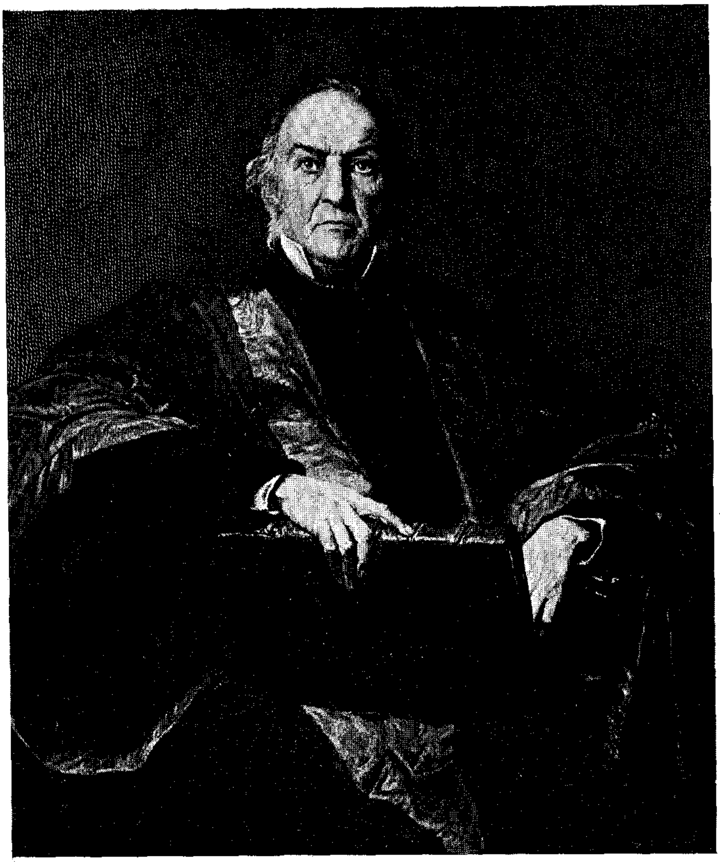
[1] Copyright, 1897, by The Outlook Company.

WOODCHOPPING AT HAWARDEN

made a navy, and, more than that, had made a nation." This declaration was received in America with feelings of the most profound disappointment. It produced something like consternation among the English Radicals who were proud to follow Mr. Gladstone. The pity of it was that he should have spoken on the subject at all before he had made himself thoroughly acquainted with it. The pity of it was that he should have taken no account of the opinions of men like Cobden, who knew the American States well, like Bright, and like Stuart Mill. However, we must take Mr. Gladstone as Nature made him, impetuous, earnest, full of emotion, and quick of speech. "If I were always cool in council," says Schiller's hero, "I should not be William Tell." If Gladstone were always cool in council he would not be the great orator, philanthropist, and reformer that we know him to be. Five years later on Mr. Gladstone made a frank and ample admission of his mistake. "I must confess," he said, "that I was wrong; that I took too much upon myself in expressing such an opinion. Yet the motive was not bad. My sympathies were then—where they had long before been, where they are now—with the whole American people. I, probably, like many Europeans, did not understand the nature and the working of the American Union. I had imbibed conscientiously, if erroneously, an opinion that twenty or twenty-four millions of the North would be happier, and would be stronger—of course, assuming that they would hold together—without the South than with it, and also that the negroes would be much nearer to emancipation under a Southern government than under the old system of the Union, which had not at that date been abandoned, and which always appeared to me to place the whole power of the North at the command of the slaveholding interests of the South. As far as regards the special or separate interest of England in the matter, I, differing from many others, had always contended that it was best for our interest that the Union should be kept entire." It is only fair to remember that many of the strongest abolitionists of the North had for years been growing into the conviction that if the South did not secede from the North, the North would have to secede from the South. It was perfectly true, as Mr. Gladstone said, that the whole power of the North had been for a long time at the command of the slaveholding people of the South. The election of Abraham Lincoln to the Presidency was the first signal that that time had gone by. Mr. Gladstone, however, had his attention closely occupied by domestic affairs and by his work as Chancellor of the Exchequer. He had not traveled in America as Cobden and Harriet Martineau had done, nor had he, like Stuart Mill, the leisure to make himself master of the study of American politics and life. Anyhow, the mistake was amply atoned for. It was a mistake which hurt the best admirers of Mr. Gladstone in England even more than it hurt his best admirers in the Northern States of America, and it was fully atoned for by more than one admission of error and expression of regret. Nobody could have doubted for a moment that Mr. Gladstone's wishes thoroughly went for the prosperity and the progress of the great American Republic.

In 1865 the Parliament which had begun six years before came to its natural end. Mr. Gladstone presented himself again as a candidate to the electors of Oxford University. Times had changed, however, since his latest election. He was becoming more and more an advanced reformer. He had expressed himself in the House of Commons to the effect that the present position of the State Church in Ireland was unsatisfactory. The Irish Church, as he frankly admitted, ministered only to one-eighth or one-ninth of the whole Irish population. This speech created a profound sensation among his Oxford constituents. To many of the University dons it seemed like flat blasphemy. When the voting closed, Mr. Gladstone was at the bottom of the poll. He issued a parting address in which he said: "After an arduous connection of eighteen years, I bid you respectfully farewell. My earnest purpose to serve you, my many faults and shortcomings, the incidents of the political relation between the University and myself, established in 1847, so often questioned in vain, and now at length finally dissolved, I leave to the judgment of the future. It is one imperative duty, and

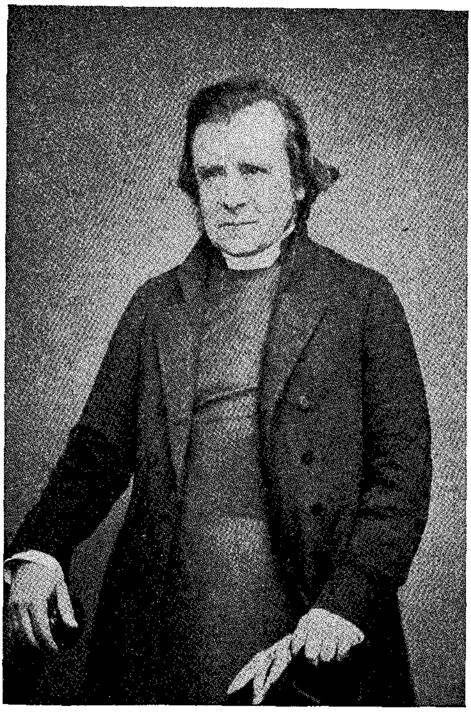


WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE

Photographed expressly for The Outlook by Mr. Watmough Webster, of Chester, from the painting by Mr. W. B. Richmond, R.A.

one alone, which induces me to trouble you with these few parting words—the duty of expressing my profound and lasting gratitude for indulgence as generous, and for support as warm and enthusiastic in itself, and as honorable from the character and distinctions of those who have given it, as has, in my belief, ever been accorded by any constituency to any representative." To the Bishop of Oxford, who wrote him a most sympathetic letter, Gladstone sent a reply in which occurs the following passage: "Do not join with others in praising me because I am not angry, only sorry, and that deeply. For my revenge, which I do not desire, but would baffle if I could, all lies in that little word 'future' in my address, which I wrote with a consciousness that it is deeply charged with meaning, and that that which shall come will come. There have been two great deaths or transmigrations of spirit in my political existence—one very slow, the breaking of ties with my original party; and the other very short and sharp, the breaking of the tie with Oxford. There will probably be a third, and no more." This expression of Mr. Gladstone's aroused some alarm in the mind of the Bishop of Oxford. He asked for some explanation of its meaning. "You are not a Radical," the Bishop wrote, "and yet you may, by political exigencies, if you submit to be second, be led in heading a Radical party until its fully developed aims assault all that you most value in our country, and it, the Radical party, turns upon you and rends you." Mr. Gladstone's rejoinder, full as it is of gratitude and sympathy, was not likely to have quite cleared up the doubts of the Bishop of Oxford. Mr. Gladstone was not, however, left actually out in the cold by the decision of the Oxford electors. Some of his friends in South Lancashire had provided against such a possibility by nominating him as a candidate for that northern constituency. At a general election a man may be nominated for several constituencies, and, if he be elected for more than one, he has only to choose which place he will sit for. Mr. Gladstone was elected for South Lancashire, but he came last on the list of the three representatives. The two others were strong local Tories—obscure men, comparatively.

Lord Palmerston had said, or was believed to have said, to a friend, that Gladstone was a dangerous man, and had best be kept in Oxford. "In Oxford," went on Lord Palmerston's phrase, "he is muzzled, but send him elsewhere he will run wild." In one of the spirited speeches which Gladstone made to the electors of South Lancashire he referred good-humoredly to Palmerston's remark.

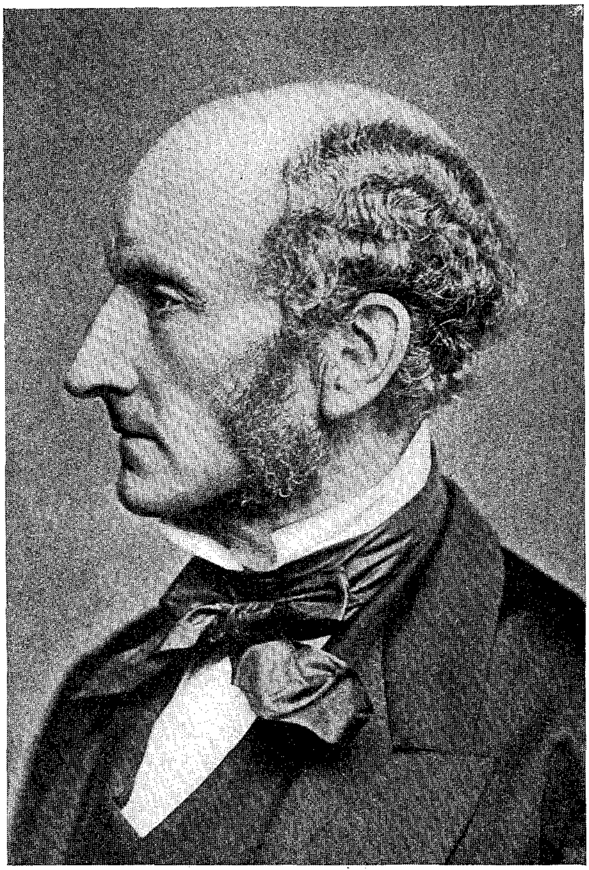


SAMUEL WILBERFORCE
1805-1873

From an early photograph taken by Messrs. Maull & Fox, London. Wilberforce was Bishop of Oxford, 1845-1869; Bishop of Winchester, 1869-1873. He was a leader of the High Church party, but an opponent of ritualism. The versatility of his views gained for him the name of "Soapy Sam," but he was incontestably a great prelate, a powerful debater in the House of Lords, and a man of notable discernment in matters ecclesiastical and political. He declared his sobriquet to be due to the fact that, though "he was always in hot water, he always came out of it with clean hands." He was a friend and critic of Mr. Gladstone. Dean Church said that Wilberforce was "the greatest Bishop the English Church has seen for a century and a half."

"At last, my friends," he said, "I am come among you; and I am come, to use an expression which has become very famous and is not likely to be forgotten, I am come unmuzzled." The general elections gave to the Government a slight majority, and Mr. Gladstone resumed his old office as Chancellor of the Exchequer. Everybody thoroughly understood the difference between his position as member for South Lancashire and member for Oxford University. We shall presently find that South Lancashire Toryism became too strong for him, and that he had to seek for a more liberal and progressive constituency. The Bishop of Oxford saw probably by this time that his fears about the possibility of Gladstone drifting on into genuine Radicalism were by no means unlikely to be justified. More than once after his election for South Lancashire he had to go on for new constituencies—for constituents who were marching with the movement of his mind.

In truth, Mr. Gladstone's mere acceptance of office under Lord Palmerston marked a new stage in his political career. He had definitively broken away from the Tory party. While he still remained an independent member, he had given, up to the last, some votes now and then in support of the Tory Government where he believed that they were acting on a rightful principle. But even then he had voted with them only when it seemed to him that their action, however inspired, was tending towards a policy of Liberal reform. Now it was becoming every day more and more plain that Mr. Gladstone was growing out of the dusk of Toryism into the dawn of Liberalism. When he consented to take office under Lord Palmerston, it was proclaimed to every one that he had given up the last of his old traditions. Lord Palmerston, to be sure, was not much of a Liberal; he was not, indeed, much of anything except a Prime Minister and a very clever leader of the House of Commons. But Mr. Gladstone simply accepted Lord Palmerston as everybody else did. He regarded him as the man inevitable for the moment, the man who could, when occasion required, put on a decent show of leading the Liberals, and at the same time could to a certain extent propitiate and even manage the Tories. Mr. Gladstone's sympathies were very cordially given to Lord John Russell, now Foreign Secretary, who was a sincere and a thorough Liberal reformer. Lord John Russell and Mr. Gladstone worked together most cordially. They were both strongly in favor of some measure of reform which should admit the mass of the people to the franchise. They both strongly disliked Lord Palmerston's bumptious and aggressive tone in foreign politics. They both disliked Lord Palmerston's plans for a vast expenditure on fortifications and on what Mr. Disraeli called "bloated armaments" as a protection against possible or problematical invasion. Lord Palmerston, it is well known, was never drawn towards Mr. Gladstone, and was sometimes heedlessly outspoken in his disparagement of his great colleague.



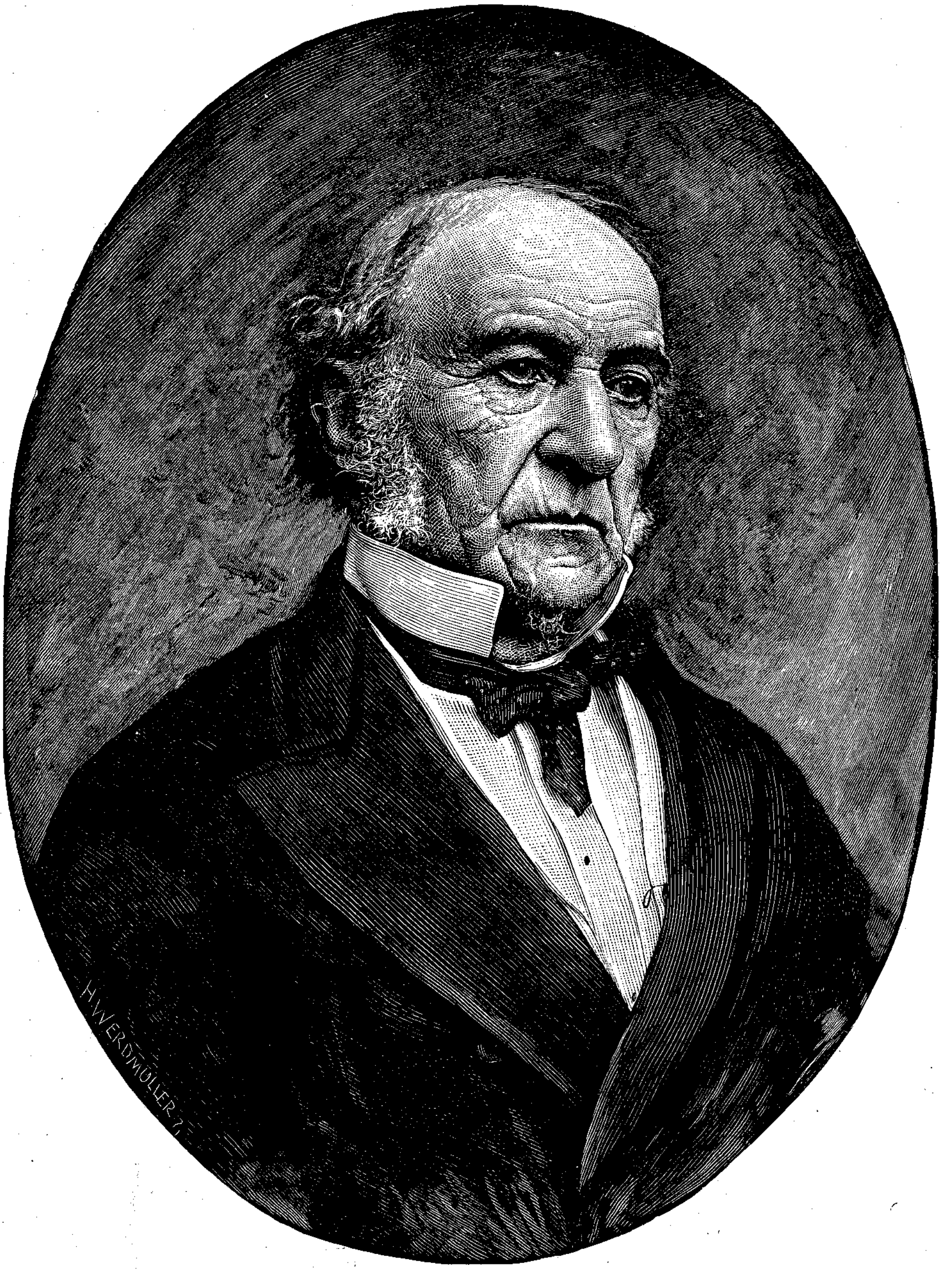
JOHN STUART MILL

1806-1873

From a photograph taken by the London Stereoscopic Company. In the world of philosophy, logic, and political economy few names are quoted oftener than John Stuart Mill's. His well-known books command world-wide reading, and his influence has been extraordinary. He may be regarded as the founder of the inductive or empiric logic. In politics he is best remembered by his advocacy of suffrage extension, without distinction of sex, on the basis of educational qualifications. He should be equally remembered by all Americans as one who courageously and steadily espoused the Northern cause in our Civil War at a time when the Southern was far more popular in England.

CHAPTER XX.—GLADSTONE SUPPORTS POPULAR SUFFRAGE

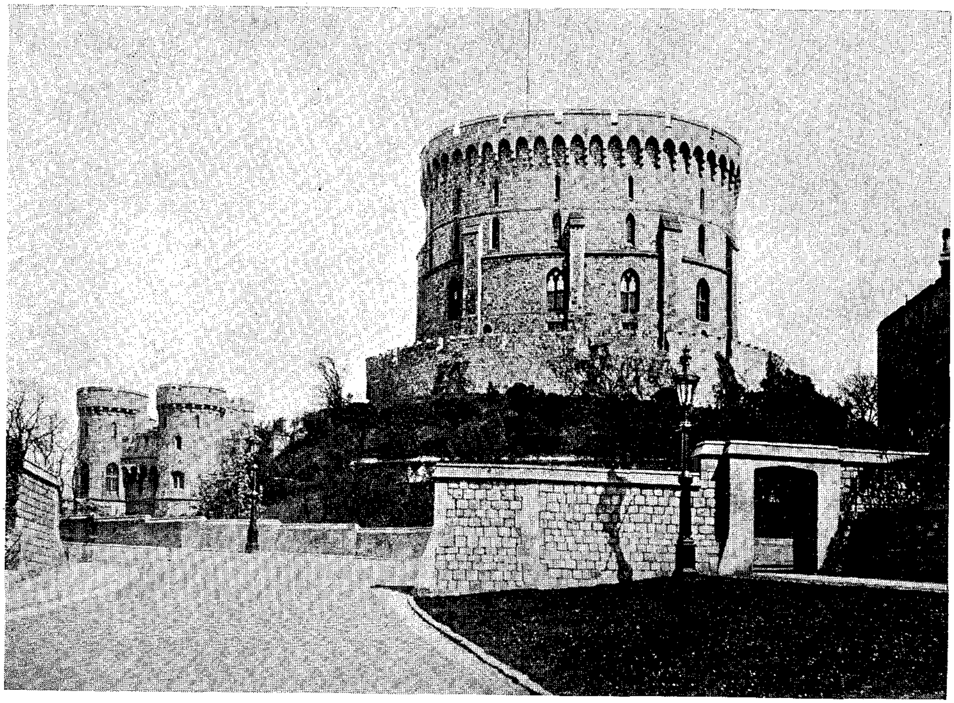
Mr. Gladstone at last declared himself a convinced and definite supporter of the popular suffrage. The declaration came about in a sudden and unexpected sort of way. Wednesday in the House of Commons is one of the days which is considered to be the property of the private members until that period of the session comes when the Government, whatever it may be, having muddled away the time at its disposal, finds itself compelled by the necessities of the case to absorb all the sittings of the House. On Wednesday, the 11th of April, 1864, a bill was brought in by a private member for the extension of the franchise in boroughs. On such occasions it is usual for members of the Government to keep quiet and take no conspicuous part either way. Some Minister usually rises and utters a few careful and commonplace words, committing the Government to nothing in particular. On this occasion Mr. Gladstone struck into the debate, and even with vehemence. He contended that the burden of proof rested, not upon those who claimed for the working classes the right to the franchise, but on those who denied that right. "We are told," Mr. Gladstone said, "that the working classes do not agitate for the suffrage, but is it well that we should wait until they do agitate? In my opinion, agitation by the working classes upon any political subject whatever ought not to be made a condition previous to any Parliamentary movement, but, on the contrary, is to be deprecated, and, if possible, prevented by wise and provident meas-


H. WERDMULLER

WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE
From an old print

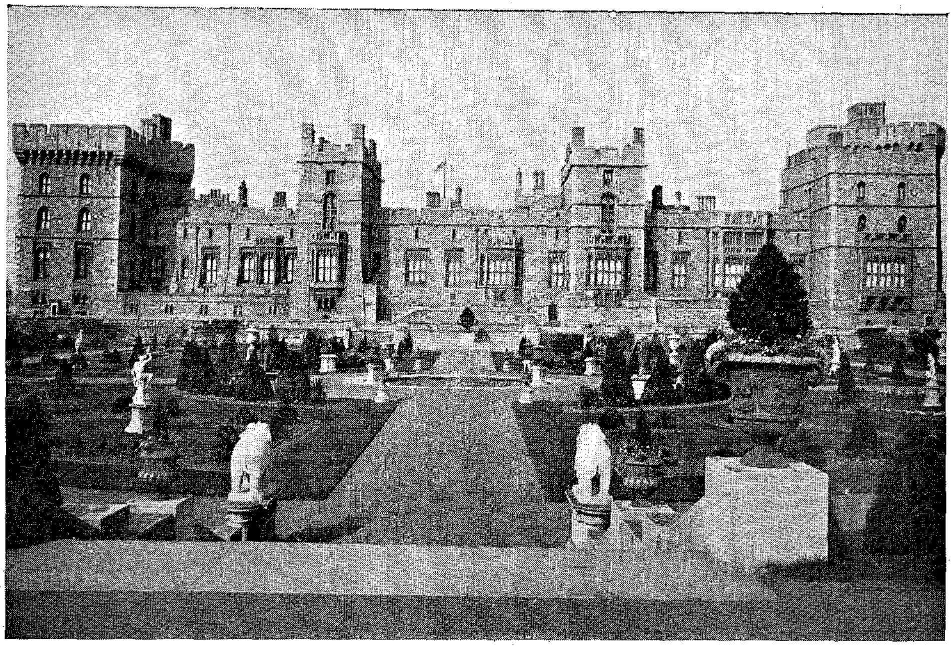
ures." "An agitation by the working classes," he pointed out, "is not like an agitation by the classes above them having leisure. The agitation of the classes having leisure is easily conducted. Every hour of their time has not a money value; their wives and children are not dependent on the application of those hours of labor. But when a workingman finds himself in such a condition that he must abandon that daily labor on which he is strictly dependent for his daily bread, it is only because then, in railway language, the danger-signal is turned on, and because he feels a strong necessity for action, and a distrust in the rulers who had driven him to that necessity. The present state of things, I rejoice to say, does not indicate that distrust; but, if we admit that, we must not allege the absence of agitation on the part of the working classes as a reason why the Parliament of England and the public mind of England should be indisposed to entertain the discussion of this question." In the course of his speech Mr. Gladstone asked whether the working classes "are not our own flesh and blood?" This speech naturally created a great sensation. Some of Mr. Gladstone's own colleagues seemed to be nearly frightened out of their lives. The Conservative newspapers wrote of it as if it were a modern reproduction of Rousseau's doctrine of the social contract. The measure which Mr. Gladstone advocated was not carried at that time, and nobody had the least expectation that it was likely to be carried. But everybody knew perfectly well that the lowering of the suffrage to admit the working classes had become a matter of certainty when once that speech had been spoken.

Then at last it was plain to every one that Mr. Gladstone had absolutely broken away from all the traditions of his early Parliamentary career. He had put himself at the head of the free-trade movement. He had put himself at the head of the movement for the repeal of taxes upon knowledge. Now he was putting himself at the head of the movement for the extension of the right of voting so as to admit the working classes and the poor generally to the exercise of a vote as to the persons whom they considered best fitted to represent them. From that moment it was merely a question of time, of sessions, when the principle of popular

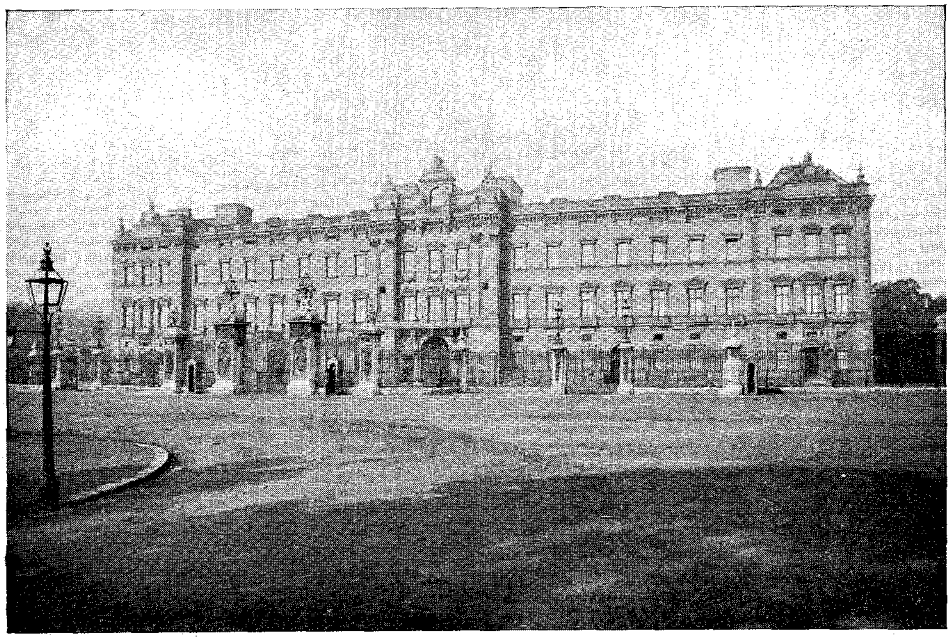


QUEEN VICTORIA'S RESIDENCES. WINDSOR CASTLE. THE ROUND TOWER

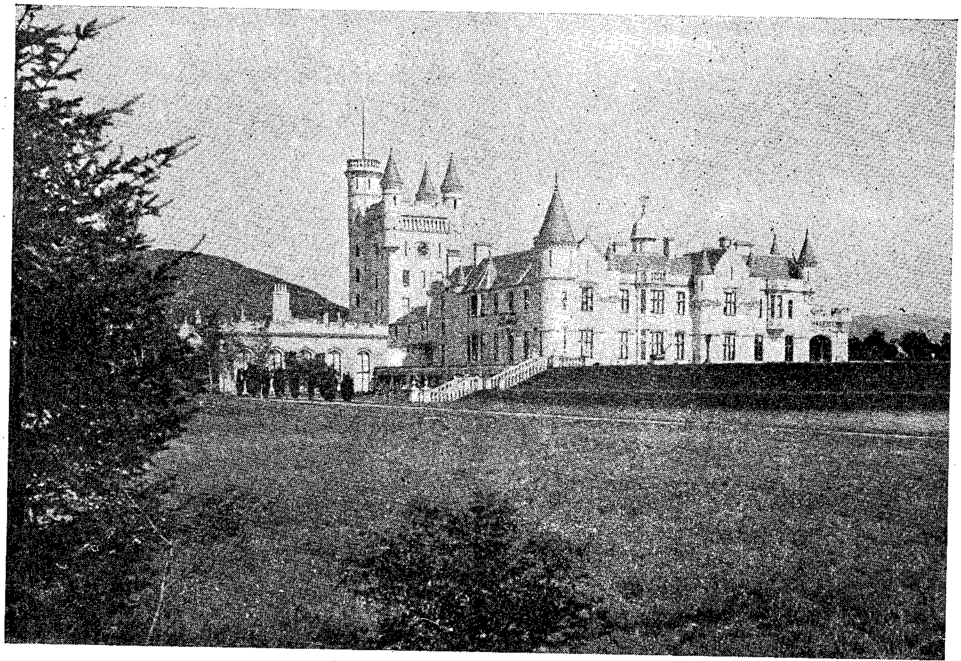
The main tower of the Castle, often seen in his school-days at Eton by Mr. Gladstone, and again in later years when he became a Minister of the Crown.



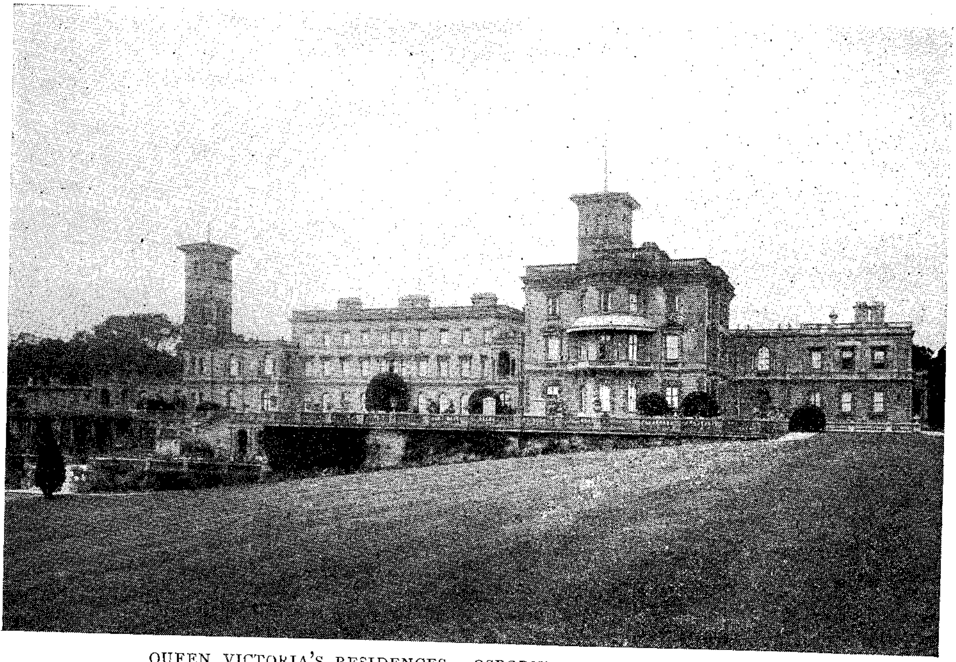
QUEEN VICTORIA'S RESIDENCES. WINDSOR CASTLE. EAST TERRACE



QUEEN VICTORIA'S RESIDENCES. BUCKINGHAM PALACE, LONDON



QUEEN VICTORIA'S RESIDENCES. BALMORAL CASTLE, SCOTLAND

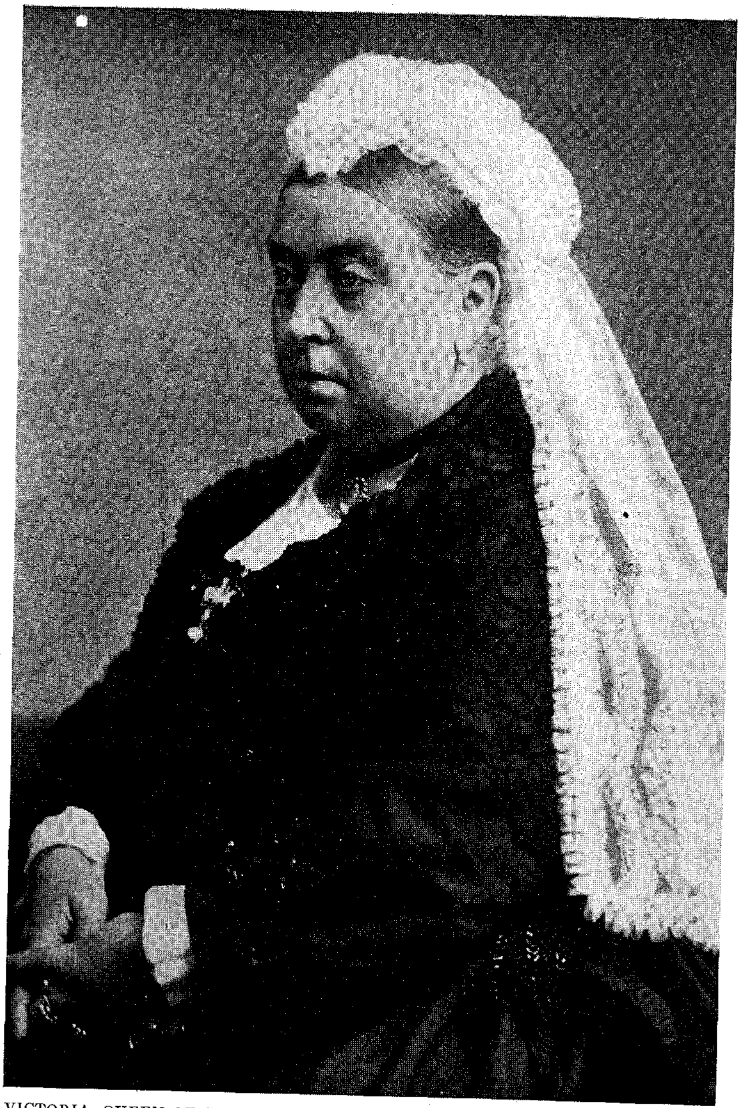


QUEEN VICTORIA'S RESIDENCES. OSBORNE HOUSE, ISLE OF WIGHT representation should be carried into law and into practice.

Two years later the Government of which Mr. Gladstone was the leader in the House of Commons brought in a bill to extend the franchise so far as to make what I may call the better conditioned of the working classes free to exercise a vote at an election. One great difficulty had been removed out of the way of any movement for the extension of the suffrage. Lord Palmerston was dead. Every one knew that so long as Palmerston lived he would be sure to throw cold water on any proposal to give a vote to the working classes. His influence in the negative sense was immense, and it was thoroughly understood, as I have said, by men like John Bright, that no good measure of suffrage reform had a real chance in the House of Commons while Palmerston was still leader of the Government. But now Palmerston was gone. That strange career which had fostered every revolution abroad and discouraged every genuine reform at home had come to an end. It would not be easy to get readers at this day to understand what an influence was exercised over the House of Commons, and over the English public generally, by the easy-going, careless, contemptuous ways of Lord Palmerston. He was able to infuse a sort of natural cynicism into the well-to-do classes of English life which made them think it ridiculous to take serious trouble about any questions of political reform. He represented exactly the mind of the sort of man who, in domestic affairs at least, cared nothing about anybody. When domestic politics went against Lord Palmerston, he made some great outburst in foreign affairs, and then the man in the streets threw up his hat for him and shrieked aloud that Palmerston was the one who could make the foreign tyrants shake in their shoes. It is not likely that there will ever again arise in English politics a man of the type of Lord Palmerston. He was not a Tory; he laughed at Toryism and its old-fashioned prejudices; but he did not care one straw for any really liberal measure. The enthusiasm of Gladstone was unintelligible to him. He could not understand why a man like Gladstone should concern himself in the least about the question whether the working classes ought or ought not to have any share in the suffrage. He was a genial, kindly-hearted man, who would have liked people to be as happy as possible, but it was not in his nature to think that people were any the happier for having votes. He went through the world gay and careless so far as domestic affairs were concerned, and only stirred to enthusiasm when some foreign question arose, on which he was much more likely to be wrong than right. As I have said, there was a sort of truce to the question of suffrage reform while Palmerston lived. Now that he was out of the field, Earl Russell and Mr. Gladstone resolved to bring in a bill for the extension and the expansion of the suffrage. It was not really a very sweeping measure of reform. Looking back now at its introduction, one can only wonder how so tentative and limited a measure could have been expected to satisfy the demands of the English democracy. One has to ask in amazement what would have been thought of such a measure in Canada or in the Australian colonies. Still, it was a distinct advance for the time, and it had the

ALBERT, PRINCE OF SAXE-COBURG-GOTHA AND HUSBAND OF QUEEN VICTORIA
1819–1861

From a photograph taken by Messrs. Mayall & Co., London. Prince Albert acquired a justly deserved influence in English affairs—an influence well described by Mr. McCarthy in his "History of Our Own Times." The Prince was a man of the highest character and broadest education. He was a needed patron of science and art and a generous promoter of every benevolent cause.



VICTORIA, QUEEN OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND AND EMPRESS OF INDIA

From a photograph taken in the early years of her *widowhood.* Queen Victoria was the only child of Edward, Duke of Kent, who was the fourth son of George III. She became Queen in 1837. In 1840 she married Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. He died in 1861. For a list of the Queen's children and grandchildren see The Outlook, page 516. The present rejoicings on the occasion of the completion of the Queen's sixty years' reign have abundant cause. She has been a model monarch.

QUEEN VICTORIA AND THE PRINCE OF WALES

From a late photograph taken by Messrs. Russell & Sons, London. Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, was born in 1841 and is the heir apparent to the throne. In 1860 he visited this country. In 1863 he married the lovely and universally beloved Princess Alexandra of Denmark.

qualified approval and the full practical support of John Bright, who now, since the death of Richard Cobden, was left the great leader of the popular reform movement in England. The measure, although made as moderate and as limited as even timorous reformers could have desired, did not pass through the House of Commons. Then, as much more lately, Mr. Gladstone found himself confronted by a formidable secession from the ranks of his own party. A number of Liberals declared against his Reform Bill and supported the Tories in their opposition to it. The opposition was a phenomenon which occurs again and again in the history of an English Liberal Ministry. Some of the followers of the Ministry are always sure to think that the leaders are going too far in the way toward democratic institutions, and they lose heart or turn back, or even join the opponents of all Liberalism. This happened in 1832, when Lord Grey and Lord John Russell brought in their Reform Bill. It happened when Lord Russell brought in his Reform Bill in 1860. It happened in 1866, when Lord Russell as Prime Minister in the House of Lords, and Mr. Gladstone as leader of the House of Commons, brought in their Reform Bill; and it was to happen again, as we shall see, when, twenty years later, Mr. Gladstone brought in his measure of Home Rule for Ireland. In 1866 the Reform Bill was not Liberal enough to arouse any great passion of enthusiasm in the country, and yet it was too liberal for the faint-hearted members of the Radical party. It would be needless now to go into any details of the measure or any criticism of them, and, indeed, details of that great controversy have rather a personal than a political interest. Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Bright, and Mr. Disraeli were seen at their very best in that memorable fight, but, of course, every one knew that these men would do their best in such a strife. The honors of the debate were really carried off by Mr. Robert Lowe, who died years after in obscurity as Lord Sherbrooke. Robert Lowe had won distinction in New South Wales, where he had become a prominent politician. He came over to settle in London, and, being a man of great liter-

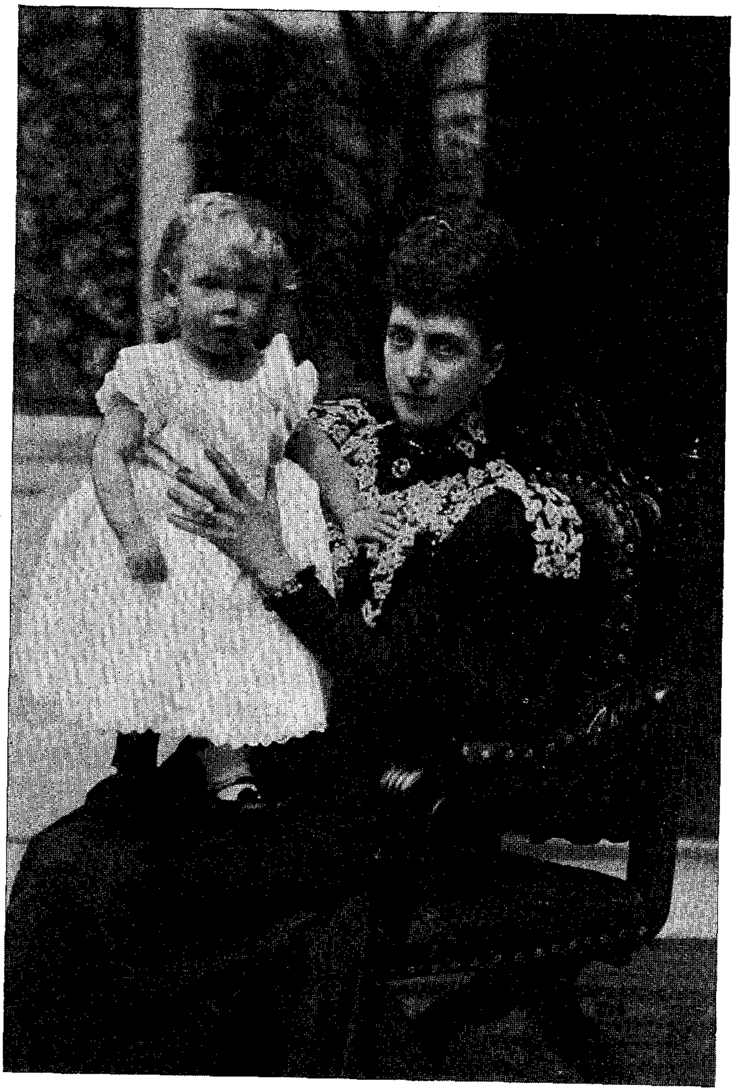
THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK

From a late photograph taken by Messrs. Hughes and Mullins, Ryde, Isle of Wight. George, Duke of York, is the eldest surviving son of the Prince and Princess of Wales. Prince George was born in 1865, and in 1893 he married Princess Victoria Mary, daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Teck.

ary gifts, he obtained a position as leader-writer for the "Times." He found a seat in the House of Commons, and was commonly regarded as a man likely to make a name in Parliamentary debate. For a long time, however, he gave no distinct proof of any capacity that way. His opportunity came with Mr. Gladstone's Reform Bill of 1866.

Lowe had somehow acquired the more narrow-minded literary man's hatred of all popular reform. With him culture ranked as the first and foremost of everything. The idea of a man being allowed to vote at an election who could not read Greek and Latin was revolting to his soul. He was not really a great Greek and Latin scholar. He did not know Greek nearly as well as Gladstone did or as John Stuart Mill did; but he prided himself more on his classical knowledge than was the way of Gladstone or Stuart Mill.

He had a contempt, which he did not even pretend to conceal, for the working classes and the poor generally. Therefore he threw his whole soul into an impassioned opposition to Gladstone's mild and moderate measure of reform. He had a marvelous literary gift of phrase-making, of paradox, of sarcasm, and of illustration. He had read much in many literatures; he had apparently a wonderful memory, and whenever an idea occurred to him some quotation floated with it, double—swan and shadow. He was certainly the comet of a season; he dazzled and startled the whole House of Commons. I heard almost all those great debates, and I remember them well. I know that Gladstone was at his best, that Bright was at his best, that Disraeli was at his best, but I cannot help acknowledging that the chief interest was absorbed by Mr. Lowe. Many things were against him. He had a very bad voice and a wretched articulation; his sight was miserably short, and if he had any notes he found it almost impossible to read them; he had to compete with three men whose voices and articulation were magnificent; and yet he held his own. I was greatly interested in the whole struggle, and in the part which Mr. Lowe took in it. I came to know him very well later on, and found him, as many people said they did not find him, a genial and agreeable companion. But his success in those reform debates of 1866 and 1867 was a wonder and a puzzle to me. I could not dispute the success, but it astonished me quite as much as did the success of Sir Bulwer Lytton in the former days which I have described. I could not question the wonderful freshness of Lowe's phrase-making, and the aptness of his illustrations. Still, I could not understand, and I cannot understand now, how he came to carry off the honors of debate from Gladstone, from Disraeli, and from Bright. The one thing certain to my mind is that he did it. It will not settle the question to say that the House of Commons was apathetic about reform, and was only too glad to hear somebody put the arguments against reform in sparkling and brilliant sentences. All that was done as well as it needed to be done by Mr. Disraeli until the following year, when he became a reforming statesman himself. Yet not even Mr. Disraeli aroused the enthusiasm of the Tories themselves nearly so much as Mr. Lowe did during the season of which he blazed the comet. The Reform Bill broke down under two influences—the influence of those who were opposed to all reform, and the influence of those who complained that by that bill they were not getting reform enough. The measure had to be given up, and Earl Russell and Mr. Gladstone resigned office. Mr. Gladstone, in his closing speech on the bill, rose to a height of eloquence which he had never exceeded before and has not surpassed since. Mr. Disraeli had been unwise enough to remind Mr. Gladstone, in the course of the debate, that he, Gladstone, had spoken against the Reform Bill of 1832 in the Oxford Union Debating Society. Mr. Disraeli, it should be brought to the memory of the reader, as I have, I think, brought it to his memory already, had begun life as an extreme Radical reformer. "The right honorable gentleman," said Mr. Gladstone, "secure in the recollection of his own consistency, has taunted me with the errors of my boyhood. When he addressed the honorable member for Westminster [Mr. Stuart Mill], he showed his magnanimity by declaring that he would not take the philosopher to task for what he wrote twenty-five years ago. But when he caught one who, thirty-six years ago, just emerged from boyhood and still an undergraduate at Oxford, had expressed an opinion adverse to the Reform Bill of 1832, of which he had so long and bitterly repented, then the right honorable gentleman could not resist the temptation. He, a Parliamentary leader of twenty years' standing, is so ignorant of the House of Commons that he positively thought that he got a Parliamentary advantage by exhibiting me as an opponent of the Reform Bill of 1832. It is true, I deeply regret it, but I was bred under the shadow of the great name of Canning and under the shadow of the yet more venerable name of Burke. My youthful mind and imagination were impressed just the same as the mature mind of the right honorable gentleman is now impressed. I had conceived that fear and alarm of the first Reform Bill in my undergraduate days at Oxford which the right honorable gentleman now feels. My position, sir, in regard to the Liberal party is in all points the opposite of Earl Russell's. I have none of the claims he possesses. I came among you an outcast from those with whom I associated, driven from them, I admit, by no arbitrary act, but by the slow and resistless forces of conviction. I came among you, to make use of the legal phraseology, *in formâ pauperis.* You received me with kindness, with indulgence, generosity, and, I may even say, with some measure of confidence. The relation between us has assumed such a form that you can never be my debtors, but that I must forever be your debtor." In the closing sentences of his speech Mr. Gladstone said: "You cannot fight against the future. Time is on our side. The great social forces which move onwards in their might and majesty, and which the tumult of our debates does not for a moment impede or disturb—those great social forces are against you. They are marshaled on our side, and the banner which we now carry in this fight, though perhaps at this moment it may droop over our sinking heads, yet soon again will float in the eye of heaven, and it will be borne by the firm hands of the united people of the three kingdoms, perhaps not to an easy, but to a certain, and a not far distant, victory." This was one of the greatest speeches Gladstone has ever made,



ALEXANDRA, PRINCESS OF WALES, AND HER GRANDSON, PRINCE EDWARD OF YORK

From a late photograph taken by Messrs. W. & D. Downey, London and the frank explanation of his conversion to Liberal principles put his antagonist, Mr. Disraeli, hopelessly in the wrong. The Reform Bill was defeated by means of the alliance between Mr. Lowe and the Tories; and Lord Russell and Mr. Gladstone resigned office. Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli came back to power. Now, what had happened in the meantime? Mr. Disraeli and Mr. Lowe had opposed the Reform Bill of Russell and Gladstone on the distinct ground that a lowering of the suffrage was the surrender of the Government of England into the hands of the ignorant, the improvident, and the reckless. That was the case distinctly set up over and over again by Mr. Disraeli and Mr. Lowe, and on those grounds the Reform Bill was lost. The moment Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli came back to power, it was made known that they intended to introduce a Reform Bill of their own. The Houses of Parliament met on the 5th of February, 1867, and the Queen's speech announced that the attention of Parliament would again be called to the question of the representation of the people. Mr. Disraeli himself explained afterwards very fully in a speech why he had thus come round. He told the public that he had spent the recess in educating his party up to the level of a liberal suffrage. Apparently his conviction was that a new Reform Bill had to come somehow or other, and he did not see why he should not introduce it as well as anybody else. It must give the stranger some subject for odd reflections on English politics when he reads of an English statesman who turned out of office a greater English statesman because he had introduced a measure for lowering the Parliamentary suffrage, and, having got into office by that means, at once set about to reduce the suffrage still lower than his predecessor had attempted to do. This is exactly what happened.

Mr. Disraeli brought in a scheme of reform which, though in its beginnings it seemed moderate enough, led to the resignation of three of his most important colleagues, who naturally thought the introduction of any Reform Bill was an abandonment of the proclaimed Tory sentiments of the year before. The late Lord Shaftesbury said in a letter, "It seems to me monstrous that a body of men who resisted Mr. Gladstone's bill as an extreme measure with such great pertinacity should accept the power he retired from, and six months after introduce a bill many degrees nearer than his to universal suffrage, and establish beyond all contradiction the principle they so fiercely combated of giving a predominant interest to any class." Robert Lowe well described the situation. "What was a conflict last year," he said, "is a race now." Mr. Disraeli, as he accepted the support of the secessionist Liberals in opposing Mr. Gladstone's Reform Bill, accepted now the alliance of the extreme Radicals in the extension and the expansion of his own measure. The result was that the bill became practically a measure of household suffrage, and went in the popular direction far beyond the limits which Mr. Gladstone had endeavored to go. Mr. Disraeli, of course, did not care in the least for any principle of consistency. In his heart he was probably still a Radical Reformer, but, as I have suggested before, he took up with the Tories because there was not much competitive talent in their ranks and he had a good chance of securing a leading place. No doubt in his soul and sense he despised the stupidity of the men who could really believe that a household suffrage meant the ruin of England. So he allowed himself to be led by the Radical party of the House of Commons, and he surpassed Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bright in his measure for the extension of the suffrage.

Robert Lowe found himself in a peculiar position during the progress of Disraeli's Reform Bill. In the former session he had to fight against Gladstone and Bright, and was supported by Disraeli; in the session of 1867 he had to fight against Gladstone, Bright, and Disraeli. He stuck to his professed principles—to do him justice. He had proclaimed himself an opponent of a popular suffrage, and he kept up his opposition to the end. He had a perfect contempt for the poor and the working class and "the people who live in these small houses." He fought with wonderful pertinacity and skill all through the long debates of 1867. His cause, of course, was lost. It could not be otherwise when the Liberals and the Tories were alike determined to carry a measure of reform. But he fought with the desperate tenacity of a brilliant gladiator. To this day I never could quite understand the secret of his personal success. The question of his position as a Parliamentary debater has been settled long since. Nobody now would think of describing Robert Lowe as an orator belonging to the class of Gladstone or Bright or Disraeli. His very defects of voice and articulation would of themselves have almost of necessity excluded him from such a place. Part of his success, I think, was found in the fact that he was a brilliant literary man and leader-writer, addressing a political assembly in a style to which that assembly was not accustomed. It was as if we could imagine Junius making a speech in the peculiar style of Junius the writer. Anyhow, the success was certain, and the most conspicuous figure of those two sessions of debate was not Bright, not Gladstone, not Disraeli, but Robert Lowe. The remainder of Lowe's career was nothing. He published a volume of verses. He was made a peer, and he died in comparative obscurity. He was a man who had, I believe, made many enemies by his bitterness of tongue and his sarcastic ways. I can only repeat for myself that I have the most pleasing and genial recollections of my acquaintanceship with him, and that although we had hardly any political opinions in common, and he never even professed to have any sympathy with my national cause, I always found him kindly, friendly, and personally sympathetic.

At the close of 1867, Earl Russell, the Lord John Russell of former years, announced his determination to retire finally from active political life and from the leadership of the Liberal party in the House of Lords. Lord Russell distinctly pointed to Mr. Gladstone as the future Liberal Prime Minister. Not many weeks after, it was announced to the public that Lord Derby, owing to his failing health, had given up the Premiership, and that Mr. Disraeli had become Prime Minister. So the two great political rivals were started in a new sort of rivalry. Mr. Disraeli was Prime Minister of England, and it was perfectly certain that should his party be turned out of office Mr. Gladstone would be his successor. The event came about sooner than any one in England could have expected.

[To be continued in the Magazine Number for August

A Candle in the Plate

By Brander Matthews

LITTLE Miss Peters had given a last look to the dinner-table, with its effective decoration of autumn leaves, and she had made sure that the cards were in their proper places. She had glanced at herself in the mirror of the music-room as she passed through, and she had smiled to see the little spot of color burning in her cheek. She had taken her place modestly behind her employer, the portly hostess, and she had seen the guests arrive one by one. She had remarked the cheerful eagerness of the young Irishman for whose sake the company had gathered, and she had frankly admired his good looks. Now she was sitting silently in her seat at the table, and she was wondering what the stranger would think of them all.

It would not be quite fair to the worthy widow to say that Mrs. Canton's dinners were always ponderous; but it might be admitted that, although the cooking was ever excellent and the guests were selected from the innermost circle of Society, the bill of fare was monotonous and the conversation often lacked variety. That evening, however, there were several present who had not before been honored with invitations to dine in that exclusive mansion. Few people of fashion were back in town so early in October, and it had not been easy for Mrs. Canton to make up her complement of guests when she found that she had suddenly to honor a letter of introduction Lord Stanyhurst had given to the Honorable Gilbert Barry, brother of Lord Punchestown. She had heard that the handsome Irishman had been a great success at Lenox and that all the girls were wild about him. In Stanyhurst's letter she was informed that the young man went in for slumming and all that sort of thing, and that he had been living in Toynbee Hall; she was besought, therefore, to make him acquainted with the people in New York most interested in the elevation of the lower classes.

This sentence of Lord Stanyhurst's letter it was that had caused Mrs. Canton to invite Rupert de Ruyter, the novelist, for she happened to have read one of his stories about the wretched creatures living down in the Italian quarter; and she was sure he would be able to tell Mr. Barry all that the young Irishman might want to know about the slums of New York. She had been fortunate enough to get the Jimmy Suydams, too; and she knew that Mrs. Jimmy took such an interest in the poor, acting as patroness so often and all that. Then when little Miss Peters had come in to write the invitations and to balance the check-book and to answer the accumulated notes, Mrs. Canton, having gone over the list, looked at the pretty young secretary for a minute without speaking, and then said, "It won't be easy to get just the people one wants. Why shouldn't you come, Miss Peters? You belong to one of those things, you know, what do you call them—Working-Girls' Clubs—don't you?"

"I'm a working-girl myself, am I not?" Miss Peters answered. "And I reckon I'm very glad I've gotten the work to do."

"Then you can tell him anything Mr. de Ruyter doesn't know about these sort of people. How absurd for the younger brother of a peer to bother himself about such things over here, isn't it?" Mrs. Canton had returned. "Then that's settled."

Although the Southern girl had not relished the way the invitation had been proffered, she had not declined it, glad to get a glimpse again of the life of luxury to which she had been a stranger since she had been earning her own living; and thus it was that she was sitting silently in her seat at the dinner-table that evening in October, with Gilbert Barry and Rupert de Ruyter opposite to her. She did not seem to notice how the young Irishman glanced across the table at her more than once with obvious admiration, or how he tried to lure her into the conversation.

It irritated Miss Peters to have Rupert de Ruyter monopolize the talk. His rather rasping voice sawed her nerves, and she detested the way he thrust forward his square chin. She listened while he chattered along, not boasting exactly, yet managing to convey the impression that he knew more than any one else. Now and again he did bring forth a picturesque fact, for which he had the kodak eye of a reporter. He had the happy-go-lucky facility of the newspaper man; and he rattled away with more than one absurd misapprehension of the reality, until he reminded her of a singer with a fine voice but unable to avoid false notes.

"I don't pretend to know New York inside out and upside down," he was saying; "but it is a most fascinating study, this polyglot city of ours, and the more you push your investigations the more likely you are to make surprising discoveries. You know we have an Italian quarter here?"

This was addressed perhaps to the British guest, but it was Mrs. Jimmy Suydam who answered it.

"Of course we do," she said; "haven't we all read that thrilling story you wrote about it?—the story with the startling title—'Battle, Murder, and Sudden Death.'"

The author flushed with pride that so handsome a woman and so exclusive a leader of Society should thus praise one of his writings.

Mr. Jimmy Suydam leaned over to Mrs. Carton, at whose left he was sitting, and said, "I don't see how my wife does it, do you? She keeps up with everything, you know—reads all the books, and all that."

"I didn't mean to remind you of that little thing of mine," continued De Ruyter, with a self-satisfied air that made little Miss Peters feel as though she would like to stick a pin in him. "That's neither here nor there—though I spent two days down in the Italian quarter getting up the local color for it. But what you didn't know, any of you, I am certain, is that part of the soil of this city was imported from Italy!"

"Really, now," commented the British guest, "that is very interesting indeed. It would be from a religious motive, I suppose—just as some of the mediæval cemeteries had earth brought from the Holy Land?"

"That would be a more romantic reason, no doubt," the story-teller explained. "But the real one is very prosaic, I fear. The Italian soil here in New York was brought over as ballast by the ships that were going to take back our breadstuffs. There is lot after lot upon the Harlem that has been filled in with this ballast—stones, mostly, but some of it is earth."

"Genoa the superb providing a foundation for imperial New York," said the young Irishman, with a little flourish;—and Miss Peters guessed that De Ruyter made a mental note of the figure for future elaboration. "And has New York a volcano under the city like Naples, now?—like every great town in Europe, for the matter of that? Have you a seething mass of want and misery and discontent, such as boiled over in Paris under the Commune? That's what I'm wanting to find out."

"We have a devil's caldron of our own, if that's what you mean," responded De Ruyter; "and we have people from every corner of the globe here now helping to keep the pot a-boiling. We have Russian Jews by the thousand, living just as they did in the Pale. We have Chinese enough to support a Chinese theater. We have so many Syrians now that they are pre-empting certain blocks for themselves. We have Irish peasants so timid and suspicious that they won't go to the hospital when they are almost dying, because they believe the doctors keep a Black Bottle to be administered to troublesome patients."

"I should think they would be ever so much more comfortable in a roomy hospital than in their stuffy little tenement-house rooms," said Mrs. Jimmy; "and they can't get decent nursing in their own homes, can they?"

"The poor are a most unreasonable lot, and ungrateful too," added Mr. Suydam; "that's what I think."

"They are not so badly off in their tenement-houses as you might think," explained De Ruyter. "They help each other with the children when there's sickness."

"The universal freemasonry of motherhood," commented Gilbert Barry; and again Miss Peters suspected the story-teller of making a mental record of the phrase.

"They are impossible to understand," De Ruyter declared.

"Why?" asked Miss Peters, suddenly, across the table, to the surprise of everybody. The young Irishman smiled encouragingly, as if he had been regretting that this pretty girl refused to talk.

"Why are they impossible to understand?" repeated the American story-teller. "I don't know, I'm sure. They are conundrums, all of them, and I am ready to give them up."

"Isn't it because you persist in approaching them as though they were strange wild beasts?" the young woman went on. "You speak of them just as if they were different from us. But they are not, are they? They have their feelings just as we have; they fall in love and they get married and they quarrel and they die, just as we do. There is not more crime in the tenement-houses than there is in the rest of the city—not if you remember how many more people live in the tenement-houses. There isn't less joy there, or less sorrow either. There is quite as much happiness, I reckon, and a good deal more fun. They are not the lower animals; and it just makes me mad all over when I hear them spoken of in that way. They are human beings, after all—and if you can't understand them, it's because you're not ready to go to them as your equals."

"That's what I say," the Irishman agreed; "we must approach them on the plane of human sympathy; that's the only way to get them to open their hearts."

"Why should we expect them to open their hearts to us?" Miss Peters continued. "We don't open ours to strangers, do we?"

"That's quite true," admitted Barry. "Sometimes I wonder if it isn't impertinent we are when we thrust ourselves into a poor man's room. I doubt we should like him to thrust himself into ours."

"I think that is a most amusing suggestion of yours," Mrs. Jimmy declared. "I shall look forward with delight to the day when the Five Points send missionaries up to Fifth Avenue."

"What an absurd idea!" cried Mrs. Canton, in disgust.

"Come now," the Irishman returned. "I deny that the suggestion is mine, but it is not so absurd, really it isn't. There's lots of things they can teach us. I don't know but what we have more to learn from them than they have from us—really I don't. Christianity now, practical Christianity—'inasmuch as ye did it to one of the least of these'—and all that sort of thing—well, there's more of that among the poor than there is among the rich, I'm thinking."

"If you want to pick up picturesque bits of low life in New York," broke in De Ruyter, "you must get a chance to see a candle in a plate."

"A candle in a plate?" echoed Barry. "I've never heard of it."

"It sounds like the title of a tale of superstition transplanted from Europe and surviving here in America," said Mrs. Jimmy.

"It's not a superstition, it's only a custom," De Ruyter explained; "and whether it's a transplanted survival or not I can't say. You see, I've never seen the thing myself, but I've been told about it. I hear that down in the tenement-house region, when a family can't pay the rent, and the landlord puts their scant furniture out on the sidewalk, and they don't know where to lay their heads that night, then one of the neighbors takes a candle and lights it and sticks it up on a plate and takes his stand on the sidewalk; and this is a sign to everybody that there is a family in sore distress, and so the passers-by drop in a penny or two until there is enough to pay the arrears of rent and let the poor mother and children go back."

Mrs. Jimmy Suydam laughed a little bitterly. "That sort of thing may be possible on Cherry Hill," she said, "but it would never do on Murray Hill, would it? Just imagine how absurd a broken millionaire would look, standing at a street corner with a little electric light on a silver salver, expecting the multi-millionaires going by to drop in a check or two to pay his rent for him!"

"I thought I had a quaint little silhouette of metropolitan life for you," De Ruyter responded, smiling back; "but you spoil the picture if you guy it like that."

"Very curious it is," said Barry, "very curious indeed. 'How far a little candle throws its beams!' I don't think that the custom was exported from Ireland or from England—at least I do not recall anything analogous."

"I've heard an old Irishwoman complain that the law was harder here on the tenant than it was in the old country," Miss Peters asserted, and then she appended an imitation of the old Irishwoman's speech—"'Sure, they'd boycott the landlord there, that's what they'd do; or they'd shoot the agent, maybe; but here ye can't—there's the police, bad cess to 'em!'"

"Have you ever seen the candle in the plate?" Barry asked her across the table.

"Never," she answered.

"But you have heard of it?" De Ruyter inquired.

"Never before to-night," was her reply.

"You don't mean to say you don't believe that there is any such custom?" Mrs. Jimmy asked. "Thus all our illusions are shattered, one by one."

"Of course, I don't know," the girl responded; "I haven't been working down there very long, only since last February. But it sounds like it was a fake, as we used to say in the newspaper office when I was a reporter."

Mrs. Jimmy Suydam had never met Miss Peters before, and now she examined the girl curiously, wondering what sort of being a woman was who had been a reporter, and was now living among the poor, and who happened also to be dining at Mrs. Canton's.

Mrs. Canton was just then explaining to Mr. Suydam in a whisper that Miss Peters was a Southern girl of excellent family, who used to write those Polly Perkins articles for the "Dial" on Sunday, but who had given it up last winter, and now acted as Mrs. Canton's secretary.

"A fake?" repeated the Irishman, gleefully; "that's one of your Americanisms, isn't it? I must remember that. A fake—what does it mean exactly?"

"It means the thing that is not," De Ruyter explained, with a trace of acerbity in his voice. "Miss Peters disbelieves in the existence of the candle in the plate, and she was too polite to call my story a lie, so she said it was a fake."

"Oh, Mr. De Ruyter," was her retort, "and you used to be a newspaper man yourself once!"

"Your newspapers, now," Barry broke in, "I confess they puzzle me. They are so clever, you know, and so up-to-date, and all that—but you never know what to believe in them, do you? And then they do such dreadful things."

"I fear you will find few Americans prepared to defend our newspapers," said the story-teller, always a little ashamed that he had once been a reporter. "But what sort of dreadful thing have you in mind just now?"

"Things quite inconceivable, you know," the Irishman explained. "A thing like this, for example: A year or two ago a man gave me a copy of one of your New York papers—the 'Dial' I think it was. I read it with great interest, as one would the writing of some strange tribe of savages, don't you know? it was so very extraordinary."

As the guest made this plain statement little Miss Peters happened to catch the eye of the handsome Mrs. Jimmy Suydam, and they exchanged an imperceptible smile.

"What shocked me the most," Barry continued, "was a long article from some special commissioner with headings in huge letters—"

"Scare-heads, they call them," explained De Ruyter.

"Scare-heads?" repeated the Irishman. "That's the very name for them! Scare-heads—delicious! This article, then, had scare-heads galore, and it described how a suicide had been identified. It seems some poor girl of the working class had got into trouble, and sooner than bring disgrace on her family she had jumped into the river here—Hudson's River, isn't it? She had carefully arranged so that there was no clue by which she could be traced. But she had not counted on the devilish ingenuity of the special commissioner, a woman, too—at least I suppose she was a woman, since the thing was signed 'Polly Perkins.'"

Mrs. Jimmy saw the blood rise in the cheeks of Miss Peters until the little Southern girl was as red as any of the maple-leaves that decked the cloth between the two women. She noticed that Rupert De Ruyter was staring into his plate with ill-concealed embarrassment, and that Mrs. Canton seemed a little uneasy.

"It seems that the poor creature's body was sent to the morgue," Barry continued, "and no one claimed it, so it was buried at the cost of the county. And there's where the diabolical cunning of this reporter was exercised. She guessed that the girl's family would want to see the body laid away in holy ground, and so she went to the burying. And she hit it, for there were two women there in deep black, the mother of the poor wretch and the sister, not afraid to show their bitter grief when they thought they were unknown and unwatched. The spy tracked them to their house, and she found out their names, and she put the whole story in the paper. I suppose it broke the mother's heart and the sister's to see the dead girl's shame brought home to her and to them when they thought it was buried in the grave with her body. I don't deny that the female detective showed a deal of skill; but what a pitiful thing! To risk breaking two loving hearts—and for what purpose?"

There was a moment's silence when the Irishman asked this unanswerable question.

Then little Miss Peters raised her head and looked him in the eye.

"That was what is called a 'beat.' No other paper had the news," she said, "and the reporter who wrote the story got a raise of five dollars."

"Faith, she deserved it," Barry returned. "It was blood-money she was taking, I'm thinking."

"That's what I think now," Miss Peters replied. "I wish I had thought so then. I wrote that article, and that is one reason why I am living down there among the poor to try and make it up to them. Of course I can't undo the wrong I did, but I mean to do my best."

Then there was another silence, broken by Mrs. Jimmy, who turned to Mrs. Canton and asked if she was going to take a box at the horse show this year.

When the ladies left the dining-room, the Honorable Gilbert Barry took the chair by the side of Jimmy Suydam.

"What's the name of that pretty little girl?" he asked. "Peters, isn't it? I say, it was awfully plucky for her to tell us that she was 'Polly Perkins,' wasn't it, now? I like her; she's a trump. And that fair hair of hers is very fetching, don't you think?"

The Measure of Missionary Spirit[1]

By F. W. Hewes

WHILE it is not true that "money is the measure of all things," it is undoubtedly true that people contribute money to aid any undertaking just as they sympathize with the object of the undertaking. In this sense, then, money contributed for the support of missions is a measure of the missionary spirit of the population or of any particular denomination.

Some months ago The Outlook asked the writer to ascertain, if practicable, whether the present generation is contributing as liberally to missionary work as past generations. The initial proposition of the inquiry embraced only the five larger denominations, but it soon appeared that some of the smaller bodies were quite as important to the investigation as the larger ones, and therefore these were included, embracing in all fourteen active missionary denominations and the American Tract Society.[2]

The procuring and completion of these reports has required patient and persistent correspondence and much tedious personal search. In many cases the only way to obtain the records has been to pick them out year by year from treasurers' reports as published in the minutes of the annual conventions of the various bodies. Besides this, some denominations divide their work among so many auxiliaries as greatly to increase the labor of securing the records, and the care to avoid duplications.

In their earlier history, especially before 1845, some denominations had but a single board, carrying both foreign and home missions under one organization. In later years, and especially since the Civil War, auxiliary boards have greatly multiplied. One after another the larger home mission boards have separately organized their Sunday-school work, church erection, educational work, and relief for worn-out and disabled ministers; and instituted various women's missionary societies. Work among the freedmen has also in most of the larger denominations a separate organization. The foreign mission societies, except for women's auxiliaries, even in the largest denominations, still report receipts (contributions) in a single sum, embracing all divisions of the work, literary, educational, church erection, medical, and all other.

Annual Record. Enough has been said to show the nature and scope of the inquiry, and attention is therefore directed to the results. The aggregate annual contribution is graphically shown, year by year, from 1844, in "Study No. 1." The previous history shows only slight variations in the annual aggregate, very similar in general characteristics to that of the first ten-year period (the 1850 period) at the lower left-hand corner of the diagram. The 1860 period introduces marked irregularities of annual contribution. The "panic" of 1857 produced a decided decrease in 1858, which was only fairly recovered in 1860. The Civil War wrought sad havoc with progress.[1]

The most notable check of progress was made by the "long panic," 1872–1879. From that date until 1892 the increase was uninterrupted and rapid. The apparent checks at 1885 and 1889 are evidently due to extraordinary legacies in 1884 and 1888. The depression beginning at 1893 is seen to be more disastrous

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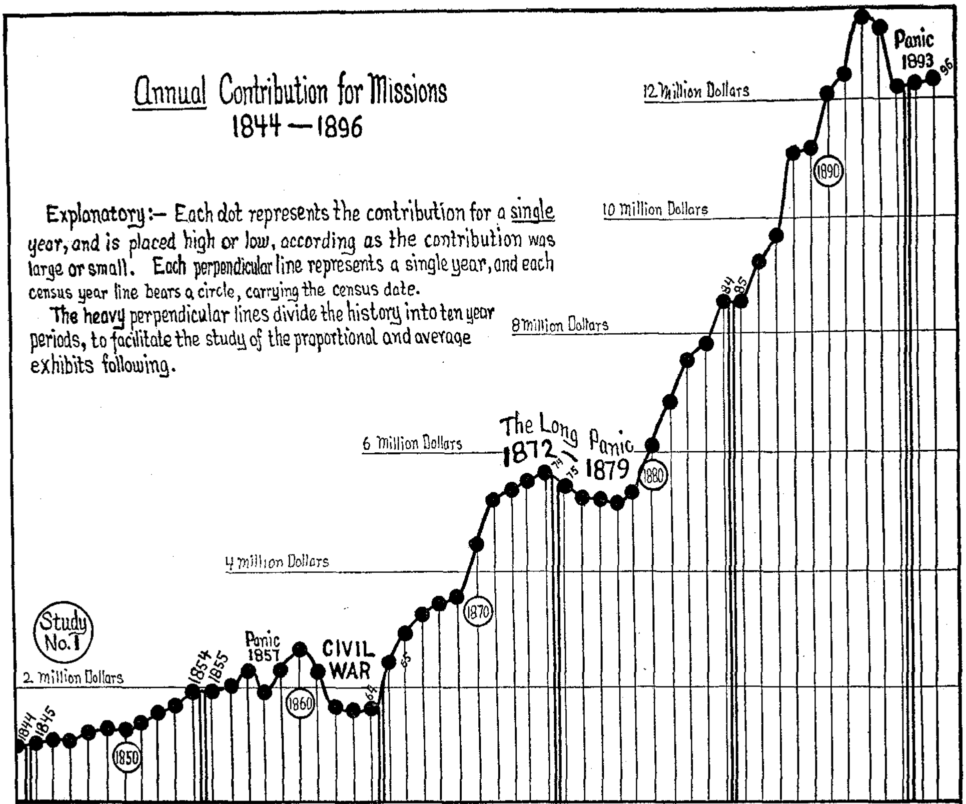
[1] The writer wishes hereby publicly and heartily to thank the many Secretaries of Mission Boards and their assistants for their cheerful and efficient aid, by means of which he was enabled to accomplish this investigation, and for their expressed personal interest in the results of the inquiry.

[2] Efforts to secure satisfactory annual records of the Lutheran bodies, German Evangelical Synod, Colored Baptists, Christians, Evangelical Association, Friends, and others of the smaller denominations, had, with much reluctance, to be abandoned. It would have been a pleasure also to have included the American Bible Society, but its missionary record is available only in twenty-five-year periods up to 1892; and that of the American Sunday-School Union, had its record been received in time. The addition of all these would not, however, have much increased the grand aggregate or in any way changed the general conclusions; for the records collated show so general uniformity of increase and decrease at the same periods as clearly to indicate that their variations are typical of all missionary contributions. These records cover a period of eighty-six years, beginning with the first annual report of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions (1811) and including the several reports of 1896.

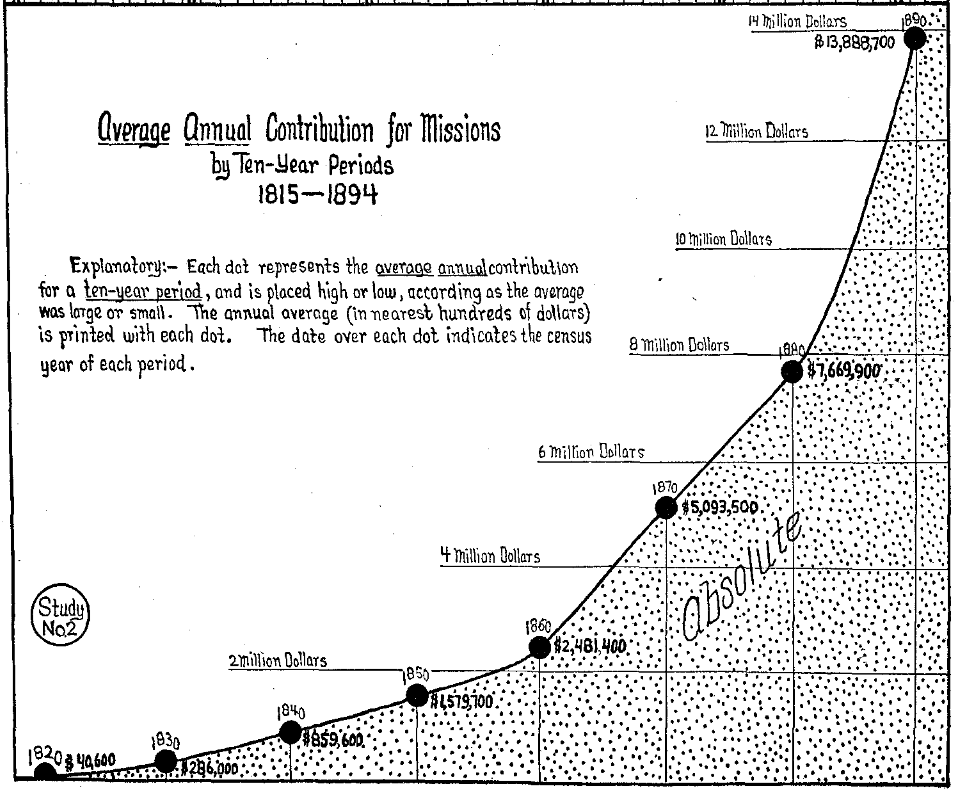
[1] It is necessary to remember that specie payment was suspended in 1862 and not resumed until 1879. Also that from 1862 to 1865 the Southern bodies reported their contributions in Confederate money. Therefore all records of contributions for the seventeen suspension years are reduced to a specie basis, and each of the "studies" portrays the history on the uniform basis of specie payment for the whole time.



Annual Contribution for Missions
1844—1896

Explanatory:— Each dot represents the contribution for a single year, and is placed high or low, according as the contribution was large or small. Each perpendicular line represents a single year, and each census year line bears a circle, carrying the census date.

The heavy perpendicular lines divide the history into ten year periods, to facilitate the study of the proportional and average exhibits following.



Average Annual Contribution for Missions
by Ten-Year Periods
1815—1894

Explanatory:— Each dot represents the average annual contribution for a ten-year period, and is placed high or low, according as the average was large or small. The annual average (in nearest hundreds of dollars) is printed with each dot. The date over each dot indicates the census year of each period.

Study No. 2
2 million Dollars
4 million Dollars
6 million Dollars
8 million Dollars
10 million Dollars
12 million Dollars
14 million Dollars
1820 $40,600
1830 $286,000
1840 $859,600
1850 $1,579,700
1860 $2,481,400
1870 $5,093,500
1880 $7,669,900
1890 $13,888,700
Absolute

than any other except that occasioned by the Civil War.

Ten-Year Records. While the annual record portrays the history of the chief financial struggles and triumphs, the general history of progress is better learned by the study of averages. "Study No. 2" begins thirty years earlier than No. 1, with the 1820 period (1815–1824), in which the aggregate contribution averaged $40,600 per year, as noted with the 1820 dot at the lower left-hand corner of the diagram. That was in the infancy of the existing Protestant missionary organizations. The increase, period by period, is best read from the diagram itself.

The chief lesson is that, in spite of the marked irregularities shown by the annual record, the ten-year averages show a steady and remarkable progress, culminating in the 1890 period with an annual average increase over the 1880 period of more than six million dollars, in spite of its two panic years, 1893 and 1894; or, starting with the Civil War period (1860), a total increase in thirty years of almost 460 per cent. This is marvelous progress, and one wonders whether it can be continued in future years.[1]

Touching the question of generations, it will aid the inquiry to consider that average business activity covers a period of about twenty years, and that average active contributions to missions covers about the same period. On that basis the history under review embraces four generations, and it is very evident that the fourth generation, including the 1880 and 1890 periods, very greatly outstripped its predecessors in its absolute contribution.

The next step is to analyze this remarkable history by comparing the contribution with the population. An increased total, however large, does not prove increased liberality, for the population making the contribution may have increased just as rapidly.

Per Capita. The census enumeration of population at each decennial year may properly be taken to represent the annual average population for the ten years beginning five years before the opening of the census year and ending five years later. The periods adopted for this investigation are the periods just described. It therefore becomes a simple matter to compute the average annual per capita contribution for each such period. "Study No. 3" portrays the result of that computation. By this it appears that for the first full period of the record, dated 1820 on the diagram, the contribution averaged four-tenths of a cent per year for each man, woman, and child in the United States. The record of subsequent periods is so clearly shown on the diagram as to need no other tracing. The increased contribution for each person, starting at the Civil War period (1860) is of course not as great as that of absolute contribution, but makes a record of over 180 per cent., and emphatically proves an astonishing increase of liberality as measured by population.

To better understand what this means, it must be recalled that this "each man, woman, and child" includes over fifteen million children under ten years of age, and more than six million persons over ten years of age unable to write. It also includes all the helpless, the idle, the criminals, the insane, and the inmates of hospitals, asylums, and poorhouses; all the foreign population and Indians; all the Roman Catholics, and all who attend no church. Very few of this vast multitude ever contribute at all. Were all these non-contributors excluded, and only the probable contributors included, how the contribution per capita would be multiplied, and what a record it would be! For it must be remembered that the contribution to missions, as such, is only a small part of the contribution to the support of the Gospel in its many manifestations.

It may be answered, however, that all this does not satisfy the inquiry; that the Nation has become very wealthy; and that each person represents many more dollars than four generations ago. It therefore becomes necessary to proceed to the next step of the investigation.

Per Wealth. This fourth inquiry pre-

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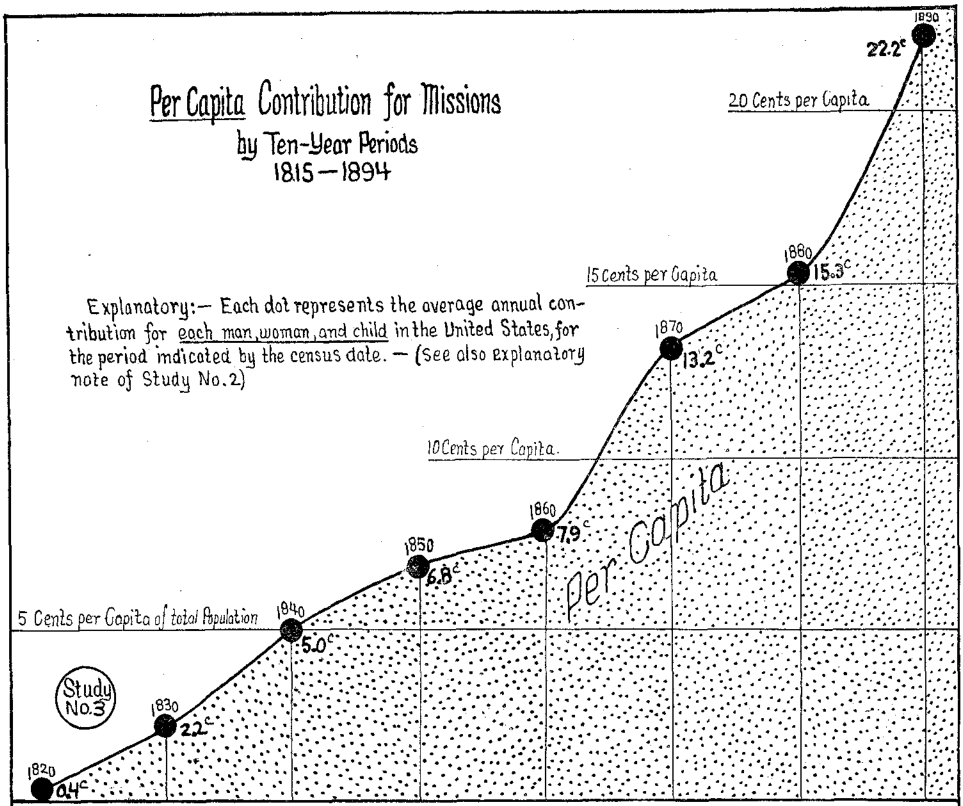
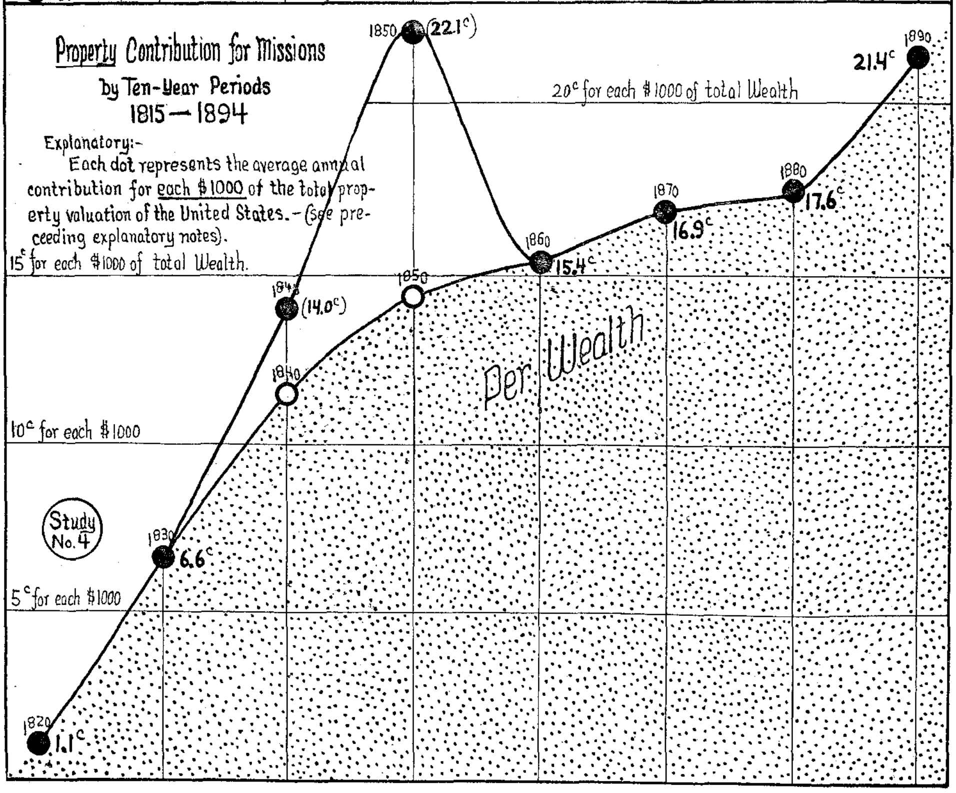
[1] Before leaving this study it is due the reader to explain that these ten-year records include important averages which, owing to peculiarities of the reports of some denominations, could not be ascertained for individual years, but could be satisfactorily embraced in the ten-year groupings. As examples of the principal additions: Episcopalians reported several branches of their work triennially, and the United Brethren in Christ report all of their contributions quadrennially instead of annually; while Congregationalists reported their unclassified contributions annually for only ten years past. These additions swell the ten-year averages materially as far back as to the 1850 period, but are less important in the earlier periods.



Per Capita Contribution for Missions
by Ten-Year Periods
1815—1894

Explanatory:— Each dot represents the average annual contribution for each man, woman, and child in the United States, for the period indicated by the census date. — (See also explanatory note of Study No. 2)



Property Contribution for Missions
by Ten-Year Periods
1815—1894

Explanatory:-
Each dot represents the average annual contribution for each $1000 of the total property valuation of the United States.-(See preceding explanatory notes).

sents a difficulty which, while easily surmounted by statisticians conversant with the history of census records, is not so easily met by others. The first wealth census of the United States was made in 1850, and "estimates" were made for earlier census years. Later knowledge clearly indicates that the 1850 census only partly covered the wealth, and that the "estimates" were also out of joint with fact. One evidence of this appears in the per capita wealth of population, which, according to those "estimates," declined from $388 in 1820 to $308 in 1850, or almost twenty per cent. Another very clear evidence is seen in "Study No. 3," just examined. A population in process of pauperization would not increase its per capita contributions to missions from four mills in 1820 to sixty-eight mills (seventeen-fold) in 1850.

"Study No. 4" therefore presents the results as based on the census reports and "estimates" in full black dots, and also what seems to be a reasonable variation from the 1840 and 1850 "estimates" (for the 1850 census was scarcely more than an estimate) in open circles. Those earlier records may, however, be wholly omitted; for, taking the 1860 period as a starting-point, the 1890 record shows that wealth had increased its proportionate contribution almost forty per cent.—a truly wonderful achievement; and yet it is since 1860 that the phenomenal growth of wealth has been made.

Nor is this all. The contribution for each $1,000 of total wealth, as shown in this exhibit, is only a fractional part of the whole. In the first place, the limited number of denominations embraced in the exhibits do not include all of the organized missionary contribution of the United States. In the second place, since the close of the Civil War, and especially during the past twenty years, there has developed within some of the larger denominations a practice of sending a considerable proportion of the total contribution to foreign mission fields direct, and none of these moneys are represented in the exhibits, for they do not appear in the official reports of the missionary societies.

Besides this, there is an increasingly large fund contributed annually by Sunday-schools and young peoples' societies to a very diversified range of home mission work, little of which is ever included in official reports of the regular missionary organizations. Besides this, many communities sustain by popular contribution hospitals, orphanages, and other benevolent institutions, which, although wholly unrelated to mission boards and their organized auxiliaries, yet receive their contributions largely from the same individuals.

Beyond all this, the last few years have witnessed, in all our larger cities, in the same spirit, a great development of institutional and social mission work. All these should be reckoned in, to ascertain the full measure of the missionary spirit among those whose only way of obedience is to give money, that others may give personal service.

What a magnificent total it would mean! What a marvelous record of growth it would show, especially in the fourth generation! Not only would the 1870 and 1880 records rise much further above that of 1860; the 1890 record would tower upward so far, outstripping the increase of wealth, as to shame every carking, croaking pessimist.

The inquiry is answered. It would, however, be an added satisfaction to many readers to know how the denominations are sharing in this great work. Which denominations contribute the larger totals? Which make the greater contributions as compared with their membership and church property?

The answers to these questions, so far as the records provide it, is therefore appended.[1] It should be kept in mind that this exhibit covers the whole of the 1890 period of ten years (1885–1894), so that it may not be thought to be too limited in scope to give a satisfactory comparison as would be the case if it covered only a single year.

Total Denominational Contribution. It

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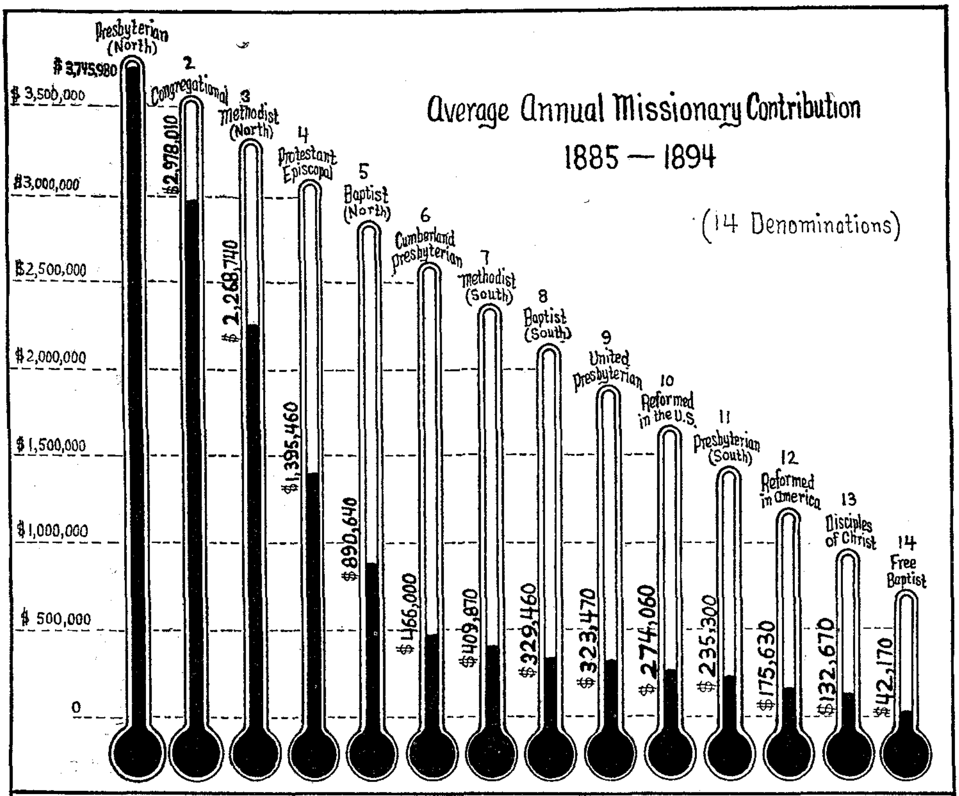
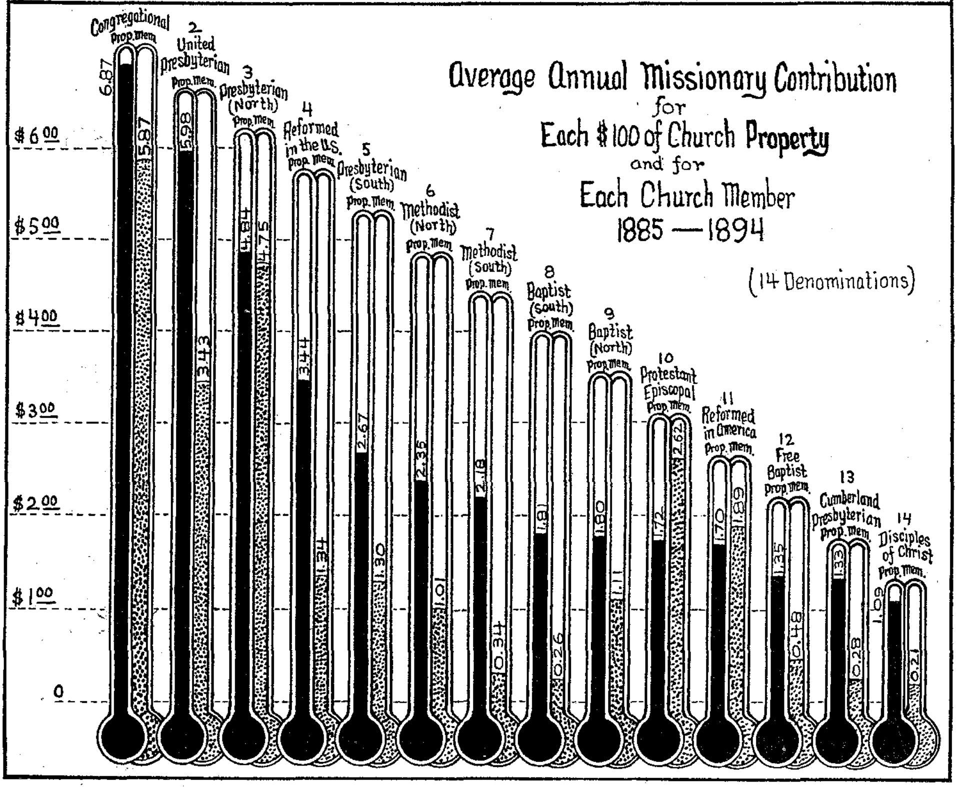
[1] In presenting the denominational contributions, it is due all denominations to say that in collecting the records the effort was made to exclude the valuation of boxes of clothing and other supplies contributed and sent into needy fields. To illustrate: One of the published reports of the Presbyterian Church (North) includes the valuation of boxes in its record of contribution to home missions, and another excludes that valuation. Without mentioning this, some earnest Presbyterian might have claimed that their thermometer in the upper exhibit did not fully represent their work. It is also due to Baptists (North) to say that no record of their Freedman's work could be obtained, and that some of their other auxiliary records were too fragmentary to be satisfactory.



Average Annual Missionary Contribution 1885 — 1894

(14 Denominations)



Average Annual Missionary Contribution for Each $100 of Church Property and for Each Church Member 1885 — 1894

(14 Denominations)

is altogether likely that not a few readers, in examining the upper group of thermometers, will be surprised at the relative positions occupied by the denominations making the largest five contributions.

The greater eight of these fourteen denominations, having each over a half-million members, are: (1) Methodist, North, 2,240,354;[1] (2) Baptist, South, 1,280,066; (3) Methodist, South, 1,209,976; (4) Baptist, North, 800,025; (5) Presbyterian, North, 788,224; (6) Disciples of Christ, 641,051; (7) Protestant Episcopal, 532,054; (8) Congregational, 512,771. The smallest of the fourteen denominations is the Free Baptist, 87,898, which takes its corresponding place at the foot of the list.[2]

Proportionate Denominational Contribution. The lower group of thermometers ranks the fourteen denominations according to their contribution as measured by the valuation of church property. It is fair to presume that each denomination has provided itself with church property approximately proportioned to its wealth. Now, if the mission spirit which seeks to aid others were equally adjusted in all denominations to the self-spirit which provides the church home, then each $100 of church property would represent just as large a mission contribution in one denomination as in another, and there would be no such thing as rank.

The property-contribution thermometers show, however, a considerable variation in this respect, and at the same time prove how easily and widely mere totals may mislead. For example, the Cumberland Presbyterians, who rank ninth in total contributions, take second place when measured by the "as ye are prospered" test. The Reformed in the United States take fourth rank instead of tenth, while Presbyterians, South, move up from eleventh place to fifth. The Methodist, South, and Baptist, South only, hold the same place in each comparison.

Another interesting relation shown by the property thermometers is discovered by considering that each denomination has provided itself with a permanent church property, on which it pays an annual dividend to the cause of missions. The Congregationalists, for example, lead with a missionary dividend of nearly seven per cent. ($6\frac{87}{100}$ per cent.) on their church property, while the Disciples of Christ provide a dividend of only a little over one per cent.

Another interesting feature incident to this exhibit is that the two thermometers for each denomination show how nearly each church member represents $100 of church property. In the Presbyterian Church, North, each member represents almost exactly one hundred dollars of church property, there being a difference of only nine cents in the respective contributions, as is readily seen by looking at their two thermometers. In the Protestant Episcopal Church each member represents $152 of church property, over ten times as much as in the case of the Baptists, South.

These comparisons ought to furnish encouragement. Coupled with the "per capita" and "per wealth" studies, they should give strong foundation for a steady faith in the attitude of the people of the United States toward missionary work. As a crystallization of the results of the investigation of growth, the following comparison will be helpful. From 1860 to 1890 valuations increased:

Farms and farm property.....	100 per cent.
Church property..	296 "
Total wealth.	302 "
Manufactured products.	397 "
Missionary contributions... ...	460 "

The young men and women of to-day are to fill out the record of a new generation of missionary contributors. How will it compare with the preceding one? It is an earnest task. Will they be equal to it? Three years of the new record are practically finished, for most mission societies close their fiscal year in the spring or early summer. Seventeen years remain. "What shall the harvest be?"

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[1] These figures are from the report of the Eleventh Census (1890), because they best represent the average membership for the ten years (1885-1894) included in the period presented in the exhibit.

[2] It would have been interesting to have included the Salvation Army, but its official record of contributions dates back to 1891 only, beginning at $353,859, while its average during the panic years, 1893-1896, is $590,571, although the census gives its 1890 membership at less than nine thousand. The United Brethren in Christ would from its quadrennial reports seem to be entitled to a record of about $100,000 as its average annual contribution.

As examples of missionary contributions made to organizations having no church membership, the report of the American S. S. Union shows an annual average of $102,347; the American Tract Society, $87,795; and the Baptist City Mission of New York, $39,367. Incomplete reports seem to indicate a credit to the American Bible Society of a yearly average of about $200,000, and the International Missionary Alliance of about $75,000, during the ten years under review.

Some American Essayists

By Hamilton W. Mabie

IT has often been said that the essay, as a form of literary art, is as extinct as the mastodon or the dodo; but the essay continues to be written and read in the face of these pessimistic deductions. The attempt to deal with literature from day to day, from what may be called the journalistic point of view, is foredoomed to failure by the very conditions of the art upon which judgment is so jauntily and confidently pronounced. Literature, like democracy, civilization, and religion, is an activity of the human spirit too vast, too obscure, and too profoundly vital to disclose at any moment, or to any person, the full sweep of its stream or the deeper currents which flow through it. If a period of great poetic activity is followed by a period of comparative barrenness, the cry at once goes forth that poetry has had its day and henceforth prose is to be the universal speech. This quick and easy judgment is as irrational as the opinion of the untaught observer who should mistake the annual subsidence of the Mississippi for a permanent diminution of its volume.

LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY

In journalism events are registered and judged from day to day; in literature we are fortunate if once in half a century a movement can be intelligently traced and finally interpreted. The shallow movements in human affairs are easily understood; the deep movements are comprehensible only when they have left their impress on thought, art, and institutions. Of these deeper activities the art of writing real books is, in its impulses and changes of form, one of the most subtle, obscure, and hidden, because it is one of the most spiritual. It is idle, therefore, to dogmatize about the appearance and disappearance of the different forms which literary expression wears from time to time.

The essay, which has been decently and sorrowfully interred from time to time by critics of more or less distinction, is not only still written, but shows an unusual vitality at this particular time. It has a good pedigree, for its practitioners have been men of the highest intellectual distinction—men who have had the feeling for form very keenly developed, but who have had also thought, observation, humor, and wit of a highly individual quality. Distinction has been, in some form, the note of the great essayists. Such names as Montaigne, Bacon, Sir Thomas Browne, Addison, Steele, Goldsmith, Carlyle, Coleridge, Hazlitt, Lamb, Arnold, Emerson, Lowell, suggest gifts of many different kinds, but of a very distinct quality. The American mind has, perhaps, natural affinities with the essay; it is keen in observation, it loves humor, it rejoices in quaint or delicate characterization, and it is not averse to a vein of philosophy. The essay is, as a rule, comparatively short, not for lack of material, but for effectiveness; it seeks clearness, definiteness, or charm by rejection as well as by inclusion. At its best it is not only full of human interest, but it is also full of thought. Carlyle's essays have had as deep an influence as

BRANDER MATTHEWS

WOODROW WILSON

any body of philosophy which our time has produced; because there was a philosophy behind them. Emerson sets the imagination at work as successfully in twenty pages as if he had filled a volume. The brevity of the essay is not a sign of weakness or weariness; it is the result of a concentration which often packs material enough to make an octavo into the compass of a brief paper. Bacon's little chapters contain more of the results of profound observation and thought than most of those great quartos of which his time produced not a few.

In England the essay is written to-day with skill if not with genius; in France it shows that perfection of form which the French have attained as the result of infinite painstaking; in this country it discloses a strong, wholesome influence, the vitality of a genuine interest, and notable variety of skill, although with a good deal of inequality in the matter of workmanship. It is noticeable that American essays, as a rule, show a very close relation with the vital conditions of the country; our men of letters are keenly alive not so much to material as to spiritual conditions on the new continent. They strike a high note; they stand for the highest civilization.

Mr. Warner is, in this sense, one of the civilizing forces of the time; a man who is not confused by the noise of purely material activities, who has a definite scale of spiritual values, and estimates the importance of products, results, achievements, and conditions with rare insight and soundness of judgment. In the confusion of social ideals which prevails in a new society, Mr. Warner's sanity of vision is of inestimable importance. He knows the best, and he is incapable of that kind of lying to which literary men are exposed in a democracy; he cannot commend a thing because it is popular. He cares too much for the higher life of the country to be otherwise than absolutely loyal to the highest standards of morals, manners, education, and political habit. A glance at the titles of the essays in his latest volume[1] shows how deeply concerned he is to keep life in touch with literature by developing the sincerity, simplicity, integrity, and deep culture of the instincts and imagination which go to the making of literature. He has the spirit, the quiet temper, the easy, flexible style of a man who has known the best in life and art. He is a thoughtful observer, he has a delightful quality of humor, and his style is notably free from eccentricity and excess; it is sound, well balanced, and interesting.

Colonel Higginson is a writer of different quality and temper. The charming chapters of autobiography which he has contributed to the "Atlantic Monthly" bring into clear light the ardent reforming spirit of his youth, and the literary influences which found him receptive but by no means imitative. The enthusiast who threw himself with such impetuosity into the fierce moral movement of his time was by no means lacking in the ability to judge for himself. Colonel Higginson had from the beginning a vein of chivalry, but he has never followed any standard blindly. There is in his work a touch of criticism which is always frank and sometimes sharp. He is a born dissenter, but his dissent is tempered by ripe culture. He is keen, incisive, independent; he has been, all his life, a free lance; but his weapons are of the finest quality, and they are handled with the skill of a thoroughly trained man. Colonel Higginson is an aggressive American when the national spirit or tradition is touched in any way; but he does not make the mistake of assuming that to be patriotic one must be blind. On the contrary, he has been one of the most incisive critics of national manners and habits which this generation has known; a man who identifies Americanism with independence of character, simplicity of life, and the courage of idealism, and who hates sham, pretension, vulgarity, snobbishness, and money-getting with a very wholesome and effective hatred. When the "Atlantic Essays" appeared years ago they affected many young men of literary tastes very deeply by reason of their lucidity, their simplicity, their admirable and charming style. In "Book and Heart"[1] Colonel Higginson shows the same trained skill, the same moral sagacity, the same refined touch. No literary man of his time has more loyally kept faith with his art and his readers.

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[1] *The Relation of Literature to Life.* By Charles Dudley Warner. Harper & Brothers, New York. $1.50.

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON

Mr. Howells has disclosed of late years a steadily deepening experience, a growing power of sympathy with his kind, a deep and passionate yearning for those happier and holier vital conditions towards which society moves with such tragic slowness. Those who have read his recent verse have felt the anguish of spirit which sometimes oppresses him in the presence of the sorrows and burdens of men, and it is no secret that those who know him see in him a spirit of compassion and brotherliness of which it is not easy to speak in public ways. And yet the lightness of touch, the quickness of observation, the charming humor, which long ago won Mr. Howells his audience, still remain. As an essayist he is interested chiefly in people and their surroundings. Abstract subjects have no charm for him; it is of "Impressions and Experiences"[2] that he writes. The streets, the parks, the hotel, the East Side, the police courts, command his attention because they are so rich in human interest. How much he sees in places which seem so barren to the untrained eye! How

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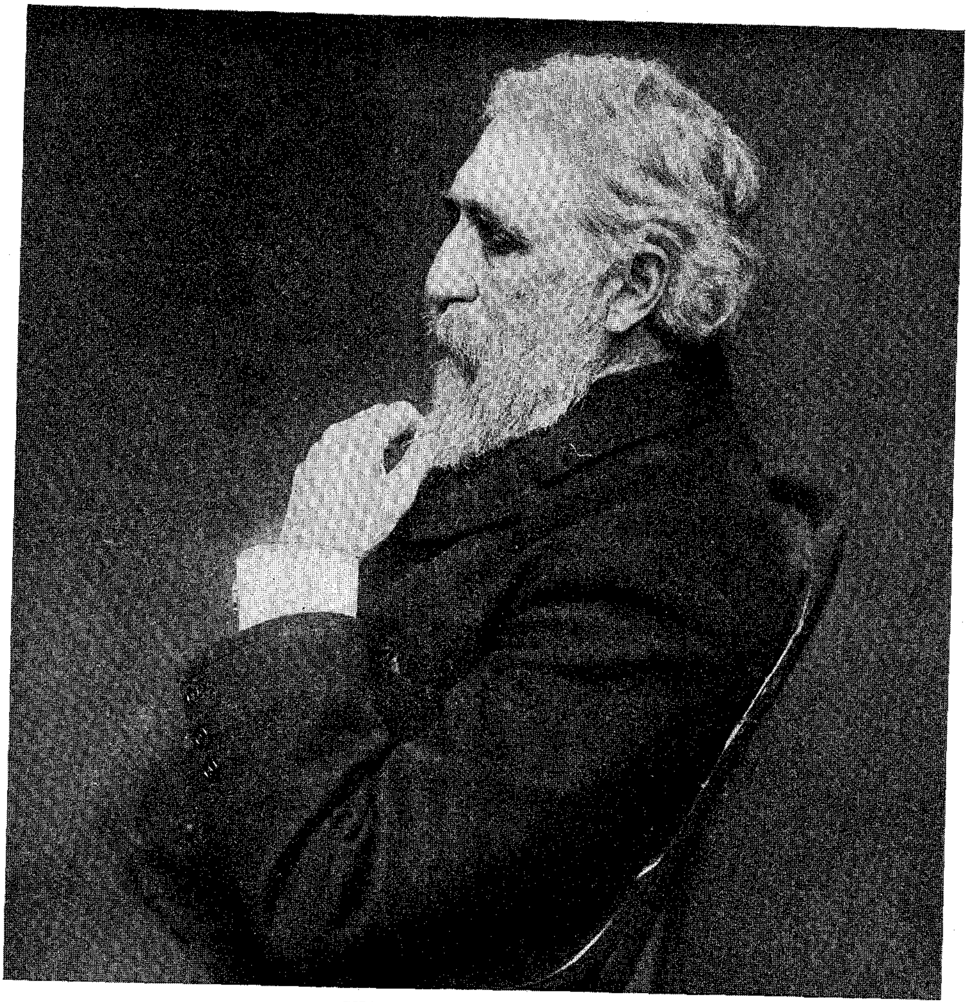
[1] *Book and Heart*. By Thomas Wentworth Higginson. Harper & Brothers, New York. $1.50.

[2] *Impressions and Experiences*. By W. D. Howells. Harper & Brothers, New York. $1.50.



CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER

gentle, kindly, and sympathetic he is with misfortune and disability of every kind! The single biographic chapter in this volume has a rare simplicity and homely dignity. Whatever Mr. Howells has failed to do, he has never failed to invest the simplest conditions with dignity and charm.

Mr. Brander Matthews is a younger man, but he has followed his profession with an ardor and energy which have made him an easy master of his tools. He is a born man of letters, with an inexhaustible interest in everything which concerns his craft. He has tried his hand at many kinds of writing, and often with marked success. He has given us some of our brightest and most characteristic short stories, although his work in this field is uneven. He knows the stage thoroughly, and has written of the French theater especially with sympathy and authority. He has written long stories; studies of New York life; criticism; he has prepared distinctly the best "Introduction to American Literature"[1] which has yet appeared—a well-designed, well-written, and very interesting piece of literary biographical writing; and he not only holds a literary professorship in Columbia University, but he is also a very successful teacher. A man of such versatility must be keen, quick, and inventive. Mr. Matthews is all these and more. He is alert, suggestive, and ready at every turn. Not long ago Mr. Zangwill formulated certain rules to be observed by reviewers; very sensible rules, which were reprinted

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[1] *Introduction to American Literature.* By Brander Matthews. American Book Company. $1.

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

in The Outlook. Readers of retentive memory no doubt recalled the fact that about six years ago Mr. Matthews contributed to these columns a paper on "The Whole Duty of Critics," which presented the substance of Mr. Zangwill's suggestions. Two acute minds, dealing with the same subject, often reach the same conclusions; but it is characteristic of Mr. Matthews to be on the advance line of suggestion. This alertness and this familiarity with the craftsmanship of writing are characteristic of the papers which appear in the volume entitled "Aspects of Fiction;"[1] a volume which deals with a number of contemporary novelists, and which contains a bit of that sprightly audacity which marks Mr. Matthews's attitude towards our kin beyond sea.

Professor Woodrow Wilson enters the field of essay-writing by the road of historical study and writing, and comes well equipped for his work. We have had some admirable historical essay-writing in this country, but the field is large and offers ample room for men of force and culture. There is no more promising sign of a widening literary movement in America than the growth of the historical spirit—the spirit which, by pious care for the past, substitutes a national for a sectional consciousness. Professor Wilson's biography of Washington was a brilliant piece of work from the literary side; not faultless, but strong, constructive, well proportioned, with a warm feeling for the social background. His "Mere Literature and Other Essays"[1] shows the same brilliancy and richness of style. One ventures the conjecture that Professor Wilson knows his Burke well; and Burke is a great model for a young writer who brings individual force and ability to the study. These qualities Professor Wilson has in uncommon measure; and he also has the quality which goes so far towards the making of a writer, temperament. That he knows what literature is, as distinguished from historical writing, the writer of these essays abundantly proves; the title of the volume hints at this knowledge; three chapters confirm it by their subjects, and all the chapters bear witness to it by their quality. Work so well grounded in knowledge, so serious in spirit, so admirable in form, promises well for the future.

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[1] *Aspects of Fiction*. By Brander Matthews. Harper & Brothers, New York. $1.50.

Miss Guiney has the rare gift of seeing things which are not obvious, and giving her thought expression in a style which is not hackneyed. She is acute, fresh, and incisive in a rare degree. She is, in fact, one of the most individual writers in the country. She has a deep feeling for literature, and, what is more rare, a distinct literary quality when she writes about it. Her introduction to Mérimée's "Carmen," which appeared last fall, was in its way a model of condensed and picturesque characterization. Her verse has the same distinctness of touch, the same individuality of sentiment and feeling. It is very charming work, full of quality, which she gives us in an attractively printed volume of essays which bears the title "Patrins;"[1] a patrin being the trail of leaves and twigs which the Gypsy leaves behind him to indicate the path he has taken. This group of short papers is of a kind to arrest attention and give delight, so vigorous, pointed, and unhackneyed are the brief chapters. Miss Guiney has a delightful touch of whimsicality; and there is a breath of the best kind of Bohemianism in her. She follows literature because it is an art of delight as well as a means of instruction, and she protests against the attempt to turn the muse into a schoolmaster. She touches many subjects deftly and quickly, and her touch makes a clear impression on the mind of her readers. This collection of essays is for those who love literature for its own sake—for those who like the flavor of an individual style, and who enjoy a standpoint which has not been taken by everybody who has written since time began.

This group of books, with kindred volumes by Professor H. T. Peck, Mr. Martin, Mr. Walter Blackburne Harte, Mr. Scudder, Miss Repplier, Miss Preston, and others, furnishes the best possible evidence of the widening of literary interest and activity, the growth of culture, the ripening of the human spirit, in the New World.

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[1] *Mere Literature and Other Essays.* By Woodrow Wilson. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. $1.50.

[1] *Patrins.* By Louise Imogen Guiney. Copeland & Day, Boston. $1.25.

My Lady's Celebration

A Fourth of July Story for Young Folks

By Everett T. Tomlinson

"Ah, my lad, you're a jewel! That's just such a colt as we need."

"But she's mine, she's mine! You can't have her! You can't have her!"

The first speaker laughed as he dismounted and quickly threw a halter over the head of the roan colt which Thomas Rodman was holding by her mane. Disregarding the protests of the boy, he lightly leaped again into his saddle, and, turning to the dozen or more scarlet-coated dragoons with him, gave the word for them to advance.

"Sumter isn't the only 'gamecock' in South Carolina, I see," he called out to Thomas as his band started on in obedience to his command. "You want to be thankful, my boy, that we've only taken the colt, and not swung her owner from the first tree by the roadside."

Thomas made no reply as he stood and watched the company, which rode rapidly up the road and soon disappeared around the bend. He had not taken his eyes from his roan colt "My Lady" as long as she could be seen, and had noted her looks of surprise as she glanced back as if she could not understand why her young owner did not come, too. For several minutes after My Lady and the band of dragoons had disappeared, Thomas remained standing where he had been, as if he could hardly realize his loss; and then he started slowly to return to his home.

And this was the end of it all! All his care had been vain, and now My Lady had been taken, along with nearly all the live stock and provisions on his father's place. For months his father had been with Sumter, and the care of the home and of his mother had fallen upon Thomas. Again and again they had been visited by prowling bands of Tories and of Tarleton's men, until the roan colt had alone been left, and she had escaped only because her owner had kept her concealed in the forest for weeks now, and had stealthily visited her every day. My Lady must be saved at all hazards. Ever since she was a little colt Thomas had cared for her as his own special property. She would follow him about like a dog, and more than once had tried to come in through the door of the house to be with him. He was positive that every word he spoke was as well understood by her as her low, affectionate whinny was by him. Yes, My Lady was one of the family, and Thomas had cared for her as tenderly as if her life was as valuable as his own, on every day except this fatal one. He had permitted her to follow him out of the shelter of the forest to the roadside, and while he had been talking to her there, suddenly the band of dragoons had swept into sight, and before he could re-enter the forest they were upon him, and My Lady was gone. It had all occurred so quickly that before he fully realized what had taken place the scarlet coats had disappeared and the roan colt had disappeared with them.

"My Lady's gone! My Lady's gone!" he broke out, when at last he entered the house and stood before his mother.

"What do you mean, Thomas? Have you lost her?"

"Yes. The dragoons have taken her." And in a moment the heartbroken boy had poured forth his story. He was so filled with the thoughts of his own loss that he did not for a moment notice the silence of his mother; but when he glanced up, and saw that her face was deadly pale, his own sorrow was forgotten as he quickly said: "Are you ill, mother? What's the trouble? You're as pale as a ghost."

"I've just had a word from your father, which he sent by one of the men in the camp. He writes me that he will be here in the morning, and that his division of Sumter's men is to pass by here then. I don't think he knows anything about the dragoons being here, and it may be that they are fixing a trap for him."

"Oh, if I only had My Lady," groaned Thomas, "I'd soon get word to him."

"But you haven't," replied his mother, more calmly. "You had better go out and keep watch by the road. It will soon be dark now, and then you can't do anything; but if any one passes before then you may be able to learn something."

Thomas at once left the room to follow his mother's directions, but for a long time nothing could be seen to break the monotony of the scene about him. The rough road faded out in the distance in the forest, the circling buzzards flew over the tree-tops, and the crows called hoarsely one to another as they passed above him. All else about the place was still. Not even a chicken had been left by the marauding bands, and the hard and hopeless feelings of the boy seemed to be mirrored in the scene about him.

The sun sank lower and lower, and the approaching gloom served only to deepen the feeling of despondency within his heart. When would the awful war be over? Starvation would soon threaten them at home, the place had been stripped bare of its valuables, all his care for My Lady had been useless, and now, to crown all, was the danger which threatened his father, and the deep grief of his mother. He fancied he could see her face now, already showing the marks of hunger and suffering, increased by the danger of his father. The sun was below the horizon now, and he must return to her.

He arose from the log on which he had been seated, and slowly began to walk up the long lane which led to the house. He turned for a last glance up and down the road, and suddenly stopped and gazed earnestly in the direction in which the dragoons had disappeared when they had departed with My Lady. A thin curl of smoke could be seen coming over the tops of the trees at a distance of what he thought must be about a mile, and he knew at once what it meant. The dragoons had gone into camp there, and with them must be My Lady. He knew the place they probably had selected, a grove of pines a little back from the road and near to the brook, or "run," which made its way down the hillside to the valley below. It was an excellent place for a camp, and they had probably tethered the horses near by.

The thought caused Thomas to run rapidly towards the house, and as he entered he said hurriedly to his mother, "The dragoons have gone into camp down by the run. I saw the smoke from their fire, and they'll be there for the night, I'm sure."

"It is as I feared," replied his mother, slowly. "They'll probably be there on the lookout for your father and his men when they pass by."

"But I've a scheme to spoil their game," said Thomas, eagerly, and in a few words he explained his plan to his mother.

Her face lightened for a moment as she listened, and then she shook her head. "I'm afraid to have you try it, Thomas. Perhaps your father may not come, after all, or, if he does, he may be able to pass them. But it's too great a risk for you. What should I do if I were to lose you both?"

"I'll be careful. I will, mother. If I see the least bit of danger, I'll turn back. I'll promise you I will. Just let me try it, that's all I want. Think of father, too!"

As his mother hesitated a moment, Thomas took her silence for consent, and quickly left the house before she could recall him. He did not look back, and so could not see that she stood in the doorway and watched him until he soon disappeared in the dusk which had now settled over the land.

Meanwhile the eager boy pushed on until he came to the brow of the hill below which he thought the dragoons lay encamped. No smoke could be seen now, and no light of a camp-fire appeared. He stopped and listened intently. The hooting of an owl and the mournful sighing of the wind as it swept through the tree-tops were all the sounds he could hear. He waited a half-hour, and the silence was still unbroken. Perhaps he had been deceived, or, if they had stopped, it had been only for supper, and they had now gone on. Half hoping and half fearing that this was true, he slowly and silently began to move down the hillside. If they were there and should discover him, doubtless that threat of the leader, "to swing him from the first tree they met," would be carried out. Thomas knew that more than one stanch Whig in South Carolina had been treated in that manner, and he had no reason for believing that there would be any hesitancy in carrying out the threat which had been made to him.

He stopped frequently, and, within the shelter of the trees by the roadside, peered keenly ahead of him. As yet nothing had been seen to alarm him, and he resumed his slow movements, each time feeling more positive that the dragoons must have gone. The silver vein of the moon appeared, and the clouds which were speeding across the face of the sky now shut out the dim light, and now passed on to leave the outlines of the trees and road clearly discernible to Thomas, whose eyes were soon accustomed to the darkness.

He had been crouching low and striving to keep within the shadows, but he was about to arise and advance more boldly, satisfied now that the men must have gone, when his ear suddenly caught the sound of something or some one moving in the road before him. Hastily withdrawing from the road again, he waited, peering eagerly before him, and fearful that the loud beating of his heart would betray him, for it seemed to the frightened boy that such thumpings as were going on within him must be heard by others if they were near.

Out from the darkness he soon saw the form of a man emerge. His gun was over his shoulder, and Thomas at once realized that he was a guard, and that the dragoons must still be in camp. Hardly knowing whether to rejoice or to be dismayed at his discovery, he managed somehow to remain silent until the guard passed and repassed, and then stealthily and slowly he withdrew further into the woods to decide upon what course of action he should pursue.

The men must be asleep by this time, he thought, as he glanced up at the moon. They would not be likely to have a guard on the forest side, he also concluded; and if that were true, his best plan would be to try to approach from that side.

At once deciding to follow that suggestion, he began very slowly and with increased carefulness to make a detour. He passed from tree to tree, pausing after he had gained each to listen and look about him. As yet his presence had not been discovered, but how slow his progress was! He had no means by which to reckon the passing of the hours but the moon, and when at last he had gained what he thought must be a good distance beyond the camp, he saw that she was high in the heavens. No signs of a guard had appeared in the forest, and he concluded that his surmise was correct, and that none had been stationed there. Doubtless they considered that one in the road would be sufficient, and were content to trust to him.

For some time Thomas remained silent in the position he had gained, waiting and hoping that something would occur to indicate to him where the object of his search was. But for a long time the hooting owl, whose calls had at length summoned forth the replies of others, and the sighing winds, were all that he could hear.

Suddenly he started back and began to run as the whinny of a horse was heard not far away. Quickly recovering himself, he began to move in the direction from which the sound had come. He stepped softly and moved so slowly that it was some time before he arrived at a place where he could see before him, and then his heart almost stood still when he saw a group of horses not far away. He could make out that they had been tethered; but had a guard been placed over them? That was the all-important question now, and again he waited for what seemed to him a full hour. The night was passing, and he must act quickly.

Crawling now from bush to bush and from tree to tree, he drew nearer and nearer to the horses. No guard could be seen, nor had he as yet heard the call of any. The horses were only a few yards away now, and he tried to discover whether My Lady was among them; but the outlines of their forms were too indistinct for him to determine whether she was there or not. There was no help for it—he must call her.

In a low voice he gave the call which he knew she would recognize if she were there, and then waited. No response came. Again he tried it, this time calling more loudly, but still no response was heard. He waited several minutes before he repeated the call, and then again tried; but still no answer came, and he was satisfied that My Lady could not be there.

Disappointed and almost heartbroken, fearful that the roan colt either had been sent on ahead or retained within the camp, he slowly began to make his way back, when suddenly a loud whinny by one of the horses before him was answered by another far to his right. Then there was another group of horses, and perhaps more than one! The problem was becoming more involved, and the danger greater. Whatever he did he must do quickly, for the morning would soon come, and for him to be discovered there would mean—Thomas shuddered, not daring even to speak the word to himself.

Once more he resumed his labors. Patiently crawling from bush to bush, and crouching low as he passed from tree to tree, he made his way towards the place from which he thought the answering whinny had come. His face and hands were soon scratched and bleeding, his clothing was torn, and his body was aching from his long-continued exertions. But on and on he moved, and was rewarded at last by seeing the group of horses before him. Was My Lady there? He would soon know. His heart almost stood still when, in response to his first low call, a glad whinny followed, which he quickly recognized as that of My Lady. He waited to see whether his call had been heard by any of the men in the camp or not, but he could not discover that any one was moving. As he glanced up, he saw the first faint streaks of the dawn in the east. If he was to act at all, it must be at once; and, still crouching low, he drew nearer to the horses. Which one was My Lady? It was still too dark to determine, and he must call again. He whispered the words this time, and was rejoiced as a low whinny sounded close beside him, and he knew that at last he had found the roan colt.

Standing erect now, he stroked her head for a moment, and then drew his knife and quickly severed the rope by which she was tethered. It was lighter now, and he could see above him. His first impulse was to leap upon her back and break away; but, quickly deciding against such a course, he threw his arm about her neck, and, whispering his fond words in her ear, all the time looking back in fear at the camp, he slowly withdrew, My Lady stepping as daintily and softly as if she too appreciated and shared in the danger.

If he could only gain the road above the guard now! Trembling in his eagerness, the resolute boy kept on, moving slowly, and followed willingly by the colt he loved.

"Look there! The roan colt's got away!"

Thomas stopped for an instant as he heard the call, and glanced over My Lady's shoulder toward the camp. The dragoons were stirring, and two were approaching to look after the horses. It seemed to him that his breath would never come again. The trees grew dark about him and he almost fell; but one more glance at the men, who had not seen him yet, as he was in part concealed by the horse, convinced him that the time for action had come, and, whispering one word into My Lady's ear, he leaped quickly upon her back, and, bending low over her neck, said, "Go, My Lady! Go!"

For a moment the men behind him appeared to be too astonished to realize what had happened, but their confusion lasted but a moment, for, with shouts and calls to their companions, they selected two of the horses and quickly started in pursuit. Only one was armed, and Thomas was wondering why he did not shoot. "They think they'll get both you and me, My Lady," he muttered. "You'll have to save us both if ever I'm to be saved."

Without saddle or bridle, with nothing to guide or control the roan colt, Thomas led in the race which followed. He was compelled to trust almost entirely to the instinct of My Lady, for, in his confusion and the dim light, he was not positive that he knew in which direction the road lay.

Behind him he could hear the cracking of the branches and the shouts of the men in pursuit. Sometimes they seemed to be gaining upon him, and then their voices would sound further away, only to come again nearer, and he would bend low and whisper his words of encouragement to the faithful roan colt, who was swiftly making her way through the forest.

"Here we are," he said to himself, when a few moments later My Lady lightly leaped the low brush fence and gained the open road. "Now I'd like to see any horse in Tarleton's army that can touch us! Not in there to-day," he said, a moment later, when My Lady stopped for a moment as if she were about to enter the lane which led to his house. "We've other work to-day. You'll have to do your best."

He caught a hasty glimpse of his mother as she stood in the doorway, and waved his hand as a salute. He could not tell whether she had recognized him or not, but his heart sank when, glancing behind him, he saw two of the dragoons in swift pursuit. And they were gaining, too. Fleet as My Lady was, the powerful horses of the troopers appeared to be equally fleet. And they were accustomed to long, hard rides, and had been better fed. Poor My Lady had been compelled to feed on the scanty grass which grew among the forests, and upon the tough leaves of the trees. For a time she could hold her own, but if the run should be a long one, the superior power of endurance in the pursuers' horses must win the day.

Thomas could feel the hard and fast beating of My Lady's heart as she sped on, and it was not long before she began to show signs of distress. With almost every leap she flung the foam from her mouth, and she was soon dripping with perspiration. Her nostrils were like burning coals, and her breath came in gasps. "Try a little more, My Lady," whispered Thomas, leaning low on her neck, and glancing quickly behind him. The dragoons were gaining, and a good half of the gap between them had already been closed. For a moment he thought of leaping from her back, and, leaving her to make her way on, try to seek safety for himself within the shelter of the forests which grew thick and close on either side of the road. Leave My Lady? Never!

Perhaps the dragoons would abandon the pursuit, for they must have gone seven miles by this time, and Sumter's men were known to be in the region. Another glance behind him showed that no such thought was in the pursuers' minds as yet. On rode pursuer and pursued, and Thomas groaned aloud as he saw that he was about to climb a long hill before him. My Lady never could do it, and before she could gain the summit the end must come.

"Try, My Lady! try!" groaned the boy, but the roan colt's eyes were glassy, and there was no response to his pleading. Half the distance up the hill had been covered now, and My Lady still struggled on. The dragoons were already at the base, and as Thomas looked back he saw one of the troopers bring his gun to his shoulder. The lad dropped his head upon the horse's neck and waited in an agony of suspense for the report.

Would it never come? My Lady had almost gained the summit now, and although she was stumbling she was still plunging on. Suddenly the report of the gun was heard, and the *thug* of the bullet followed. At first Thomas thought he had been hit, but My Lady stopped, trembled for a moment, and then fell heavily forward, throwing her rider to the ground.

In a moment he had scrambled to his feet and started on, unmindful of the shout which had greeted his fall. As he came up over the summit of the hill he stopped, breathless and almost fainting. There before him was a band of twenty horsemen. Was he caught between the lines of the enemy? He started to run into the forest, when he suddenly heard his name called, and, stopping abruptly, recognized his father.

The dragoons also had recognized the newcomers by this time, and, like the famous men who marched up the hill and then marched down again, they, too, turned and fled.

"We heard the shot and rode forward to learn what it meant," said Thomas's father, after he had listened to the boy's story. "Now we'll go and attend to My Lady."

But My Lady was beyond the need of their care. The bullet had found its way to the roan colt's heart, and the double race was ended.

"Well," said Thomas Rodman's father, softly, "My Lady has celebrated the Fourth of July. She has laid down her life for her country. If it had not been for her we should have gone straight on into Tarleton's trap. We'll meet them now on better terms."

And meet them they did in the famous engagement on the Twelfth of July, 1780, about a week after My Lady's celebration of the Fourth.

Books and Authors

Human Marriage[1]

The publication of the second edition of Dr. Westermarck's important volume is an encouraging indication that the careful and reasonable interpretations of the habits of primitive man in respect to marriage and domestic institutions, which were contributed to a long-standing scientific controversy when Dr. Westermarck's volume was first given to the public, have been fully appreciated, and have made a marked impression upon popular thought. The publication of the long-delayed Second Series of McLennan's "Studies in Ancient History" will probably bring to a conclusion one phase of the controversy alluded to above.

When Darwin's "Origin of Species" revolutionized all of our conceptions about the beginning of human life, one of the ancient interpretations remained quite undisturbed by evolutionary thought. Darwin believed that the family in its primitive form was essentially like the monogamic family of modern times. It was not long, however, before this belief was as rudely disturbed by other investigators as the belief in special creation had been disturbed by Darwin's researches. Students like Bachofen, Lewis H. Morgan, McLennan, Sir John Lubbock, Letourneau, and Herbert Spencer all advanced theories which in substance affirmed that the primitive relations of the sexes in human society were of the most irregular description, and that only after varied experiments and the establishment here and there of many different forms of family life was anything resembling a modern marriage developed out of the practices of an earlier time.

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[1] *The History of Human Marriage.* By Edward Westermarck, Lecturer on Sociology at the University of Finland. Second edition. The Macmillan Company, New York. $4.
Studies in Ancient History. Second Series. Comprising an Inquiry into the Origin of Exogamy. By John Ferguson McLennan. Edited by his Widow and Arthur Platt. The Macmillan Company, New York. $4.

Two of these theories, namely, those of Lewis H. Morgan and of John F. McLennan, were definite in form. Morgan argued from the survivals of primitive systems of consanguinity and relationship that the primitive family was formed by the marriage of brothers and sisters in a communistic group. McLennan, making use of the survival in marriage rites of the symbolism of capture, of the widespread evidence of an early practice of female infanticide, and of such customs as the Hebrew and Hindu laws requiring a surviving brother to marry the widow of a deceased brother, argued that the primitive form of marriage was polyandry.

Sir Henry Sumner Maine, obliged now to defend that theory of the patriarchal family which he had elaborated in his epoch-making volume on “ Ancient Law,” restated Darwin's argument in support of the belief that the earliest form of marriage among human beings was the monogamic union between one man and one woman. This argument, as is well known, rested on Darwin's observations of male jealousy and of those habits of courtship among the lower animals as well as among mankind, of which he made such noteworthy use in his theory of sexual selection. Maine added little to the strength of this argument, but simply used it with much ingenuity to controvert the theories of McLennan.

Westermarck's “ History of Human Marriage ” presented the results of a critical examination of the evidences and the theories which had been brought forward on both sides of the controversy, and the conclusion at which Dr. Westermarck himself arrived was that, while in various parts of the world and at various times in nearly every part of the world practices have existed from which the more radical conclusions might be supported, the weight of evidence goes to show that everywhere and from the earliest times the normal and prevailing relation of the sexes has been monogamic, all other forms, such as polyandry and polygamy, having been local or occasional deviations from the rule. The defect in Dr. Westermarck's statement of the case is his failure to point out that this conclusion does not invalidate the well-established fact that primitive men did habitually trace blood kinship through mothers rather than through fathers—a fact which is explained by the very temporary character of the primitive monogamic unions.

Now, curiously enough, in the final volume of McLennan's Studies, which would have been given to the public many years ago but for a series of remarkable fatalities, including the death of McLennan's brother, who first had possession of the manuscripts, then of Robertson Smith, who next undertook to edit them, and finally of McLennan's widow, who last undertook the task, we discover that McLennan's own views have been strangely misapprehended by those who have undertaken to controvert them, and that there is really nothing in them inconsistent with the conclusions of Westermarck and of other later writers. In a letter to Darwin dated February 3, 1874, McLennan says he supposes that in every district polygyny, monogamy, and polyandry must have occurred from the first, and grown up together into systems; he also supposes that all manner of relationships may have existed before any definite mode of marriage was developed. Then he clears up the most important single point in the entire controversy by saying exactly what he means by marriage. It is a relationship of the sexes which is *sanctioned by group opinion*. To quote his own words, he says: “ Polyandry, in my view, is an advance from and a contraction of promiscuity, which gives men wives; till men have wives they may have tastes, but they have no obligation, in matters of sex. You may be sure polygyny in the early stage never had the sanction of group opinion. . . .” We further discover that the chief reason why Mr. McLennan believed that polyandry was the first form of marriage—that is, a union sanctioned by group opinion—was his assumption that the first unions of this character resulted from the capture of a woman by two or more men, and that only under such circumstances could a relationship sanctioned by group opinion originate. This may or may not, upon further investigation, prove true.

So much at least is gained: we are now able definitely to distinguish, in terms of McLennan's analysis, between the origin of marriage and the origin of customs too often confounded with marriage; and, through the results of the criticisms of Westermarck, Dargun, Starcke, and others, we are able to say, with strong probability, that, long before any union was sanctioned by group opinion and was converted into marriage in the true social sense, the relations of men and women everywhere approximated the monogamic form.

Obedience [1]

The Rev. William Bayard Hale's eloquent though not particularly original “ Plea for Social Submission to Christ ” is entitled “ The New Obedience.” It is printed substantially as it was presented in St. Paul's Church, Boston, on the Friday noons of Lent, 1896. Mr. Hale contrasts the New Learning of the Renaissance and the learning of our own day. He does not accuse the latter of being ignorant. He declares that it gives us no little interesting information, but at best its information is only interesting and clever. It has studied modern society, and knows scientifically every sort of character that walks the street or stands in drawing-rooms. It has gathered much data useful in supplying us with decorative and becoming emotions.

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[1] *The New Obedience.* By William Bayard Hale. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. $1.25.

> But what does it all come to? Who acts? Who takes the revelations of the modern novel home to himself? The case is by no means new. It is as old as the New Learning. The earliest representatives of the movement were Pius II., Sixtus IV., Julius II., Alexander VI.—monsters under the tiara. Its first patrons were the Medicis and the Borgias. It had in those days its Marcilio Facino, who hung a lamp alike before Plato and the Blessed Virgin, its Cardinal Bempo, who declined to read the New Testament for fear of corrupting the elegance of his Greek. While Wiclif was translating the Bible, Boccaccio was penning the "Decameron;" while the knightliest of men was recording the fair dream of "Utopia," the most depraved of politicians was writing the "Principe." Has not all our learning taught us this as its supreme lesson—that Knowledge must pass into Life? Is not the final declaration of Science this: The universality of Law; that is, the Authority of Truth? Has our modern psychological introspection any newer teaching than that given by One long ago, that if any man will do the will, he shall know of the doctrine; that is, that the price of Truth is its practice; that nothing is so illuminating as Obedience?

The volume has evidently been in some degree inspired by Mr. Kidd's "Social Evolution." Mr. Hale believes that the very essence of religion is the subordination of the individual's present interests to the larger interests of mankind; his book, then, is the grammar of unselfishness, and unselfishness is obedience. This obedience, nevertheless, is not "new;" it has been practiced in all ages. The unselfish service of love is not only "the new obedience;" it is also the new freedom. These are well-worn truths, but they deserve reiteration. Every one believes that their application will mean a certain triumph both to individuals and to that Christian Society which we call the Church.

> The Church will gain its power when it demonstrates its social efficiency. . . . The work of the obedient church will not be to assume direction of every detail of social reform. Her work will be to train her members individually to loyalty to the king. . . . This must result in the creation of a distinctive type of man, easily cognizable as a disciple of the Nazarene, until the world sees that Christianity is a thing of meaning and power. . . . Your hearts ache, I know, for the sorrow of the world, for the joylessness of the lot of the millions who bear the burden of our social injustice. You can do something to bring near the day when that sorrow and joylessness shall cease. Take up of your own will the burden which the unfortunate now of necessity bear. Illustrate and interpret the law of Sacrifice, which alone can redeem the world. . . . During these weeks there has been before us the figure of One who rendered to the utmost the Obedience which he requires. He became obedient unto death, even the death of the Cross; wherefore also God hath highly exalted Him and given Him the name that is above every name.

An English paper prints the following comment of a new novel as coming from Mr. Gladstone in a letter to the author: "I find your book to be of intense though most painful interest. Such double-dyed villains as —— are not, I hope, even in this evil world, to be found every day."

Books of the Week

[The books mentioned under this head and under that of Books Received include all received by The Outlook during the week ending June 18. This weekly report of current literature will be supplemented by fuller reviews of the more important works.]

RELIGIOUS

Two of the seven volumes in Mr. Gladstone's "Gleanings of Past Years," published nearly twenty years ago, were on ecclesiastical subjects, and the continuation of this series now projected by the Scribners under the title "Later Gleanings" begins with another volume of *Theological and Ecclesiastical* essays. This volume opens with the defense of Genesis published in the "Nineteenth Century" in 1885, under the title "Dawn of Creation and of Worship," and concludes with the paper written this spring on the Anglican orders and the efforts towards Christian unity. Among the other essays are those on "Robert Elsmere," Mr. Ingersoll, "The Elizabethan Settlement of Religion," "The Church under Henry VIII.," "Heresy and Schism," "The Swine Miracle," "The Atonement," and the "Introduction to Sheppard's Pictorial Bible." From Dante and Milton down, great political reformers have often been men of the profoundest religious feeling, but for profound scholarship along theological lines Mr. Gladstone's position is unique among the statesmen of any generation. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

Evolution and Religion; or, Faith as a Part of a Complete Cosmic System, by Professor John Bascom, of Williams, is a study of the doctrine of evolution in its relation to our spiritual life. The spiritual life, Dr. Bascom teaches with power, is the last and consummate product of the process of evolution, and the belief in this process, so far from overthrowing religious faith, will strengthen the trust that the spiritual life is to be forever preserved. The volume will be warmly welcomed by fearless and reverent students of religious truth. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

The Growing Revelation, by the Rev. Amory H. Bradford, is a volume of sermons preached first to his congregation in Montclair, New Jersey, and afterwards in Westminster Chapel, London, and in other English churches. The volume presents the positive side of the new theology. Dr. Bradford's emphasis is always on what is believed and not upon what is rejected. In the "Prologue" and "Epilogue" in which the theses of the volume are stated and reviewed with admirable brevity, clearness, and force, the living theology of to-day is described in a series of epigrams of which the following are types:

> It believes Him [Jesus] to have been in a unique sense Divine because He satisfies that which is nearest Divine in man.
>
> It is not so anxious to know who wrote the Bible as to know what the Bible makes of those who read it.
>
> It believes in the Divine in man—therefore it is humanitarian.
>
> It believes in the omnipotence of love—therefore does not believe that God can forever be defeated. . . .

> This revelation begins with conscious life, is continued through the media of many experiences, and will grow fuller and brighter so long as man is spiritually receptive.
> In its fullness this revelation will be the realization in humanity of the life, the teachings, and the sacrifice of the Christ who is the perfect revelation of God to man and of man to himself.

Mankind, Dr. Bradford teaches in these sermons, is being led by the Inward Word into a deeper faith, a higher hope, and a warmer love—all of which relate to our brothers whom we have seen as well as God whom we have not seen. As the life of God in the soul of man beats stronger, the revelation of Him will grow clearer unto the perfect day. Such is the central thought of "The Growing Revelation." (The Macmillan Company, New York.)

Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, have published a valuable *Concordance to the Greek Testament*, by the Rev. W. F. Moulton, M.A., D.D., and the Rev. A. S. Geden, M.A. This work is one of signal worth, since, aside from it, we have no adequate concordance to the text of the Greek Testament as exhibited in modern critical editions. In the present work the text of Drs. Westcott and Hort has been assumed as the standard; with this the texts of the eighth edition of Tischendorf and that of the English Revisers have been compared. In all cases marginal readings have been included, and no word or phrase in the above editions has been shut out from the new concordance. Biblical scholars everywhere will welcome this noteworthy publication, and we are glad to add that it appears in appropriate typographical form.——The Rev. J. Howard Swinstead, M.A., has published through Messrs. Gardner, Darton & Co., London, *A Parish on Wheels*, a realistic account of an itinerant mission. His book may stimulate a desire in other dioceses than that of Salisbury, England, to establish such missions.——*In His Steps* is the title of a sermon-story by the Rev. Charles M. Sheldon. (Advance Publishing Company, Chicago, Ill.) The book has special noteworthiness, not only because of its application of a searching conduct-test, but because it is, so far as we know, the first story to make use of the new social settlement movement.

HISTORY

Professor James Monroe's volume of *Oberlin Thursday Lectures, Addresses, and Essays* are full of interesting reminiscences of the time when Oberlin was the forefront of the movement for the abolition of slavery, the higher education of women, the suppression of intemperance, and the kindred reforms which stirred the conscience of the progressive element of the Christian Church during the last generation. Much of the present volume is devoted to the abolitionists, and Professor Monroe's love of truth and love of humor are so strong as to make him bring out most clearly the fact that the abolitionists half a century ago were of the same type as the irreconcilable radicals among the reformers of to-day. "It used to be said," he recalls, "that no true abolitionist would think well of a man that would think well of a man that would think well of a man that would think well of an abolitionist." This reminds us of the charge brought nowadays against the Prohibitionists. Professor Monroe loves humor so well that he tells stories on himself. His account of the way in which Dr. Dow, the pastor of the Congregational church of Thomson, Connecticut, disposed of his effort to arouse the people to their responsibility will serve to illustrate the general attitude of the better class of conservatives toward the slavery question:

> When I sat down, Dr. Dow arose. I wish I could give you his dry, solemn, half-paternal manner. He said in substance: "I have listened attentively to the young man's speech. His zeal is commendable, but the appeal which he made seems hardly pertinent to this locality. I might convey my idea by an illustration. Let us suppose that I am asleep in my bed at the middle of the night. I am awakened by a clamor and a knocking at my window. I spring to my feet, and ask, What is the matter? I recognize the voice of this young gentleman in response. 'Dr. Dow, there is a fire. Fire! fire!' 'Young man,' I ask, 'is the fire on this street?' 'No! Fire! fire!' 'Is the fire anywhere on Thomson hill?' 'No! Fire! fire!' 'Well, is the fire in the State of Connecticut?' 'No! Fire! fire!' Growing impatient, I exclaim, 'Well, young man, where *is* the fire?' At last the answer comes, 'Why, Dr. Dow, the fire is in Lou-is-i-a-ny.'" As the Doctor concluded, the old church rang with peals of laughter. I thought they would never stop laughing.

Such was ever the fate of reformers, and those who in this generation are feeling the shafts of ridicule may take comfort in the thought that so suffered the prophets that were before them. (E. J. Goodrich, Oberlin, Ohio.)

Professor William H. Mace, of Syracuse University, has published, through Messrs. Ginn & Co., Boston, a treatise on *Method in History*, which ought to emphasize the attention paid by teachers and students to certain elementary features. Professor's Mace's plan is to analyze a number of historical facts, and to discover some of the essential concepts; then "to allow the facts discovered to indicate something about the general way in which the mind must move in the subject." His second step would be a detailed inquiry into the general processes involved in organizing the material of history into a system. Thus attention is paid to interpretation, co-ordination, and subordination.

ECONOMICS

Banking Systems of the World, by Mr. William Matthews Handy, is a carefully prepared popular summary of the conditions under which bank-notes are permitted to serve as currency in all the various nations. The volume attempts to give its readers impartial information rather than a plea for any particular system. The author, however, is forced to note everywhere the tendency to bring note issues under the strictest governmental control. One of the most interesting chapters relates to the exceptional success of the old State banking systems of South Carolina and Indiana. (Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago.)

NOVELS AND TALES

A very beautiful book, in appearance, spirit, and style, is Mr. Walter C. Larned's *Arnaud's Masterpiece: A Romance of the Pyrenees*. The story is pure, uncompromising romance, filled with the atmosphere of the remote mountain valleys, of a deeply religious and superstitious age, of chivalry, and of devotion to art. The three chief figures are touched with youth, beauty, and the charm of innocence, and the whole story is finely conceived from the imaginative side. It shows, indeed, rare refinement of imagination and of feeling, and excellent sense of form. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

Mr. George Ade, in his new book *Pink Marsh* (Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago), has attempted a most difficult task. He has written a series of conversations between a bootblack and his morning customer, and published them as a book. The character of the bootblack is made interesting as a type of a colored boy without education or friends, possessing the virtues and the vices of his race, who secures a foothold in what he calls his "profession," and rises to the dignity of a Pullman car porter.

A marvelous tale of a storm at sea and a consequent shipwreck; the drifting away of a small boat in which were three boys, guns, ammunition, salt, thread, needles, buttons, and other surprising possessions carefully carried to the small boat during the rescue of passengers by a passing steamer; the successful weathering of the storm, and the discovery by the three boys, the first morning out, of land which proved to be New Guinea, is the beginning of more wonderful experiences told in the third of the "Camp and Tramp" series, called by the writer, Mr. Willis Boyd Allen, *The Great Island*. (The Lothrop Company, Boston.)

Lazarus: A Tale of the Great Miracle, by Mr. Lucas Cleeve (E. P. Dutton & Co., New York), is, as its title indicates, a story with Christ and Lazarus as the chief figures. It is a novel of almost four hundred pages, written in reverent spirit. It is not, however, entirely successful—notably the description by Lazarus of his experience between his death and resurrection.

The man who can write a stirring, dramatic story for boys which introduces situations that border on the tragic, and yet teach that truth, patience, bravery, industry, discretion, ability to stand being misunderstood, are the virtues of the true boy and the elements that make for success in life, is a public benefactor. All this Mr. Kirk Munroe has accomplished in *The Ready Rangers*. (Lothrop Publishing Company, Boston.)

MISCELLANEOUS

Dr. James Mercer Garnett, of the Woman's College of Baltimore, has dedicated the *Macbeth*, which he has edited for the Students' Series of English Classics, to the Woman's College of Baltimore. The introduction is a scholarly history of the sources of the play, with an analysis of the character, a criticism of the versification of Shakespeare, and a history of the time of Macbeth. (Leach, Shewell & Sanborn, New York.)——Gustav Freytag's *Die Journalisten* has been well edited by Dr. Norton Johnson, and published in convenient form by the American Book Company, New York. The play is one of the best examples of German comedy.

Volume II. of *An Illustrated Flora of the Northern States and Canada*, by Messrs. Britton and Brown, has now appeared, and both in extent and quality of description is in no way inferior to its predecessor. The work will be complete in three volumes. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

Mrs. S. T. Rorer has just published a book of *New Salads*. (Arnold & Co., Philadelphia.) In addition to the combinations with which most housekeepers are familiar, Mrs. Rorer has added salads peculiar to Ceylon, a Russian salad, and a Japanese salad. Mrs. Rorer possesses the virtue of clearness in writing her recipes.

Literary Notes

—Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie, the Associate Editor of this paper, and his family have gone to England to remain until the middle of September.

—Mr. Russell Sturgis, the author of "European Architecture," has begun the preparation of "A Dictionary of Architecture," to be published in three large volumes.

—It is announced that Mr. Gladstone's edition of "Bishop Butler" is to be issued by the Clarendon Press in cheaper form. The volumes are to be uniform with his "Studies."

—The New York "Times" says that "Ian Maclaren's" new book is called "The House by the Houff," and in England it will be published as a serial in "Macmillan's Magazine."

—There were simultaneous publications of Mr. Edward Bellamy's new "romance of the future," "Equality," in the United States, Great Britain, France, Germany, Switzerland, Belgium, Spain, and Italy.

—From statistics relating to the popularity of fiction the Minister of Public Instruction in the French Cabinet states that the books of Dumas the elder command the widest circulation. Then comes Zola, and then Daudet.

—A famous old London inn is to be torn down—the "Magpie and Stump," in Fetter Lane. A house in the lane bears this inscription:

Here liv'd
John Dryden,
Ye Poet,
Born 1631—Died 1700.
Glorious John!

Travelers by the best Pullman and Wagner trains will henceforth have the "American Newspaper Annual" to read. This work is found also in the libraries of most ocean and lake steamers. The "Annual" is an encyclopædia of newspapers and periodicals published in this country, and a gazetteer of facts of the places in which they are published.

—On the last day of May Sir Henry Irving read Tennyson's "Becket" in the splendidly restored Chapter-House of Canterbury Cathedral. The reading was for the benefit of the Thirteenth Centenary Fund. There must have been an exceptional interest in hearing Sir Henry read this work in the midst of the scenes in which the tragic death of the great prelate occurred.

—The New York "Book-Buyer" has the following pertinent paragraph about M. Brunetière:

> It is to be hoped that when the time comes he will show a disposition to deal more fairly with us than his American critics have shown in dealing with him. Or, at least, those critics who, without taking the trouble to listen to M. Brunetière's lectures, or to make themselves familiar with his published works, have characterized him as a belated survivor of a moribund classicism. It is true that the distinguished editor and Academician opposes certain literary tendencies of the day; but it is not true that he has closed his mind to what is contemporaneous either in the literature or in the art of his country. One need not resort to paradox to prove that, for all his devotion to Bossuet, M. Brunetière is, in his own way, quite as modern as either M. Anatole France or M. Jules Lemaître, who are his severest critics.

—The name of Mrs. Olive Thorne Miller at once suggests birds and bird lore. Her sympathetic studies of "the little brothers of the air" have won for them the interest and the protection of thousands who know birds only as the helpless feathered beings that cruelty and selfishness make their victims. By pen and voice Mrs. Miller has revealed the beauties and the intelligence of the feathered tribes of this country, winning friends for herself and the birds. As the Superintendent of Public Instruction in Cambridge, Mass., recently said, "I shall never think of you except as with the birds. All through these talks I have been unable to separate you from them. I have seen you in the woods, in the meadows, in the fields, always surrounded by the birds you love so well, and who must love you in return." Mrs. Miller began her study of birds in captivity, but for years she has followed the birds to their haunts, made herself a part of the woods they loved by trimming her hats with the leaves of the trees about her. In leafy attire and by perfect quiet she has been able to sit in closest proximity to the nest and its dwellers, seeing their every movement. The country is indebted to Mrs. Miller for her devotion to the cause of her little friends, and for the awakened interest that means a broadened interest in life and an enrichment of its pleasures.

—From a Washington dispatch we learn that the Supreme Court will be asked to say whether or not Oliver Wendell Holmes had a copyright on his famous work, "The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table." According to a decision by the Court of Appeals for the second circuit he had not, and the appeal of Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr., ancillary executor of the will of his father, from that decision has been docketed. It will probably be heard at the next term of court. As such executor, Judge Holmes brought suit for an injunction to restrain Mr. George D. Hurst from publishing an edition of the book. Mr. Hurst defended on the ground that the author had never legally secured a copyright, and the court sustained him, dismissing the bill.

It was shown that the title was deposited in the library November 2, 1858, and a copy of the book itself on November 22. Subsequent renewals were secured, extending the life of the copyright privilege until the year 1900. But it appeared that the work was published in parts, running through the "Atlantic Monthly" from October, 1857, to October, 1858, and that neither the magazine nor the separate parts were copyrighted. This, the court held, was a fatal defect, the law requiring that a copy must be deposited before publication. The contention that the whole book was something different from its parts, and therefore entitled to a copyright, notwithstanding the previous publication of the separate chapters, the court said, was a refinement of distinction that the statute did not warrant.

Books Received

For week ending June 18

ADVANCE PUBLISHING CO., CHICAGO
Sheldon, Charles M. In His Steps. $1.
AMERICAN BOOK CO., NEW YORK
Freytag, Gustav. Die Journalisten. Edited by J. N. Johnson. 35 cts.
ARNOLD & CO., PHILADELPHIA
Rorer, Mrs. S. T. New Salads. 50 cts.
WILLIAM BRIGGS, TORONTO
Thomson, John Stuart. Estabelle and Other Verse. $1.
E. P. DUTTON & CO., NEW YORK
Cleeve, Lucas. Lazarus. $1.50.
GARDNER, DARTON & CO., LONDON
Swinstead, Rev. J. H. A Parish on Wheels.
D. C. HEATH & CO., BOSTON
Labiche et Martin. La Poudre aux Yeux. Edited by B. W. Wells. 25 cts.
First Spanish Readings. Edited by J. E. Matzke. $1.
LEACH, SHEWELL & SANBORN, NEW YORK
Shakespeare, William. Macbeth. Edited by J. M. Garnett.
Cato. Maior de Senectute. Notes by C. E. Bennett. 60 cts.
LOTHROP PUBLISHING CO., BOSTON
Munroe, Kirk. The Ready Rangers. $1.25.
Allen, Willis Boyd. The Great Island. 75 cts.
THE MACMILLAN CO., NEW YORK
Marryat, Captain. Snarleyyow. $1.50.
Montaigne, Michael, Lord of. Essayes. Translated by John Florio. (Temple Classics.) Vol. III. 50 cts.
Bradford, Amory H. The Growing Revelation. $1.50.
Merriman, Henry Seton. The Grey Lady. $1.50.
Malory, Sir Thomas. Le Morte Darthur. Part IV. (Temple Classics.) 50 cts.
MARSHALL & BRUCE CO., NASHVILLE
Allison, John. Dropped Stitches in Tennessee History. 50 cts.
E. W. PORTER CO., ST. PAUL
Khayyám, Omar. Rubáiyát. Translated by Edward Fitzgerald.
G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, NEW YORK
Paine, Timothy Otis. Selections from Poems. $1.25.
Bascom, John. Evolution and Religion. $1.25.
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK
Britton, Nathaniel Lord, and Hon. Addison Brown. An Illustrated Flora of the Northern States and Canada. Vol. II. (Portulaca to Gentian.) $3.
Gladstone, Rt. Hon. W. E. Later Gleanings, $1.25.
Larned, Walter C. Arnaud's Masterpiece. $1.25.
A Concordance to the Greek Testament. Edited by Rev W. F. Moulton and Rev. A. S. Geden. $7.
Page, Thomas Nelson. The Old Gentleman of the Black Stock.
SILVER, BURDETT & CO., BOSTON
Bullock, Charles J. Introduction to the Study of Economics.

The Religious World

Fellowship at the Queen's Jubilee

The benefits to the world resulting from the Queen's Jubilee were many and important. Among them we give a high place to the recognition of Dissenters in the celebration. At least one of the Bishops actually invited a Nonconformist minister to take part in services in his cathedral. That occurred in Norwich, and the minister so invited was the Rev. George S. Barrett, D.D., of the Princess Street Congregational Church in that city. At the great services which were held at St. Paul's Cathedral a distinguished place was given to representatives of various Nonconformist Churches. The significance was not in what they were asked to do, but in the recognition which was accorded them. And it is entirely proper that such a place should have been given them. They are loyal subjects and distinguished citizens. Such statesmen as Mr. Joseph Chamberlain and Sir Henry Fowler; such scientists as Lord Kelvin; such theologians as Drs. Fairbairn and Dykes; such preachers as John Clifford, Charles A. Berry, Hugh Price Hughes, Alexander Maclaren, John Watson, and Joseph Parker, are all Nonconformists. Indeed, the strength of the Liberal party for years has been among the free churches.

Dr. Greer Elected Bishop of Rhode Island

The first question any one who knows the work of Dr. Greer in New York must ask is, Why should such a man with such a field resign it to accept any bishopric, except perhaps that of New York? To be sure, Dr. Greer came from Providence, and no doubt has a very warm place in his heart for that city; but he has a throne of power in New York such as few men ever have. He reaches both the rich and the poor in a very remarkable way; he is in the confidence of the rich and not distrusted by the poor, and he practically has the distribution of millions of money. It is no doubt a great honor to be called to succeed such a man as Bishop Clark, but Dr. Greer is already bishop of a diocese quite as important as the one to which he is called. On the other hand, the Episcopal Church is wise in seeking to advance just such men as Dr. Greer. Should he decide to accept this advancement to the Episcopate, the Bench of Bishops would receive much added strength by reason of his rare executive ability.

Students for the Ministry at Harvard

One of the daily papers, with that fine regard for accuracy which often characterizes the writers for the sensational press, recently declared that of the graduates of Harvard this year not one was to study for the ministry. This statement was followed by a homily, which, if it had been written by a minister, would have been called imaginative and sentimental, on the decline of the pulpit. Now, as a matter of fact, the statement is not true. Just how many are intending to study for the ministry we do not know, but that some are we do know. But suppose that a class should graduate with none committed to that profession, what would it signify? A promising young man was ordained to the ministry last week at Montclair, N. J., who stated to the Council that when he graduated he fully expected to be a teacher, but experience and a deeper knowledge of what the world most needs had compelled him to change his plans. He is a type of many. Experience often does for men what a course at the university could never do. Many of the most prominent preachers of our country have entered the pulpit by the way of business. We doubt if ever in the history of the Church in America more men or better men were preparing to preach the Gospel than now. Especially is this true of the department of foreign missions, where those who would go are more than there are means to send. Harvard University may still be trusted to give to the American Church more ministers of the character and quality of Bishop Brooks, F. G. Peabody, George A. Gordon, and scores less prominent but full of promise; and one or two such men in any class is enough to make absurd the statement that Harvard men are no longer entering the ministry.

The General Assembly of Canada

The Presbyterians of Canada held their twenty-third General Assembly at Winnipeg, June 10–17, when it was announced that since the last gathering in that city, ten years ago, the congregations had increased from two to seven. The sermon by the retiring Moderator, the Rev. D. M. Gordon, D.D., of Halifax, was from the text, "Sir, we would see Jesus," and may be taken as fairly representative of the theological thought of the more progressive section of the Presbyterian Church. Upwards of one-half of the sermon was devoted to a description of the growing conception of the Master by the disciples. The preacher then applied the subject to modern theology as it centers about the person of Jesus Christ, and contended that Higher Criticism had done much to throw light upon the Old Testament, all of which would help in bringing about "a clearer and more exalted conception of Christ." The presence of Christ, too, was affirmed to be in the excellences of all comparative religions, even if unrecognized by their exponents; while the discoveries of science, astronomy, geology, and archæology were declared to be a great help toward a grander conception of his presence. The different reports which were distributed after the sermon indicated a successful year. The total amount received by the Rev. Dr. Warden, Agent of the Church, was about $527,000, of which $117,000 was for foreign missions; nearly $70,000 for home missions; $27,000 for the different colleges; and the remainder for various other funds, including augmentation, widows and orphans, aged and infirm ministers, and French evangelization. Altogether there has been an increase during the year of $8,000 for the various schemes of the Church. The number of churches and stations reported was 2,412, being an increase of 20 in the twelve months. The communicants increased 8,224, and now number 196,404. The Sunday-schools reported a membership of 156,104 pupils, or an increase of 3,040, with 18,078 teachers and officers, or an increase of 168. The Christian Endeavor Societies reporting were 919, an increase of 123, with 31,615 members, an increase of 6,769. Church life and work, as detailed by the committee in charge, showed an increased interest in the Sunday services, and a larger attendance of young people at the mid-week meetings. Family devotions, however, were declared to be the weakest spot in the religious life of Canadian Presbyterianism. The foreign mission reports showed alternating success and reverses, but were, on the whole, encouraging. Hanau, China, was the chief center of discouragement, repeated troubles having come upon the missionaries. From India strange exception came to the administration of funds, the Rev. Norman H. Russell, a returned missionary, pleading for a curtailment of the voting power of the women, who outnumbered the men on the field by two to one. To this the Assembly agreed at a later session. Upon Sunday observance, temperance, and other questions of public interest, resolutions of sympathy and co-operation were passed. The Dominion Government was asked to submit the question of prohibition in the coming plebiscite, untrammeled by any question of taxation. No comment was made on Lady Aberdeen's proposed Victorian Order of Nurses. Congratulations were sent to Queen Victoria on the celebration of her Diamond Jubilee. The concluding day was particularly busy with matters of denominational interest, after which the Assembly adjourned to meet in Montreal, June, 1898.

A School of Comparative Religion

A Summer School of Comparative Religion is to be held at Greenacre, Eliot, Maine, in August. The purpose of the school is stated as follows in the prospectus: "To afford opportunity for the scientific study of various forms of philosophical and religious thought, under competent teachers, with the primary object of the ascertainment of Truth and its helpful application to Life. It is believed that such a course of study will be found elevating to the mind, broadening to the social sympathies, and quickening to the spiritual nature. . . . It is hoped by the organizers that the course of study will also find favor with teachers of religion and ethics of all denominations, and particularly with those who as missionaries or teachers are likely to come in contact with non-Christian cults, and to whom an understanding of their philosophical bases and the nobler phases of their thought should be regarded as an indispensable preparation for their work. The assurance is given that no propaganda of any special system will be attempted. The purpose of the instruction is entirely unsectarian."

The lectures will be on the following general subjects:

The History and Philosophy of Religion, by the Director, Dr. Lewis G. Janes, and special courses on the Vedanta Philosophy and Religions of India, by the Swâmi Saradânanda, of India; on the Religion, Philosophy, and Ethics of Buddhism, by the Anagârika H. Dharmapâla, of Ceylon, Secretary of the Mâha-Bodhi Society and official representative of the Buddhists of Ceylon and India; on the Philosophy and Religion of the Jains, by Mr. Virchand R. Gandhi, B.A., M.R.A.S., of Bombay, India; on Zoroaster and the Religion of the Parsis, by Mr. Jehanghier D. Cola, of Bombay, India; on the Religions of China, by the Rev. F. Huberty James, for sixteen years a missionary in that country; and on Christian Origins, by Dr. Janes. Rabbi Emil G. Hirsch, of Chicago, will speak on "The Contributions of Judaism to Universal Religion;" Edward B. Rawson, B.S., of New York, on "Christianity as the Friends See It;" and Mrs. Annie Besant, of London, England, on "Immortality."

Further information regarding the School and its work may be obtained by addressing the Director, Dr. Lewis G. Janes, at Greenacre, Eliot, Maine, during July and August.

The General Association of Connecticut

The 188th annual meeting of the General Association of Connecticut was held with the United Church, New Haven, June 15–16. In the absence of Dr. T. T. Munger, on account of illness in his family, the address of welcome was given by Dr. Newman Smyth, of the Center Church. The Rev. J. G. Davenport, of Waterbury, was elected Moderator. The address of the retiring Moderator, the Rev. R. T. Hall, D.D., of Greenwich, was on "The Characteristic of a Sufficient Ministry," which he said was that it should be a *preaching* ministry. "We cannot introduce God's word into men's minds by ceremony." "We are not sacramentarians, nor are we priests." "Even parochial work must be subsidiary to preaching." The subject of the afternoon of the first day's session was "The Direct Cultivation of Spirituality by the Pastor in Himself and in his People." "The Need" was discussed by the Rev. F. W. Greene, of Middletown; "The Methods" by the Rev. F. H. Means, of Windham; and "The Results" by the Rev. H. B. Roberts, of Torrington. The first topic of the evening session was "Worship in Congregational Churches," which was discussed by the Rev. Herbert Macy, of Newington, and in a paper written by Dr. C. M. Lamson, of Hartford, read by Dr. J. W. Cooper, of New Britain.

The closing address of the day was by the Rev. Joseph Anderson, D.D., of Waterbury, on "The Effect of the Work of Drummond on the Religious Thought of the Day." The subject of the discussion of the second day was "The Bible." Professor L. B. Paton, of Hartford Seminary, read an admirable paper on "The Bible as Literature." In closing, he affirmed that it was "just as heterodox to deny the humanity of the Bible as to deny its divinity." This was followed by a reverent, scholarly, and deeply suggestive paper by Professor F. C. Porter, of Yale, entitled "Suggestions from the Teachings of St. Paul." This paper, and one by the Rev. G. H. Beard, of South Norwalk, on "Some Simple Psychological Tests," was in answer to the topic "In What Sense is the Bible Inspired?" This State Association is one of the strongest in the country, and its sessions are always interesting and valuable, because the subjects considered are of current interest and of vital importance. When men like Drs. Munger, Newman Smyth, J. W. Cooper, C. M. Lamson, and others of that class speak, the churches want to know what they say; and they speak their minds on these occasions, as do also the professors of Yale and Hartford.

Uganda Transformed

The story of the triumphs of the Gospel in Uganda reads like a romance. The July number of the "Missionary Review of the World" contains a record of what has been accomplished in that part of the "Dark Continent," which for Christians is interesting and encouraging reading. In 1886 the King of that country ordered that all the Christians in the land should be killed. The order was executed with brutality; some were horribly mutilated, some tortured in the stocks; at one time thirty-two were burned alive. The executioners confessed to the King that the Christians did not die like other men; they died without resistance, praying for their fellow-prisoners and their executioners. The blood of the martyrs has once more been the seed of the Church. Men, women, and children came for baptism and were received into the Church. In time a political revolution followed, and the King was deposed and exiled. Later he became a Christian, and when England's protectorate was established over the country, in 1894, he was restored to the throne. The country was saved by the zeal and foresight of the missionaries. Formerly Uganda was ruled by Arab slave-traders; it reeked in blood, and was the scene of perpetual strife. Now, under the influence of Christianity and enjoying the protectorate of England, all is changed. Slavery has been abolished with the consent of the chiefs; law, order, and decorum prevail; woman occupies an honorable position, and a good degree of civilization prevails. If any one is in doubt about the truth of Christianity after reading some of the utterances in pulpit and press of the destructive preachers and teachers, we advise them to read the story of Uganda from the martyrdom of Bishop Hannington to the present time. The best evidence of Christianity is what it does for man when it has a chance to be itself.

Christian Lectureships in Foreign Lands

We are sincerely glad to see that the "Independent" takes strong ground, in an editorial in its issue of June 24, in favor of the suggestion made by the Deputation of the American Board to Japan advising that eminent pastors, evangelists, and scholars be sent to that country to lecture on the essential truths of Christianity. The "Independent" calls attention to the recent visits of Mr. John R. Mott and Dr. John H. Barrows, and the great good resulting from their labors. In other days such work might not have been desirable, but now the people in un-Christian lands are fully informed as to what is going on in the world; they know who are the leaders of the world's thought, and they will listen to them and to no others. Either a missionary must be preternaturally able, or preternaturally good, if he is to have large influence in such a country as Japan. No man usually combines both these great gifts. Consequently often men who are not so intimately known, but of recognized eminence, succeed better for exceptional service. If such men as Principal Fairbairn, of Oxford, or Professor George H. Palmer could go to Japan, China, India, and speak to the educated classes, and they in turn be followed by the others, and the plan be continued for ten years, we believe that large results would follow. We do not mean that there should be fewer resident missionaries, but that their efforts should be supplemented by the occasional services of those whose utterances would have the charm of novelty and the value of exact and well-recognized scholarship. We hope that this plan will be tried. Let the missionary societies call, and the men for such service will surely respond.

Religion in Social Settlements

An interesting service was observed at the Robert Browning Hall, Walworth, London, on Whitsunday. Browning Hall is a social settlement, and its Warden is the Rev. F. Herbert Stead, M.A. Mr. Stead is one of the ablest students of the social problems of Great Britain, and is one who believes that there need be no divorce between positive Christianity and methods for reaching the outcast and laboring classes. Both he and Percy Alden, of Mansfield House, put strong emphasis upon the fact that positive religious faith is a help rather than a hindrance in social work. On Whitsunday the historic festival of the Unity of the Spirit was observed at the Hall with appropriate services. The object was to commemorate the introduction of Christianity into southern England by St. Augustine 1,300 years ago, and to re-echo the divine desire that they all might be one. The speakers on the occasion were a Roman Catholic priest; the rector of the Established Church of Walworth; the Rev. J. Monro Gibson, D.D., a Presbyterian and President of the Council of the Evangelical Free Churches of England; a Methodist, and a Congregationalist. Thus there were gathered in one service representatives of the different polities in Great Britain. Mr. Stead is an enthusiast on this subject, and it is encouraging to see one whom all recognize as devoted and true, and whose power over the working people is unsurpassed, delighting to put in the forefront the common Christian faith, which, after all, is the strongest of all forces for the uplifting of humanity.

Chinese Mission House in San Francisco

Strenuous efforts are being put forth by that veteran in Chinese missionary work on the Pacific coast, the Rev. William C. Pond, of San Francisco, to secure permanent quarters for the Chinese work of the American Missionary Association. A rare opportunity has been offered of securing an exceptionally desirable property for about $14,000. The building alone originally cost two or three times as much. The special reasons which make it important to secure this property are the following: it is needed; it will increase the annual income; it will diminish expenses; it will afford lodgings for Chinese who ought to have such accommodations; it will give rooms which may be let to Chinese families; and, in short, will in every way advance the interests of the mission. The appeal is indorsed by such men as Professor George Mooar, D.D., the Rev. M. E. Strieby, D.D., and President John K. McLean, D.D., of the Pacific Theological Seminary. Work of this kind ought to make a strong appeal to all Christians. Why should we build colleges in China and neglect the Chinese in the United States? Why should we erect mission houses in Pekin and have none in San Francisco? There is need of a more rational treatment of some great questions. The foreign service is imperative, but it ought to be so conducted as to include systematic work among foreigners resident in the United States. This work in San Francisco is in the right direction and ought to succeed.

What Berea College Does

The "Berea Quarterly" for May calls attention again to the fine work which Berea College is doing in the State of Kentucky. Berea, as our readers know from the statements that have been made concerning its purpose and progress from time to time in these pages, holds a peculiar position among Southern educational institutions of a philanthropic character, in that it is providing education for negroes and whites in the same buildings and under the same teachers. The issue of the "Quarterly" to which we are now referring contains a handsomely illustrated article by the Rev. William E. Barton, D.D., on "The Cumberland Mountains and the Struggle for Freedom." It is to the remarkable people of these mountains that Berea is successfully endeavoring to carry the enlightenment and social and intellectual liberation of education. About six hundred different students have been in attendance during the present year. The largest previous enrollment was 486. What such an institution—Berea is an industrial as well as an academic school—means to the community which it influences is strikingly indicated by an incident related in the "Quarterly:"

> A mountain woman, accustomed to "battling" out her clothes at the creek in the ancient fashion, on seeing a wringer and other conveniences for the first time, exclaimed, "Seems like hit would be a pure pleasure to wash if I had all them tricks!"

A Cathedral in Newark

The plans for a new Roman Catholic cathedral to be located in the city of Newark, and to cost about one million dollars, are being perfected under the direction of Bishop Wigger, of that diocese. The priests of the diocese have taken up the project with enthusiasm and have volunteered to devote a portion of their salaries toward the fund for ten years. Plans will be prepared during the next six months, and it is expected that ground will be broken early in 1898. The diocese of Newark is a very strong one, and the plans of Bishop Wigger will doubtless in due time take shape in that great manufacturing city.

Sunday-Closing Advice

A correspondent of the Boston "Era" comments upon the debate about Sunday hours, and asks, "Why not do as I do—close and be done with it?" He advertises in the local papers thus:

> TO THE PUBLIC
>
> My drug-store is closed all day Sunday. If I kept open on Sunday, I'd make more money, but I'd wear out sooner. So would my clerks. I prefer to close on that day.
>
> I can then rest. Can have one day in seven as my own. In the long run I expect it to pay me, or I would not do it. W. I. BOREMAN.
>
> Parkersburg, W. Va.

He proceeds to say, pertinently, "It's a good deal of superstition about Sunday sales anyhow. Your regulars will soon get used to coming Monday or Saturday, and I don't take any stock in that 'open all night' business either. Get a hustle on you when your store is open, and make up for the hours you are closed. There's a good deal of unnecessary groaning over hard times. Times are hard, awfully hard, but make the other fellow do the groaning n other lines of business a while. The druggists are in a rut."

The "Era" wisely adds: "Now, this is said so well and so straight to the point that we appropriate it as an expression of our own views. Some one has said the only way to resume is to resume; the only way to close is to close."

Correspondence

Caring for a Horse's Back

To the Editors of The Outlook:

I was interested in the suggestions in the Vacation Number of The Outlook for a vacation trip on horseback. Of all modes of spending the summer holidays, experience has convinced me that this is the most delightful. I have driven, tramped, and ridden over a good part of central California in the summer months, but regard my expeditions on horseback as the most delightful of my life.

But the back of the horse must be a matter of serious consideration on the part of all who would travel thus. To begin with, the right sort of horse must be chosen for such a trip. He should not be too large, nor too heavy. A short-legged, good-barreled animal, short in the back, long underneath, high on the withers, and with good feet, is the ideal for a saddle trip. If he is not high on the withers, the saddle used should be padded to supply the deficiency. It cannot be remedied by putting a crupper on the saddle. The pulling of this contrivance on the horse's tail, if the saddle slips forward, is sure to cause the animal pain, and make him restive. On such a trip, unless the hair cincha is used (and it is greatly superior to the English girth used in the East), the saddle should be provided with a breastplate, as, even with the best of care, some horses become a good deal "tucked up" before the end of such a trip.

It goes without saying that the saddle should fit well. On a long trip do not be afraid to use good, thick saddle-blankets. Then, have made, and carry with you, half a dozen saddle-cloths of linen. One of these should be put on next the animal's back, and a fresh one used every day. If the saddle is taken off at noon, then a fresh linen must be put on in the afternoon. Enough should be taken along to insure having a clean one each day, and they can be washed at different stopping-places. It is best not to remove the saddle when you halt at noon, but the girths should be loosened. A horse will never have a sore back, unless one is an atrocious rider, if the cowboy method of treatment is followed. When the animal is brought in, loose the girths so that the hand may be passed between them and the horse. Lift the saddle for an instant, but do not disturb the blankets. Let the saddle fall back into place, and allow the horse to stand until his back, under the saddle, has completely dried. This will take from half to three-quarters of an hour. Then take off the saddle and blankets, and ten minutes later take off the linen cloth. Never put cold water on the back of a horse when it is warm from the saddle. Some horsemen do this, but it is a piece of cruel folly. If the animal's back looks puffy, use hot fomentations and then dry thoroughly.

I have made many long trips, taking this sort of care of my horse, and have never had a sore-backed mount. If you expect to go through rough country, do not have your horse clipped about the legs; and in any case the hair under the saddle should not be clipped within at least a month before starting on a holiday trip. The short, clipped hair stands up and feels very unpleasant to the creature when pressed by the saddle.

Of course all this care means trouble, but the additional pleasure of knowing that your mount is comfortable, and up to his work, amply repays it. The horse who carries you through long, pleasant summer days is entitled to the best care you can give him, and a lady loses nothing of her womanly dignity in going herself to the stable to see that her faithful friend is getting the care he needs.

San Francisco, Cal. A. K.

Farmers and Farmers

To the Editors of The Outlook:

We thoroughly enjoyed the recent Recreation Number of your magazine, and yet with all the enjoyment we must enter a protest; and that is that very generally through the articles, especially in "The Vacation Awheel," the idea is conveyed that the average farmer is a rough, uncouth boor, from whom it is even difficult to obtain the necessary information as to directions, roads, etc.; and that the average farmer's daughter is an unsophisticated, barefooted girl, playing ancient and worn-out ballads on a tin pan of a piano; that reading matter is scarce and of poor quality; that the fare is very plain and can only be worried down because of excessive hunger.

Our protest is this, that, after a life of more than fifty years spent on the farm, our knowledge and experience of the average farm home warrant us in saying that for intelligence, cultivation, and general knowledge you will find the farmer measuring well to-day with any class of breadwinners, the professions not excepted. You will find the farmer's daughter, in dress, deportment, cultivation, and womanliness, equal to anybody's daughter. And going through our State of Michigan you will find the leading magazines, best newspapers, and good books quite as thoroughly disseminated and read as in city homes.

And as for the farmer's table, you will find it daintily and deftly spread with the best that the land affords. While the writer advises the stopping at a farmer's only in an emergency, we think he makes a mistake. For large-hearted hospitality, good fare, clean, comfortable beds, and an "at home" feeling that comes with your welcome, and is even greater at the "good-by, gentlemen; call again if it is ever convenient," commend us to a farm home and a farmer's family.

Way back, perhaps around Boston, perchance you may find a few as Mr. Cady describes; but up in Michigan, where the Grange and the Farmers' Clubs hold sway, you will find a cultivated gentleman in the farmer, a bright, interesting, up-with-the-times woman as his wife, with sons and daughters on whom any parent may look with pride. (Mrs.) M. A. M.

Battle Creek, Michigan.

About People

—It is said that the pseudonym of M. Emanuel Poiré, "Caran d'Ache," is the Russian for "lead-pencil." The clever caricaturist certainly should have as clever a pseudonym.

—The birth of a daughter to the Duke and Duchess of York enlarges the number of Queen Victoria's living descendants to seventy. This number is made up of seven sons and daughters, thirty-three grandchildren, and thirty great-grandchildren.

—In writing a history of the Third Republic, a member of the French Academy is said to have settled on the following epithets for the Presidents: Thiers le bref (the short), MacMahon le preux (the brave), Grévy le gaigneur (the economical), Carnot le taciturne (the silent), Casimir-Périer le sage (the prudent), Faure le bel (the beautiful).

—The addition of the Peter Cooper statue to the list of monuments in the metropolis calls attention to the men who have thus far been commemorated in like manner. New York City numbers among its works of sculpture monuments to Washington and Lincoln, Worth, Farragut, Halleck, Hancock, Lafayette, Bolivar, Mazzini, Garibaldi, Washington Irving, Columbus, Cervantes, Hamilton, Franklin, Webster, Seward, Conkling, Cox, Schiller, Shakespeare, Scott, Burns, Moore, Beethoven, Thorwaldsen, Humboldt, Morse, Ericsson, Holley, Greeley, and Dodge.

—Miss Cora B. Hertzel, the new Assistant Corporation Counsel of the city of Chicago, assumed the duties of her office at the beginning of this month. She now fills the highest position in legal circles which has yet fallen to the lot of her sex in Chicago. The Corporation Counsel declares her appointment to have been a thoroughly business arrangement, as he considered her the best person he knew for the place. The duties of Miss Hertzel's position will not require her to appear in court except in emergency cases. She will spend most of her time in drafting ordinances, preparing briefs and opinions, and attending to other general legal work. Her salary is $3,500 a year. Those who are working for the advancement of the sex will watch Miss Hertzel's career with interest as opening a still broader field for the endeavors of women.

The late Willis B. Marvin, formerly President of the Marvin Safe Company, New York City, was an admirable character. His self-sacrifice was shown in early youth, when, after spending one year at college, he gave up completing his course in order to help his father, whose employees had nearly all enlisted in the war. Mr. Willis Marvin was a reticent man, almost shrinking in his modesty. In subscribing for public charities it was his custom to write only his initials opposite the amount given, and since his death many grateful tributes have made known how wide was his private beneficence. Nor was his the easy charity of merely filling in a check or taking money from a well-filled purse, but also the rarer and nobler giving of self, of time, strength, and effort, sacrificing rest, recreation, and personal pursuits, for the sake of helping those in need. The world stands in need of such unselfish living.

Good Deeds

By the will of Mrs. Sarah Withers, of Bloomington, Ind., the sum of forty thousand dollars is bequeathed to found a library in Nicholasville, Ky., where she was born. Some years ago she established the Withers Library in Bloomington.

It is now announced that the giver of the new building of the Teachers' College, New York City, is Mr. Joseph Milbank. The structure is a memorial to Mr. Milbank's father and mother. It is hoped that the building will be ready for occupancy about October 1. It is constructed of red brick and brownstone in a similar style to the other buildings of the College.

As a memorial of Dr. Samuel Fisk Green, a brother of Mr. Andrew H. Green, of New York, a hospital has just been built and opened in Ceylon. Dr. Green lived for twenty years in Ceylon. His medical books are considered as the standard Tamil literature on the subject. He was also the Superintendent of the Friend-in-Need Society's Hospital, an institution which cares for eight thousand patients a year.

The London correspondent of the New York "Sun" writes about a noble deed of Mr. Scott Murray's. Mr. Murray was the secretary and friend of the late Sir Richard Wallace, and afterward of Lady Wallace. The latter wanted to bequeath the famous Wallace art collection to Mr. Murray, but he persuaded her to leave it to the British nation. The unselfish patriotism of the recommendation may be appraised from the fact that the collection has just been valued for probate purposes by the well-known expert, Mr. Wood, at $16,000,000.

For the Little People

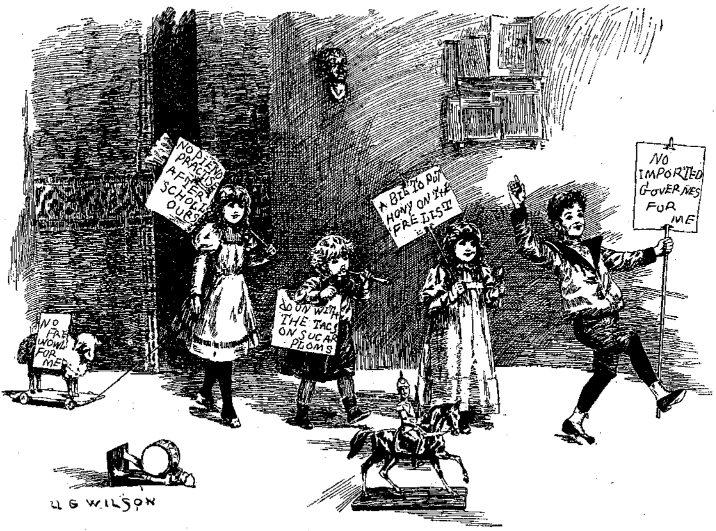
A Rainy Fourth of July

By Mary Allaire

They were in the nursery, Jack, Bob, and Catherine, when little Tommy Kidder fired off his package of torpedoes. They jumped and looked at each other. "Next week is Fourth of July!" said Jack, with a look of amazement. The days of the lovely spring had passed so quickly that the children had not thought of Fourth of July.

Margery burst into the room waving her tam and shouting, "Hurrah! it's 'most Fourth of July!"

"What shall we do?" came in a chorus from her cousins.


NO PIENO PRACTISE AFTER SCHOOL OURS
DOUN WITH THE TACS ON SUCAR PLOMS
A BIL TO PUT HONY ON THE FRE LIST
NO IMPORTED GOVERNES FOR ME
NO FAE WOWL FOR ME
U G WILSON

Margery was a great favorite with her cousins. She was older and had a good many ideas, and knew how to carry them out. Margery was a very popular little lady, if she did sometimes make Jack rebellious because she would insist on having her own way.

"Let's have a procession, and flags, and things."

"Let's!" chorused the other children. "And fireworks!" added Jack Whereat they all danced. But fireworks suggested money, and a dash was made for the three locked banks on the nursery mantel, and the children rushed off to their mother to have them opened. The banks were opened, and they were all surprised to find out how much they had to spend for fireworks.

There was a law in this family against firecrackers and torpedoes, and no one thought of disobeying it. At sunset there would be an explosion of cannon firecrackers. The children all sat up late the Fourth, and mamma and papa, Uncle Ed and Aunt Grace, all gave the evening to the entertainment of the children. The children knew that there would be fireworks that would be a surprise: papa always looked out for that. He planned the evening; the daytime was the children's.

Mamma listened to the plans, and was sorry to find that all were for an out-of-door celebration. Mamma said to herself, "Perhaps it will not rain. They are having such a good time making their plans, I'll not suggest rain." This year they were to invite eight other children to celebrate with them. You can imagine how delighted they were. The guests were to come at half-past four and spend the evening.

Margery planned a procession around the lawn and down by the lake, and she was inclined to urge that a trip across the lake in a boat decorated with flowers and flags would be just the perfect thing for the Fourth of July. She was a wise little girl and did not propose this, because she knew that there would not be boats enough for the twelve children who would attend the celebration. Every morning the sun shone brightly, and the promise of delightful weather was most hopeful.

Fourth of July morning Margery woke. She could not believe her ears! Drip, patter, plash! It was raining. A steady gray pour, that seemed to say, "Do not look for sunshine for a week." Jack, Catherine, and Bob stood gazing out into the trees, perfectly bewildered.

Rain! Why, they had never thought of it! Bob was inclined to cry, but Catherine put her arm around him and said, "Don't make rain indoors, Bob," and that made Bob laugh.

The door opened softly, and mamma said, "I am so sorry, but we can have a good time indoors to-day, and have a rose party next Saturday."

"I never heard of a rose party, but I should think it would be lovely," said Catherine.

"Oh, mamma, we might have a queen of roses, and have pink ice-cream," and in a minute the children and their mother were all talking at once, and the dreary rain was forgotten. When they came to breakfast, their papa exclaimed, "Well, I expected rain, and at least dampness, but here you are all sunshine." He was kissed by all the children at once.

Margery, left by her papa as he drove to the village, was almost indignant to find Bob, Jack, and Catherine deeply engaged in planning the rose party. Margery was interested nevertheless. But interest in a rose party will not last all day.

Catherine wandered to the toy closet and brought out her woolly lamb, Bob got his drummer, and Jack and Margery found themselves alone. Margery was never still long.

"Let's get up a procession," she said.

"What kind?" asked Jack, listlessly.

Unusual things seemed to be the order of the day, and, hardly knowing what she meant, Margery said, "A political procession." Jack looked at her in silent admiration. He thought at once of torchlights and illuminations and bands and speeches. But, dark as it was, it was not dark enough for torchlights, even if mamma would be willing.

"How can we have a political procession?"

"Why, we can"—Margery puckered her forehead—"we can march, and carry banners. I know," and Margery disappeared. She returned in a few minutes bringing sheets of brown wrapping-paper.

"Don't you know, Jack, that processions always tell what they are about—have signs and banners?" All the while she was talking she was getting out the paint brushes and boxes, and pulling out the kindergarten table, and putting the colored crayon in piles of the same color. She was so excited that the other children just looked at her.

"Jack, you know it's wrong to have a tax on sugar." Jack looked puzzled, and Bob and Catherine followed Margery with their eyes. "Yes, taxes are—well, I don't know, but papa says these are not good. They make things cost more."

Jack's admiration for a political procession was on the wane. "What are taxes?" he asked.

"I don't know; it's something on sugar, and when it's cooked that's candy, you know." Jack nodded, and Bob leaned forward. "An' on wool; that's what Baba is made of, Catherine!" Catherine immediately picked up her lamb; he was evidently threatened.

"Well, I don't know, but if you don't want a thing, you get up a procession and make a fuss, and then they don't dare do it."

Jack remembered some things he did not want, and if getting up a procession would prevent them, he was willing to get up a procession. A fuss had not succeeded very well with Jack. He had tried making a fuss. Soon all the children were busy. Margery and Jack drew the letters on Bob's and Catherine's banners, and they covered the marks with paint—blue and red and green. They were startling when done. Margery used sober brown paint, for she was serious. Jack used black. At last the signs were ready and the procession was formed. It was discovered that there was no band, for all wished to carry signs.

As the procession crossed the hall the children's father opened the front door. Papa laughed and said to mamma, who met him, "Perhaps we'd better have a domestic governess until they learn to spell," and Jack blushed and dropped his banner.

Mamma hurried to the dining-room door and pushed it open. The children screamed and ran in. There was a little May-pole in the middle of the table, with red, white, and blue ribbons running to each plate, where a bunch of flowers lay and a flag stood. On each plate was a bunch of paper roses on the cover of a box. You lifted it, and there was a little mound of ice-cream. At the end of the table was a glass dish with candy.

Bob looked at it earnestly, walked round it, and then said, "I don't see any taxes; what are they?" and they all laughed.

There was a sound out-of-doors, and a shout, and the other children were seen coming. It was not till that minute that the children counted the plates. There were twelve, and mamma and papa looked very wise. The rain had stopped.

The fireworks were a great success that evening, and the children forgot the rain.

How to Make a Fourth of July Lantern

By Alice M. Kellogg

A lantern for Fourth of July night can be contrived at home by any boy of twelve or under, if he will follow these directions:

Take the ordinary pasteboard box in which a pair of shoes is sent home from the store. Stand it upright and cut out the top, which will be one of the smaller sides. Make a handle of fine wire, and fasten it near the top.

Now take the cover and draw with a lead-pencil some design—hearts, crescents, circles, diamonds, or, prettiest of all, the conventional *fleur-de-lis*. As the latter is a little difficult, perhaps an older sister will draw it, and it will prove a striking figure when the lantern is a-light.

On each of the four other long sides of the box draw single designs in the same way, and then cut them out with a sharp penknife. Very carefully this should be done to secure a smooth outline to the patterns.

Inside the box paste pieces of tissue-paper to cover the open designs. Red, white, and blue may be used to give a patriotic appearance to the lantern.

The final act in making a lantern out of a shoe-box is to light it up. This is the way to do it: Take a short end of a candle—two inches will answer—light it, and hold it inside the box tipped so that a few drops of the wax will adhere to the bottom. Reverse the candle and press it firmly upon the melted wax—right side up now, of course!—put on the cover, grasp the wire handle, and your lantern is all ready for the Fourth's celebration.

The Home Club

Family Government

By Arianna H. McCoughtry

In a recent number of The Outlook an earnest mother solicited suggestions as to the best methods of training her children. Possibly a New England teacher who has stood *in loco parentis* to an average of thirty children per day for fifteen years may be able to offer some helpful hints.

Method is variable, while principle is universal; therefore no method which is not backed by principle and in harmony with it can be justified or upheld.

A certain mother who did not wish her child to play in the sand told her little boy that there were bears in it. The minister chanced to come along, and observed with pleasure the children, with one exception, tumbling about in the sand. "Why don't you play like the rest?" he queried.

"Mamma says I mustn't. There's bears in it."

"Your mother did very wrong to tell you that, for it is not true."

The little boy went home and told his mother, who was obliged to confess that she did wrong, saying, "Now, my dear, we will kneel right down and ask God to forgive me."

"Wait a minute, mamma. Hadn't you better let me tell it to God? *Maybe he won't believe you.*"

Then did the mother fully realize what a dreadful thing she had done.

Parents bemoan the lack of respect from children, but are they not themselves often responsible for it?

Tact is better than talent. Many misdemeanors may be thwarted or averted if a mother thinks and reasons ahead of her child. It is as necessary to tack ship in the nursery as at sea. If a child kicks and screams, and throws things right and left, his nerves, for some reason, are irritated beyond his control. Don't repel violence by violence, but try sponging his face gently with cold water. It will often soothe a child at once.

I used to have a little French girl in kindergarten, who, though only three years of age, had a most ungovernable temper, because she was maltreated at home. I could calm her almost immediately by changing her position, which arrested her mind. I would sometimes lay her down on the kindergarten table, gently, of course, and in a few minutes she would be just as sweet as possible, and pat my cheek.

It is sometimes a good plan to drop a child in a straw hamper for a few minutes. He is so taken up with his new surroundings that he forgets to be naughty. In general, if you do something entirely different from what a child expects, you can gain your point, even with children of a larger growth.

Don't keep any permanent record of the indiscretions and misdemeanors; and, no matter what they have done through the day, let the children feel that they are forgiven and go to bed happy.

Don't try to repress their natural activity, but guide and control it, entering into their sports sympathetically. Some author has said: "A mother should give her children a superabundance of enthusiasm, to the end that, after they have lost all they are sure to lose in mingling with the world, enough may still remain to prompt and support them through great actions."

I always had a great deal of sympathy for the little boy who was repressed on every hand at home. Some one asked him his name, and he said, "Well, I s'pose it's Willie May, but at home they always call me *Willie Don't!*"

Exceptional children must be studied, and treated with a different standard of judgment, according to their needs.

Don't try to keep restless children still; it is a waste of effort. Tell them that they can run round the square so many times, or provide some other outlet for their activity. Unruly children are, after all, a blessing to mothers and children, for they bring out the best that is in us. Froebel says it is unwise for mothers to change their children's toys too often, as it begets a spirit of restlessness. Children make fun out of very smal capital, and can amuse themselves just as well with one or two toys all the forenoon as a dozen, but they will invariably take up one and throw down another toy just as long as they are allowed to do it.

Delsarte says truly: "An instructor without insight of principles is like an ape showing a magic lantern."

The Spirit of Womanhood

A woman sat recently the honored guest of a number of women who scarcely knew each other. Each was a representative of a group or institution which held this woman in honor—of the seminary of which she was a graduate, of the recent graduates to whom she had been a friend, of the church where her fertile mind and executive ability had been a power. One woman, whose gift as a writer had placed her in the front ranks, spoke of the guest as a writer of books; another spoke of her musical gifts, and how she had used them. But back of each speech the hearers saw also the wife and mother; they saw also the home maker, and for them the other gifts were but as the trimmings of the robe. The true measure of a woman's value must always be what she is in the home.

There is not one of a group who sat about another woman whose art work had caused her sex to be forgotten, so clearly has her work pushed the artist to the front, who could forget the look in her eyes as she said: "I would rather be the mother of the puniest little baby than paint the greatest picture that ever was painted." Ever after they will love the woman and admire the artist.

She stood in the center of a room, this gracious woman, the proud possessor of an honorary degree, conferred by another college than her Alma Mater. She had won such a position as women rarely fill. "Yes," she said, with a touch of weariness, "yes, it's all very inspiring, it's to a degree satisfying, but it does not touch the heart. I find my heart aches for the possession of that which would be mine," and, stretching out two shapely arms, she went on, with a sad smile, "They ache to hold a baby of my very own, and they never will." It is this revelation of the spirit in the true woman that makes the tumult of discussion about her sphere in the world, her place in the world, seem so trivial. Women of ability will make and keep places in the world, but always there will be heart-hunger for that which is the crown of true woman—motherhood.

Some Books

Mothers frequently write to The Outlook for books for summer reading, books that will interest and educate and stimulate a love of knowledge, an appreciation of culture, in children. Two books have recently been sent to this office that make one long to begin life over again, under right educational influences. One is "Stories of Long Ago." This is a collection of stories of Greek mythology that will invest every wood with these spirits of truth, bravery, self-forgetfulness, war, beauty. The selections from the modern poets, all bearing on the theme of the preceding story, and the illustrations of the best-known works of the sculptors who have chosen the gods and goddesses of Greece as the subjects, increase the value of the book as a means of education. "The Story of Troy," by M. Clarke, is the second book. These two, with "Flowers of Field, Hill, and Swamp," "Little Brothers of the Air," Wordsworth, Shakespeare's sonnets, a selection of Browning, and the first two volumes of "The Open Sesame," should go in every family trunk for the children of five to twenty-five.

One Element in Education

The impulse to acquire knowledge depends largely on curiosity. Unhappily, there have been, and still are to be found, too many parents who believe that the habit of asking questions is one to be suppressed, or at least not encouraged. The intelligent child soon learns to refrain from asking questions that are not answered intelligently, and so is months, perhaps years, acquiring knowledge that could have been his at a small expenditure of time, had those about him appreciated their opportunities. A number of teachers in the primary school of Wichita, Kan., made a study of the element of curiosity in children, and decided that its disappearance was due to—

(1) Defective mental organism.

(2) Lack of mental activity due to physical debility or fatigue.

(3) Over-excitement outside of school hours.

(4) Lack of proper stimuli.

(5) Failure to satisfy curiosity when aroused.

(6) Cramming process—more taught than can be assimilated.

(7) Instruction not adapted to the needs of the child.

Probably the fifth cause is the one that hinders the child's mental progress to a greater degree than all the others put together. How to stimulate a child's mind, its interest in life, is worthy of close and thorough study by the best of teachers, the mother.

Life's Secret

While it may be true that the lack of the standard of perfection is the too common fault of the children of men, life does cause weariness of flesh that is responsible for much of the spiritual imperfections that are the obstacles to progress.

It is this that makes one patient with imperfection and hopeful in failure. How can one best overcome the despondency that is the ever-present follower of failure? A friend writes to The Outlook that the secret of pleasure in life is self-forgetfulness. She says:

Forget that you are weary, and cheerfully respond to the first touch of a human soul's longing for your companionship.

Give, give freely of yourself. Give, and there will be room to receive, that you, too, may be filled with the spontaneous overflow of love and joy waiting all about your soul.

That is what rest is; that is what love is; that is what strength is; that is what health is. It is not hoarding what one possesses that gives the increase; it is giving freely that it may return unto one's self laden with the blessing.

It is the law of the universe, No man liveth unto himself; he reaches his highest attainment by the freedom with which he gives of himself unconsciously.

The Arts of Language

Professor G. R. Carpenter, in a criticism on Professor Hinsdale's "Teaching of Language Arts," says it is amazing that a book was needed dealing with such a question so minutely. Professor Carpenter declares that the language arts are acquired in the home. He says: "The habit of expressing one's self clearly and correctly is a perfectly simple one. Any boy can acquire it by the age of fifteen. If he does not, it is his father's fault." The habit of throwing the whole responsibility of education on the schools is responsible for the careless speech of our children.

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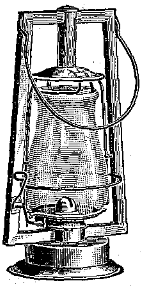

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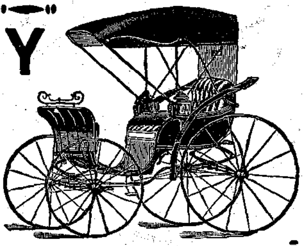

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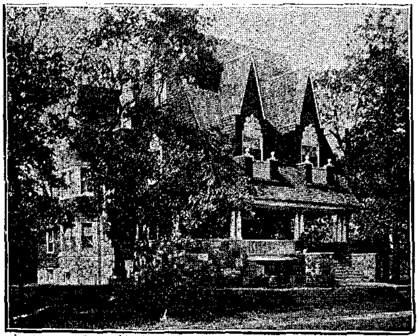

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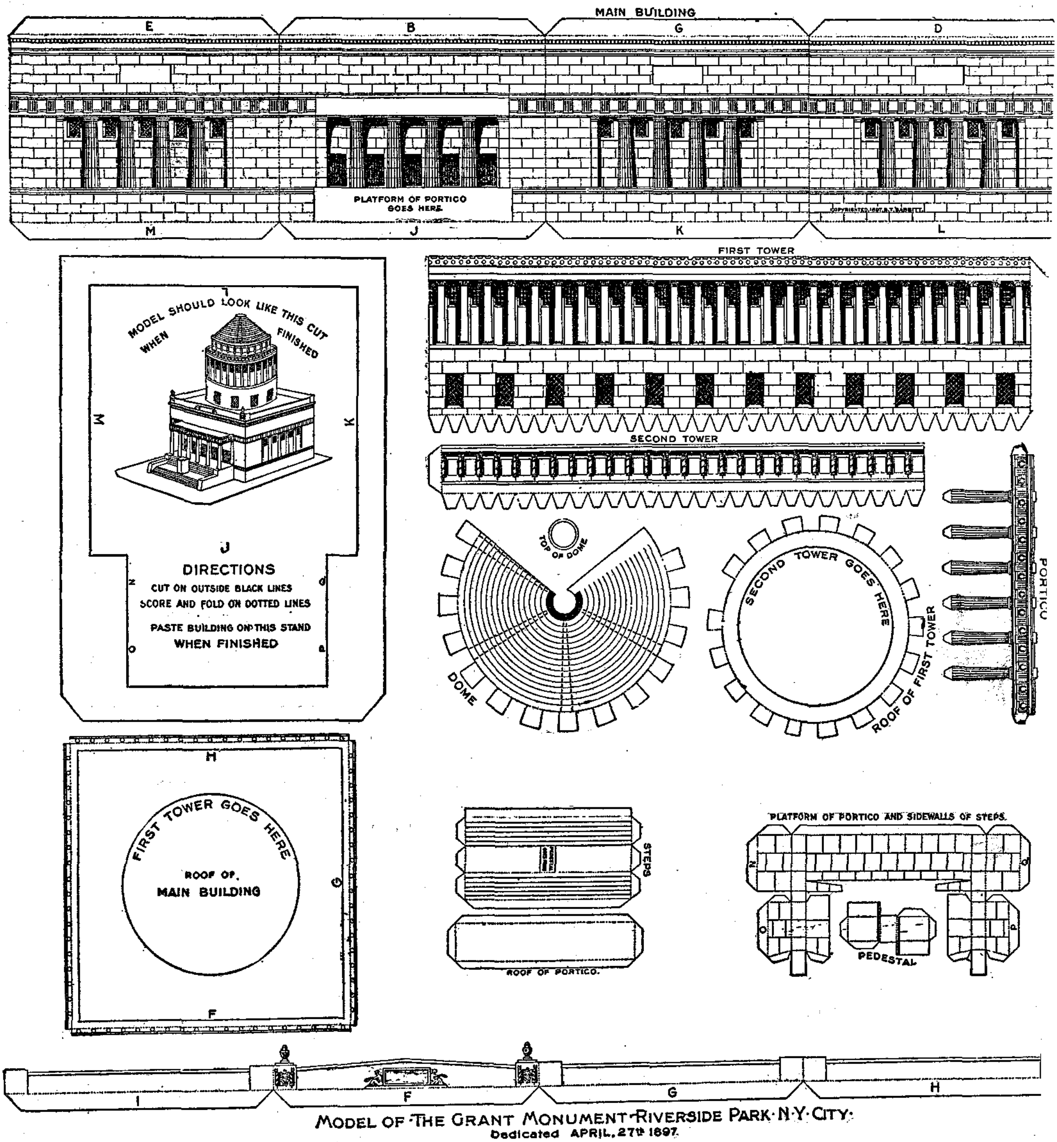
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DOME
SECOND TOWER GOES HERE
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FIRST TOWER GOES HERE
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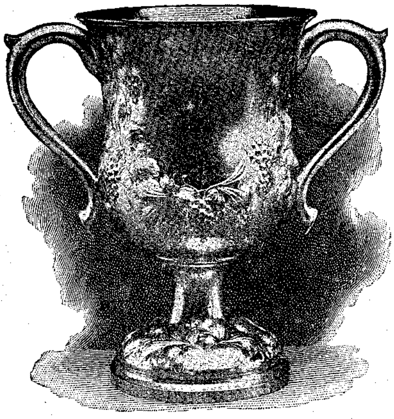

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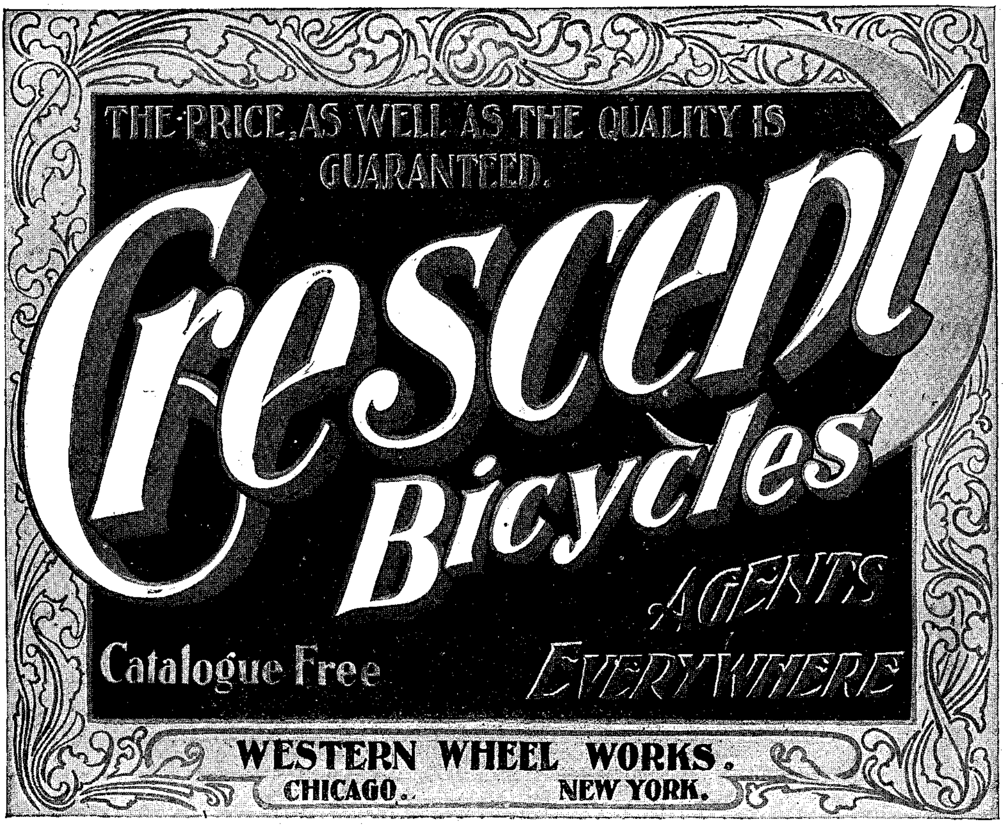

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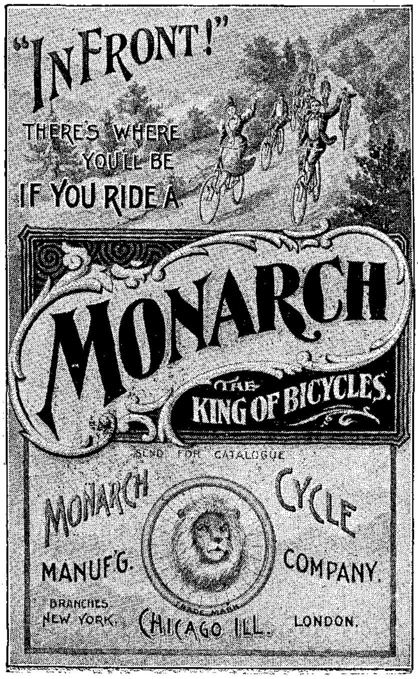

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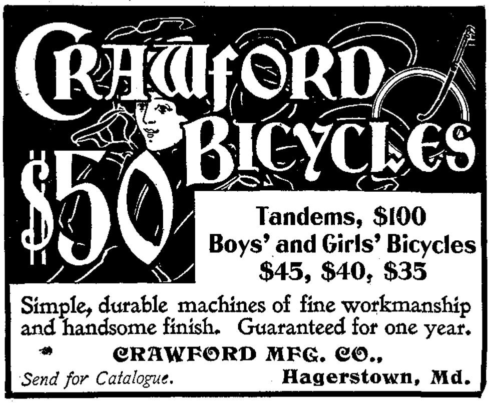

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JANUARY, 1897

SUMMARY OF ASSETS:

Cash in Banks	$306,032 86
Real Estate	1,748,857 41
United States Stocks (market value)	1,497,762 50
Bank, Trust Co., and Railroad Stocks and Bonds (market value)	4,497,740 00
State, City, Gas, and Water Bonds (market value)	1,046,399 81
Bonds and Mortgages, being 1st lien on Real Estate	423,786 71
Loans on Stocks, payable on demand	183,100 00
Premiums uncollected and in hands of Agents	602,866 76
Interest due and accrued on 1st January, 1897	55,678 34
	$10,362,224 39

LIABILITIES:

Cash Capital	$3,000,000 00
Reserve Premium Fund	4,280,827 00
Reserve for Unpaid Losses and Claims	735,128 68
Net Surplus	2,346,268 71
	$10,362,224 39

DANIEL A. HEALD, *President.*
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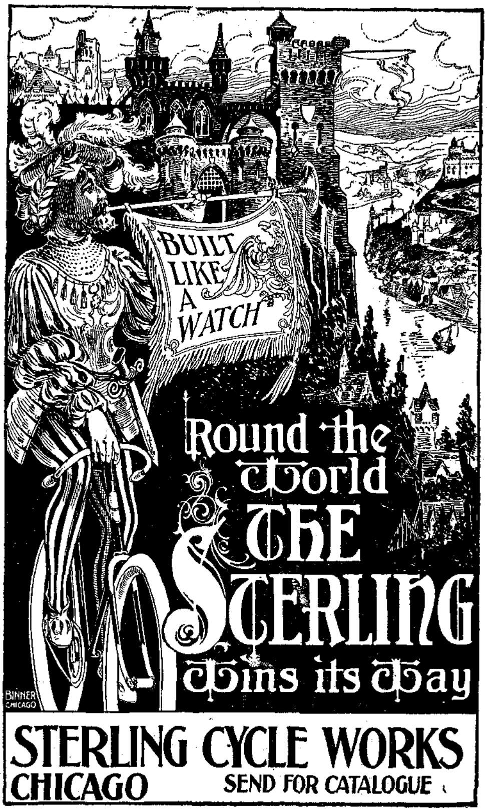

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Properly handled, Eastman's Film does not Curl. And to properly handle Eastman's Film is so easy that the "Curl" can be said to exist only in the imaginations of a few beginners who have listened to the vagaries of the manufacturers of cheap plate cameras. A little preliminary soaking in cold water with the face of the film down will make it lie as flat as a glass plate. Development follows just the same as for plates, but with the *film face down* instead of face up. Handle the films one at a time at first, just as you would be obliged to do with plates, and you will find them fully as easy to manipulate—and they won't break. After a little experience you can handle several films in the developer at one time—an impossibility with plates. Photography is Easy with a Film cartridge camera.

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At a great expense we keep in stock and can usually send by return mail the printed information issued by and regarding any resort, hotel, or boarding-house.

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It will give us much pleasure to have you avail yourself of this service placed *freely* at your disposal, and write us fully what you desire.

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To Yellowstone Park on a special train of Pullman sleeping, compartment, and observation cars and dining car, allowing eight days in "Wonderland," September 2. Rate, $235 from New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington; $230 from Pittsburg.

Two ten-day tours to Gettysburg, Luray Caverns, Natural Bridge, Virginia Hot Springs, Richmond, and Washington, September 28 and October 12. Rate, $65 from New York; $63 from Philadelphia. Apply 1196 Broadway, New York.

Reduced Rates to Milwaukee via Pennsylvania Railroad on Account of the National Educational Association

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company announces that, on account of the meeting of the National Educational Association, at Milwaukee, Wis., July 6 to 9, it will sell continuous passage tickets from all points on its line east of Pittsburg and Erie to Milwaukee at rate of single fare for the round trip, plus $2.00 membership fee. Tickets will be sold and will be good going only on July 2, 3, and 4, and will be good to return, leaving Milwaukee July 10, 11, and 12, 1897, only, except that by depositing ticket with joint agent at Milwaukee on or before July 12, and on payment of fifty cents, an extension of return limit may be obtained to leave Milwaukee until August 31, 1897, inclusive.

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The grandest trip of the season has been arranged, over the Southern Railway, for Chattanooga and Nashville. A personally conducted party will leave Boston July 12, New York July 13, returning July 24, visiting Washington, Asheville, Chattanooga, Nashville, Norfolk, and Old Point Comfort. A most delightful vacation trip for the old and young. This is the official tour for the delegates from Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Eastern Pennsylvania, Maryland, District of Columbia, and the Virginias and Carolinas. A large delegation from Connecticut and New York will join the party.

Write to any agent of the Southern Railway for full particulars, descriptive matter of the great route to Chattanooga "through the Land of the Sky." New York office, 271 Broadway; Boston office, 228 Washington Street.

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Buy your tickets to Nashville via Cincinnati and the Queen and Crescent Route to Chattanooga. Visit that historic city and the great battlefields of Missionary Ridge and Lookout Mountain; spend a day at the Chickamauga National Military Park; then, refreshed and ready for new conquests, continue the journey.

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See that your tickets read via Cincinnati and the Queen and Crescent.

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Y. P. S. C. E. Convention, San Francisco. Via St. Louis, Chicago, or Peoria. Very low rates.

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ADVERTISING AGENCY, W. Hicks, Proprietor, 132 Nassau Street, New York, makes a specialty of preparing and placing Resort Hotel Advertisements in the best newspapers at lowest rates.

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Send five cents for 63-page book (profusely illustrated) entitled **Holidays in England** describing Cathedrals, Pilgrim Father, Tennyson, and Dickens district. Great Eastern Ry. of England, 362 Broadway, New York.

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1,900 feet above the sea, with dry, bracing climate; center for Coaching Trips and Excursions of all kinds; fine university, hospital, &c.

HOTEL TIROL *(Open all the year.)* Large, airy, sunny rooms, well furnished; superior cuisine; modern conveniences. Best references. Illustrated pamphlets on application.

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Opened in March; newly furnished; 100 rooms; new passenger elevator.

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(Known to Americans as Washington Irving's Inn.) The oldest established and principal hotel. Moderate charges.

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Strongly recommended by Dr. Lyman Abbott. Room, meat breakfast, luncheon, and table d'hôte dinner from $2 per day, *inclusive; no extras.* European plan f preferred.

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Finest Hotel of **HOLLAND.** Excellent cuisine; band plays during dinner time; splendid apartments; electric light; electric tram connection with sea—Bath Schevening-gen. C. F. HALLER, Manager.

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Victoria Hotel First class; most excellent American house; beautiful situation; moderate charges.

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The nearest to the station and landing pier. Lift; excellent cooking; electric light throughout; railway ticket office.

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First Class. Finest situation, opposite the Royal Palace. Lift; electric light; baths; sanitary arrangements perfect. Moderate prices. A. BORGO, Proprietor.

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"ILLUSTRATED HOMES," containing half-tone reproductions from photographs of 535 of the above "HOMES," can be obtained of ticket agents for 25c.

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A Connecticut seashore home for tired people. Three furnished cottages; moderate rent; broad piazzas; trees; beach; bathing; boating. Circulars. Prof. NORTHROP, Brooklyn Polytechnic, Brooklyn, N. Y.

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A spot of great natural beauty, healthfulness, and varied opportunities for summer recreation. The cottage is near the water and has all modern conveniences. **Rent reduced.**
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Colorado

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Exclusive use of group of

Eight Islands in Penobscot Bay

Steamboat connections. Athletic, tennis, and golf grounds, yachts, launches, and small boats free to members. References required. For all information apply to HARRIMAN BROS., 3 Somerset Street, Boston, Mass.

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KITTERY POINT, MAINE
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WILLIAM D. CURTIS, Propr.

Open from May 1st to Nov.

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SNOW COTTAGE

The Ideal **"COTTAGE by the SEA"**

Located sixty yards from the sea; excellent accommodations at moderate prices; accommodates 75; pine and salt air; safe and delightful sea bathing; open fires; hot and cold water baths in house; cuisine and service special features. Very attractive **Cottages to Rent** for the season. Our terms will please you. Mrs. M. S. SNOW,
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One hour by rail from Boston.
Complete in all appointments.

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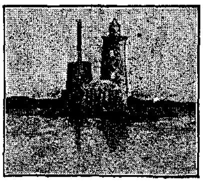

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30 Miles at Sea

If you would stay at the leading hotel, it will be

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WEST CHOP
MARTHA'S VINEYARD

This beautiful house, situated on a wooded bluff, commands a wide view of the Vineyard Sound and ocean. A cool, even climate and delightful bathing. Open from June 16th until October. Superior table. An ideal summer home.

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Williamstown, Mass.

Good roads, golf and games, music. Open May 24th. For circulars or rates address
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Echo Hill House White Mountains, Bethlehem, N. H.

Open June 1st. Low rates for June and October. No hay-fever. J.H.CALLAHAN,Prop.

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Located on the highest point in town; wide lawns; thorough heating for late guests; commodates 150. Send for guide to Bethlehem. F. H. ABBOTT, Prop.

THE GRAMERCY, the White Mts. Bethlehem, N. H.—1,600 feet above sea-level. Delightful summer home for families. Send for booklet. E. STIMPSON.

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JEFFERSON HIGHLANDS, N. H.
Only 9 hours from N. Y.; finest views; best of beds and table. Send for circular and rates. *J. L.* POTTLE, *Prop.*

Pliny Range House WHITE MOUNTAINS

GEO. W. CRAWFORD & SON,
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MAPLEWOOD COTTAGE

MAPLEWOOD, N. H.

Directly opposite Maplewood Hotel, near Casino; one of the most delightful locations in the mountain region; music, dancing, base-ball, tennis, croquet, bowling, pool and billiards; livery and ponies at moderate rates. Opens June 2. LEON H. CILLEY, Mgr., Maplewood, N. H.

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THE SQUAM LAKES
Asquam House

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J. C. BLAIR & SON, Proprietors.

MOUNTAIN HOME HOUSE
LITTLETON, N. H.
Send for circular. E. D. SAWYER.

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White Mts., New Hampshire

Cottages now open. Golf. Half-mile wheel track. Every appointment up with the times. House is located on a high plateau in pine district. Dry and cool.
J. W. DUDLEY & CO.

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By its location and management commands the highest class of patronage. City hotel, The Vendome, Boston. TAFT & GREENLEAF.

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ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.
On the Ocean front

Salt baths in house. Elevator. Rooms en suite, baths attached. Booklet on application. E. ROBERTS' SONS.

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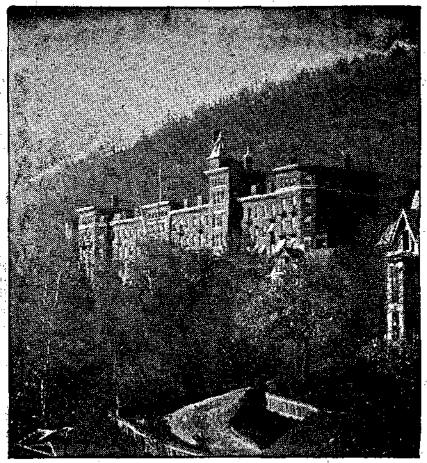

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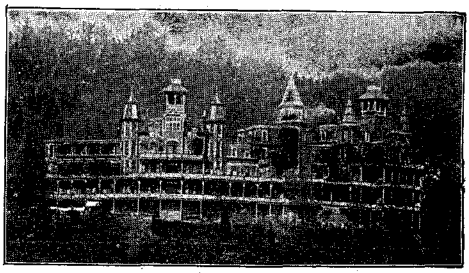

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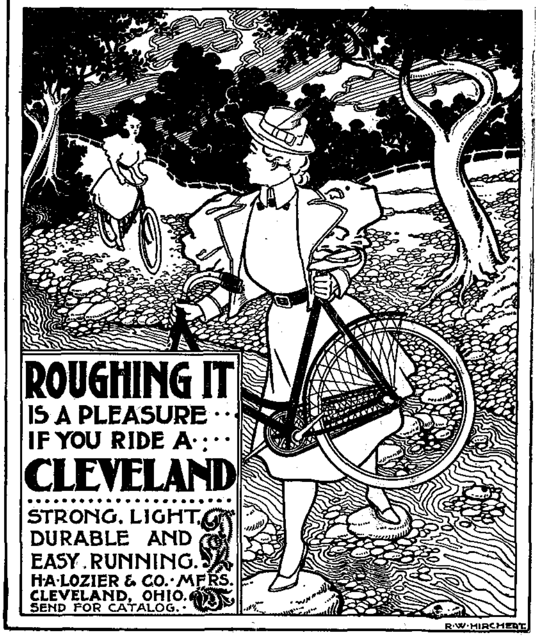

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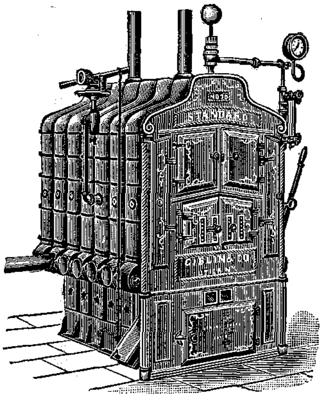

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